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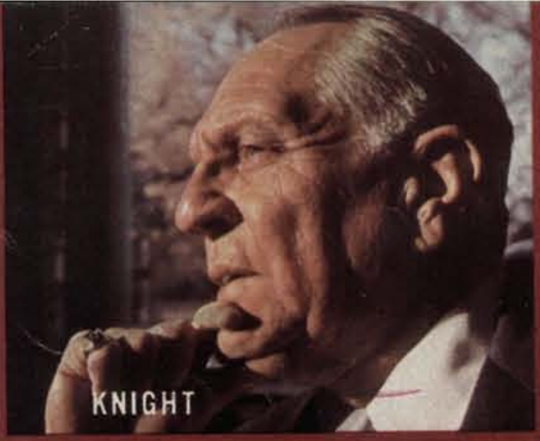

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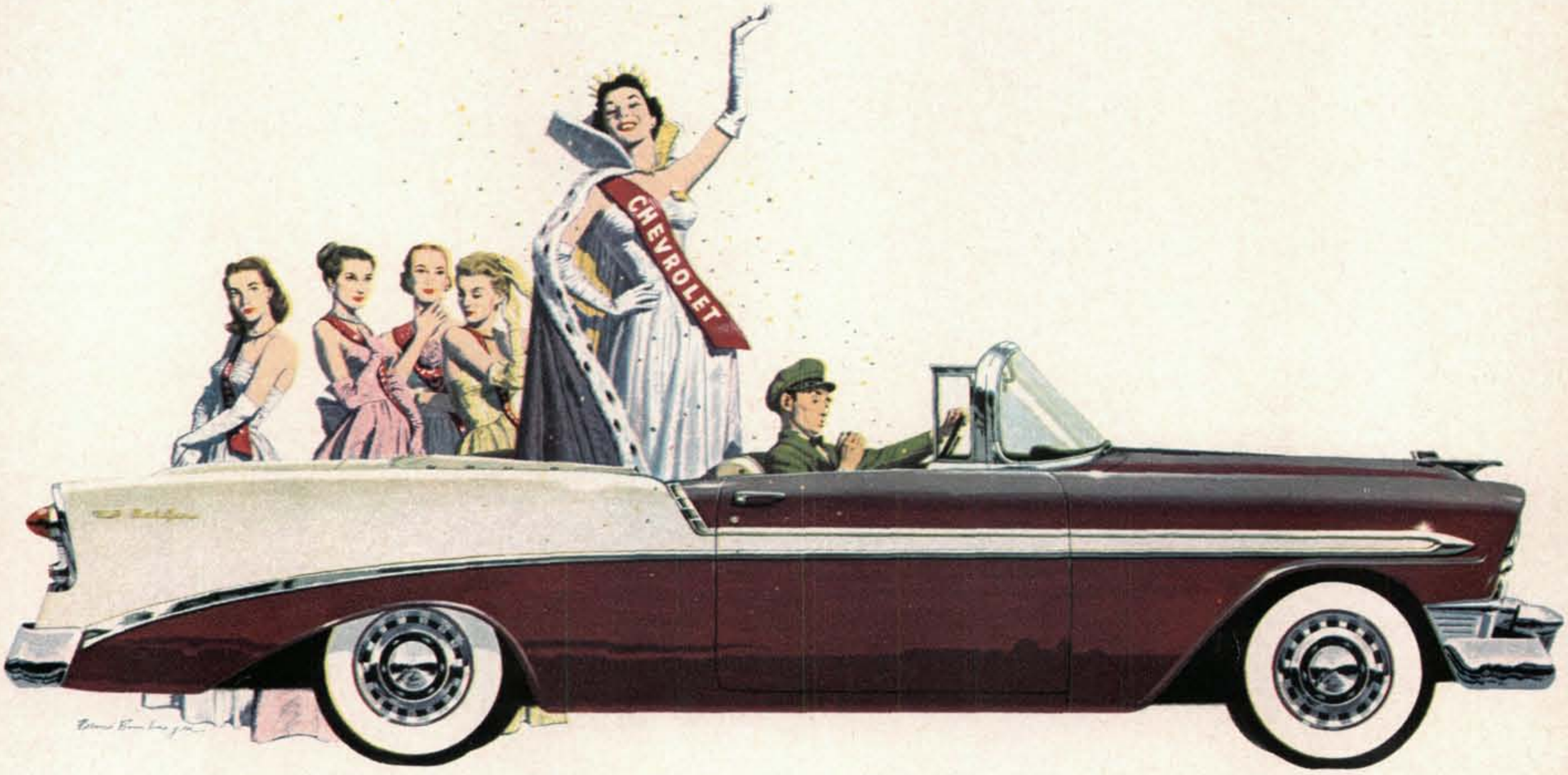

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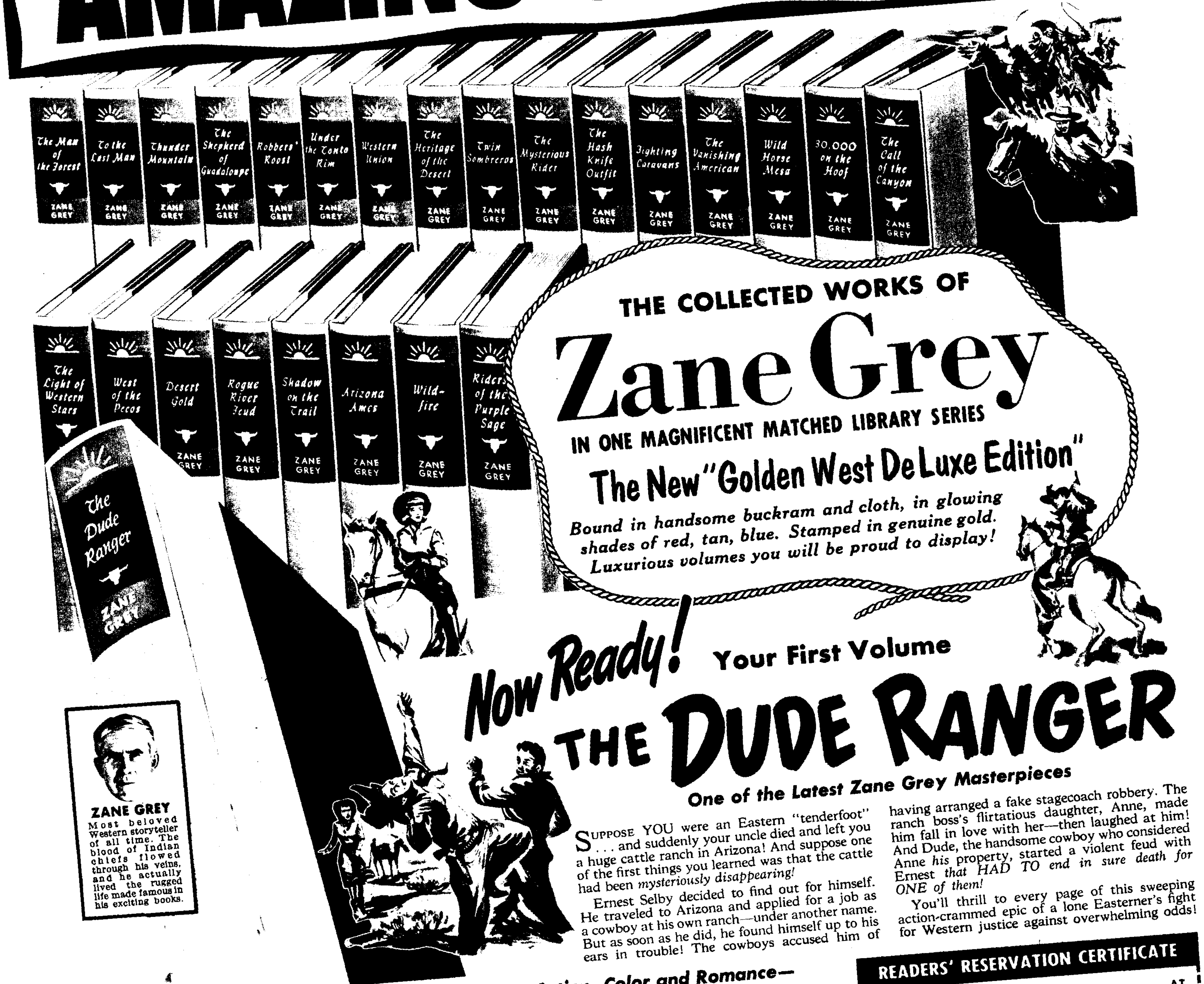

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Donna Reed, Academy Award winner, is superb as the distraught mother whose only concern is her son's return, at no matter what cost.

Leslie Nielsen is a newspaperman who picks up the scent of sensation and pursues it relentlessly. Juano Hernandez is the loyal servant whose strong shoulder supports Ford when his world shatters around him. And Robert Keith is the police chief who knows kidnapping's grim life-and-death percentages.

Each of these performances adds fire to a trenchant screenplay by Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum, a script laced throughout with the bite of truth. Producer Nicholas Nayfack and prize-winning director Alex Segal have combined their great skills so that RANSOM! rings with reality, crackles with electric excitement.

* * *

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Collier's

February 3, 1956 Vol. 137 No. 3

ARTICLES

WANTED: THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE . . . . . . Joseph Carter 21
He's a shadowy madman who has planted 25 to 100 bombs in New York since '40

MODERN MEDICINE WHERE "THE CLOCK WALKS" . Albert Rosenfeld 24
Four physicians have brought science to a land of medicine men and midwives

SHOW BUSINESS ON WHEELS . . . . Siler Freeman 30
GM's Motorama—both a lavish extravaganza and a sound business practice

THE TWO LIVES OF LIZ TAYLOR . . . . Sanford H. Roth 34
She's more than a success as a star; she's a success as a woman

THE GENTLEMEN FROM CALIFORNIA . . . . . Theodore H. White 38
Four G.O.P. Presidential possibilities, from the state of political paradoxes

INGA . . . . John Newhouse 60
It's the proposed site of a Congo power project that could change Africa

POLKA DOT BASKETBALLS? . . . . Melvin Durslag 70
Coach Sax Elliot of L.A. State will try anything to improve the court game

THE ELECTRONIC PAUL REVERE . . . . . . James J. Haggerty, Jr. 82
If a foe attacks by air, this new machine automatically controls our defense

SHORT STORIES

THE UNSUITABLE GIRL (The Short Short Story) . . John D. MacDonald 12
This was one secret his mother should never find out

NOTORIOUS TENANT . . . . Margery Sharp 48
Cecilia seemed so nice. Then the lurid rumors began

THE SURLY SEA MONSTER . . . . Hannibal Coons 64
There was no such creature, George knew, but he'd caught one

SERIAL

MAD RIVER (Conclusion) . . . . Donald Hamilton 73
Cohoon had one way out: down the rapids no man had ever survived

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . John O'Hara 6

48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 14

COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 16

LETTERS 18

THE BABY SITTER . . . . Martin Giuffre 76

COLLIER'S COMMENT 86

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COLLIER'S, title Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., is published every other week and sold simultaneously in the U.S. and Canada. Entered at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.
EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Paul C. Smith, President; Peter J. Dennerlein, E. P. Seymour, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, William D. Phelan, John R. Reiss, Robert N. Woodruff, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.
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SUBSCRIPTIONS in the U.S. and Possessions, and Canada, are priced at 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in U.S. funds. Address all subscription correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Subscription Department, 204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Please give both old and new addresses.
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She was losing him... and she didn't know why

SHE HAD ADORED HIM from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him . . . and she knew it. But, for what reason she hadn't the remotest idea.

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

RED SMITH, Frank Graham and I do not get together often enough to suit me, but Granny Rice would be delighted to know that when we did get together recently, it was to show ourselves at a luncheon posthumously honoring Granny, and that we did no crying over Granny. Cas Adams's standing bet that Granny might show up at one of these gatherings still has no takers.) Instead—and this really would have delighted Granny—we got into a discussion of the etymology of the word internecine. I'm sure G. Rice or any other educated Southerner would know too well what internecine comes from. Granny was a Vanderbilt University Phi Beta Kappa and a man who cared greatly about words, as does Walter Wellesley Smith, as does Frank Graham, as do I.

We all solemnly agreed to look it up—the only solemnity we indulged in, I might add. Well, Red is a Notre Dame man, Frank is a guest member of the Williams Club, and I once took a history course at Columbia, so you probably have a picture of the three scholars rushing to the dictionary. If you have that picture, keep it; it's a collector's item. For it has remained for your zealous correspondent to be the one who discovered that internecine is from *inter* + *necare,* to kill, and means mutually slaughterous or destructive of life. It doesn't have to be between the North and South, or between Lehigh and Lafayette, or between Hatfields and McCoys, or one O'Hara against another O'Hara. Just people engaging in that pastime which the scientists have finally raised to its ultimate perfection, whereby we can *all* kill each other and end the game. And no Red Smith or Frank Graham or even the oversigned to cover it.

* * *

MY SECRETARY, Miss Yuiop, has just pointed out to me that we have gone several months without a mention of Grace Kelly. Miss Kelly's absence from these columns has not been by deliberate intent, nor is there anything sinister about it. I still think she is the greatest, and will be great; a young lady who has a face that is restful and at the same time stimulating, and who can act as well as anybody, male or female, old or young, in the motion-picture business. I still consider her not only the most valuable property Metro has (I wonder if Irving Thalberg would have known how to utilize her talents; certainly her best pictures have not been made by her "home" studio), but incomparably the most valuable asset of the motion-picture industry as a whole, in the sense that the industry can always use a symbol of dignity. And when the symbol of dignity also happens to be beautiful, you have a Rolls-Royce. Or Grace Kelly.

Grace, would you like to borrow my Rolls for the evening? But don't be too late, dear.

. . . Well, I hope Miss Yuiop is satisfied now.

* * *

THIS WILL BE the last time I tell you that I never have been able to get very far in War & Peace, the mighty Tolstoi novel that has gained an enormous mythical circulation as everybody's first or second choice for desert-island reading. My travel plans not only do not include any sojourning on an atoll; but I won't even take a ship that is likely to make me a castaway on one. I am going abroad sometime this year, but unless the Great Circle route has been abandoned, I won't get anywhere near a desert island.

And this is my Great Circle route toward telling you why I am not going to try to finish War & Peace. I did something the other day that I should have done long ago: I read the ending of War & Peace. At the risk of boring you, I quote the final two paragraphs:

"Just as in astronomy the difficulty of admitting the motion of the earth lay in the immediate sensation of the earth's stationariness and of the planets' motion, so in history the difficulty of recognising the subjection of the personality to the laws of space and time and causation lies in the difficulty of surmounting the direct sensation of the independence of one's personality. But just as in astronomy, the new view said: 'It is true, we do not feel the movement of the earth, but, if we admit its immobility, we are reduced to absurdity, while admitting its movement, we are led to laws'; so in history, the new view says, 'It is true, we do not feel our dependence, but admitting our free will, we are led to absurdity; admitting our dependence on the external world, time, and cause, we are led to laws.'

"In the first case, we had to surmount the sensation of an unreal immobility in space, and to admit a motion we could not perceive of by sense. In the present case, it is as essential to surmount a consciousness of an unreal freedom and to recognise a dependence not perceived by our senses."

If, as is not too unlikely, you are reading these words while riding in an airliner, I suggest you try to reread the quotation from Tolstoi. But first, fasten your seat belt.

* * *

I AM NOT GOING to break out my copy of Volpone just because I have read some hashhouse gossip that Orson Welles and Jackie Gleason are planning to appear in it. A comedy by a man who was born 350 years ago may seem like an odd choice for a giant of the radio and a giant of the television, and I suspect that the whole project may have started—and will end with—a couple of giant malteds. But if those two ever do get together on a theatrical or electronic enterprise, I'll be there to see it.

It is a strange and shameful thing, what we do with and to men of talent. Orson Welles was hounded out of this country in a campaign that is traceable, in my opinion, to his making Citizen Kane. I myself, because I praised the picture, was made to feel some of the wrath of San Simeon. I was eased out of a job because of an actionable statement about me that was believed by a chicken publisher, who then employed me; and an effort was made to have me black-listed from writing for motion pictures. But there were and are enough people in publishing and in the movie industry who refused to take orders from San Simeon, so I was able to go on making a living in the country of my birth. But they hammered away at Welles, always referring to him as "the self-styled genius" so that many times they referred to "the self-styled genius" without mentioning his name. I was lucky because I was not famous, therefore considered to be less dangerous than Welles, whose name and features and voice were known everywhere in the United States.

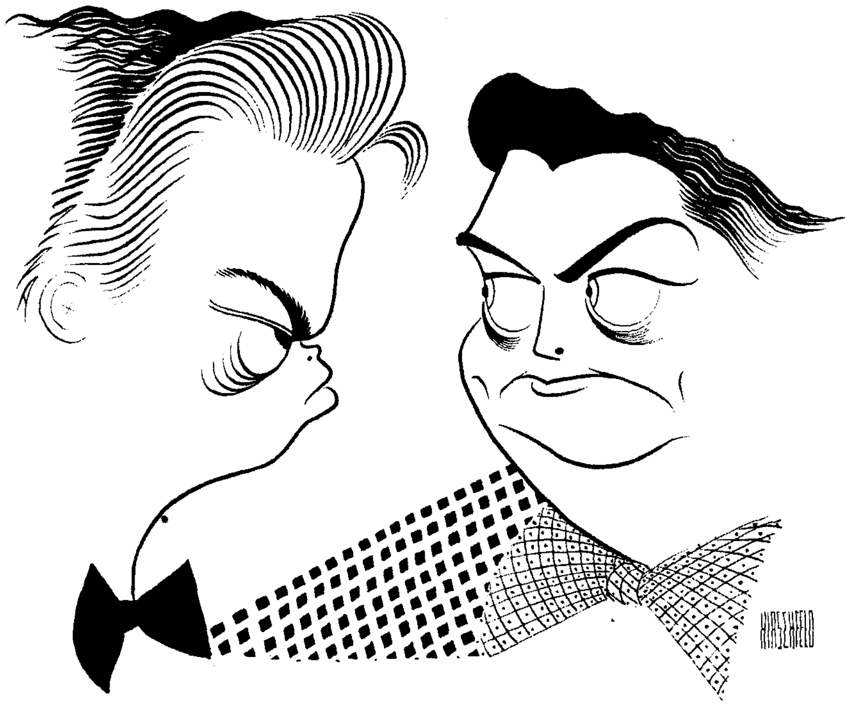
It is my belief that if Welles had not made and appeared in Citizen Kane, he would have been called a genius without the two-bit sarcasm of that "self-styled." But he did make Citizen Kane, and he became an expatriate, and I shall be curious to see what they can get away with now that he is back in this country. They never can make up for those years when he should have been producing and directing and acting at home.

* * *

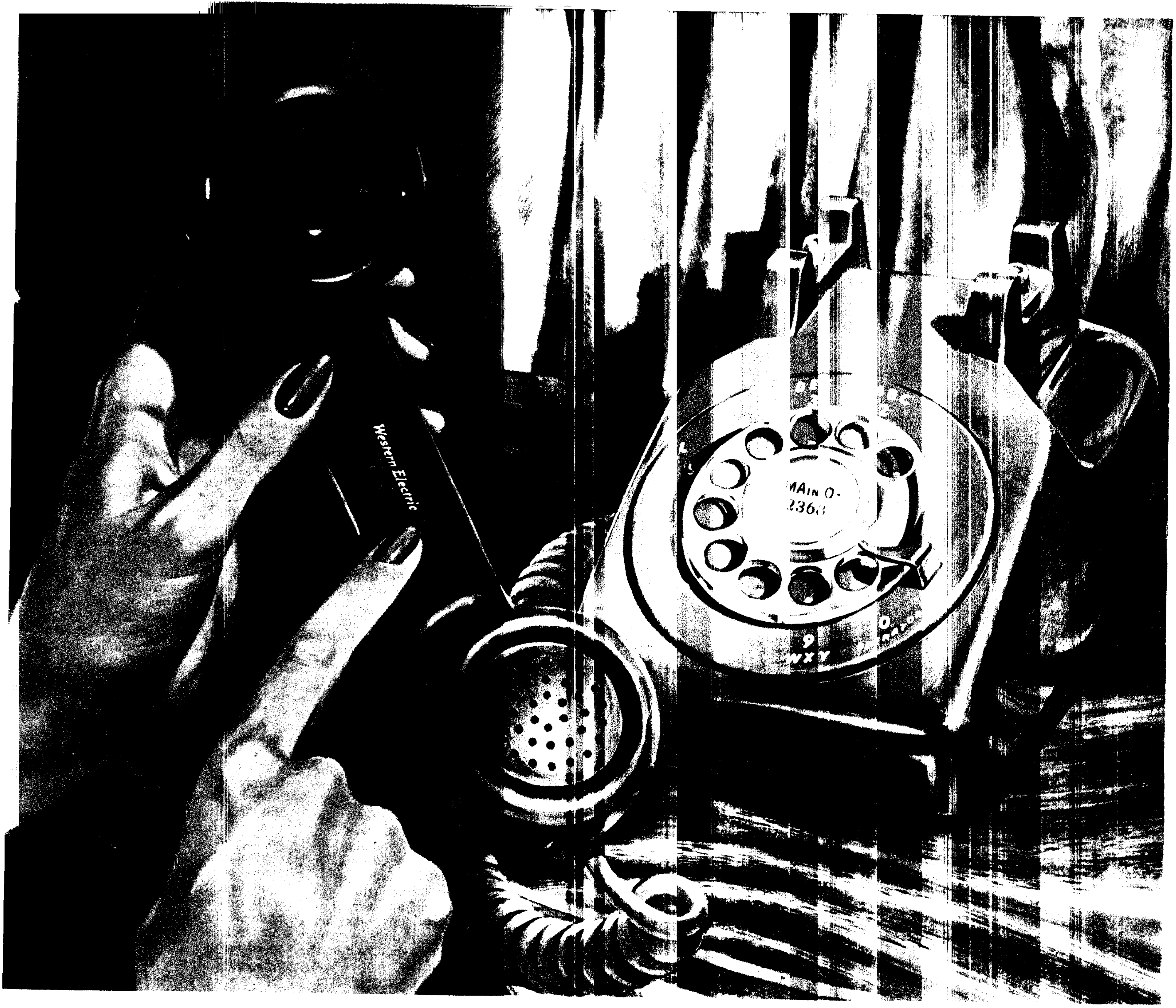
ONE OF THE REGRETS of my life is that I once lived for six months about a block away from Sigmund Freud in London, and I never went to call on him. (I lived for six years around the corner from Albert Einstein, and I did call on him, to my great delight.) A meeting could have been arranged, but I knew that my admiration for the man would get in the way of a relaxed first meeting, and I wanted to have a lot of meetings with him, so I didn't take the risk. Later I read somewhere that Freud, in discussing some of his disciples, cried impatiently: "*Ach,* these Freudians!" Then I *knew* I should have gone to see him. He obviously felt the same way I did.

There is not space here, or throughout the entire magazine, for me to make adequate comment on the tedium to which you are subjected by the people in show business and the literary pursuits who go to the head-shrinker. But I can give you an example. One of the proudly neurotic did a clever snap-analysis of me not long ago, and when I asked what he based his

AL HIRSCHFELD



I suspect the Volpone project began, and will end, with a couple of giant malteds. But if Orson Welles and Jackie Gleason ever get together, I'll be there to see it



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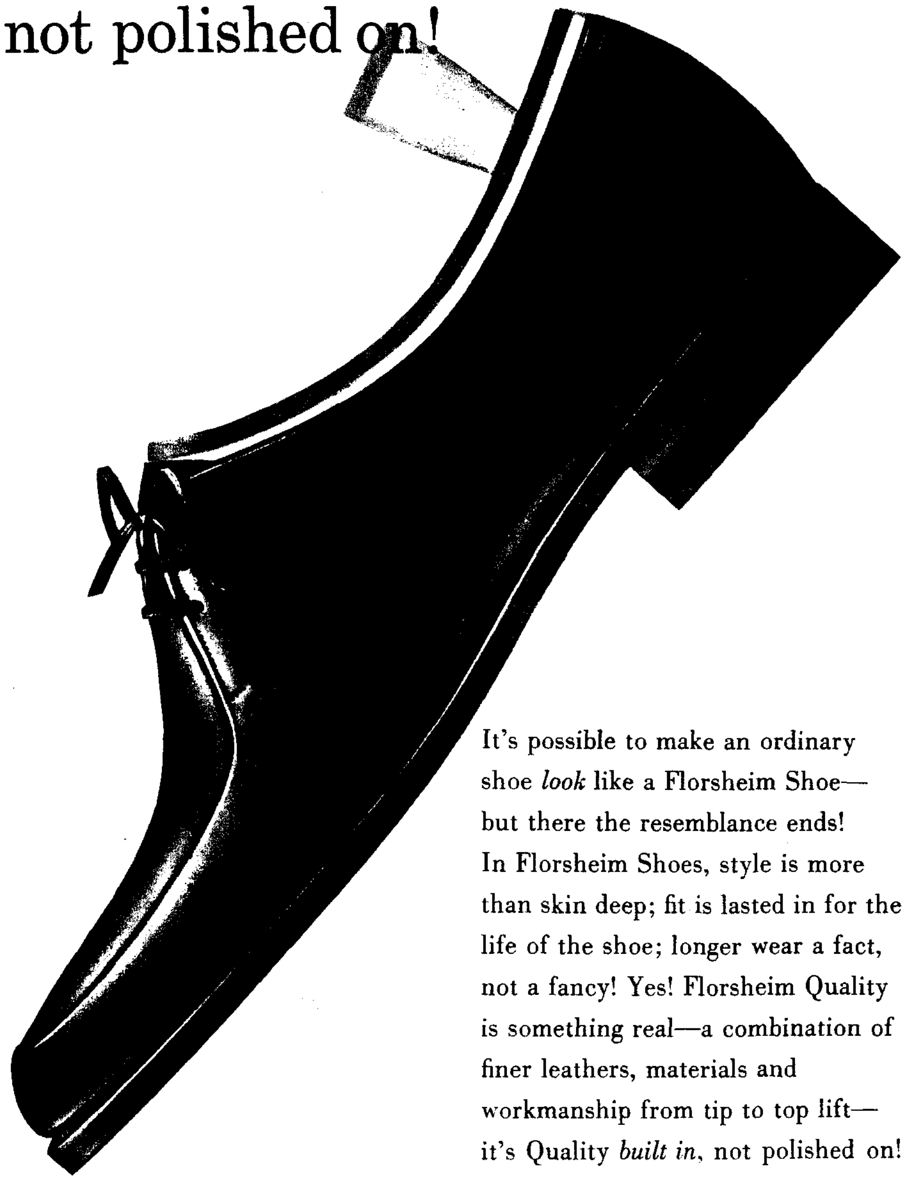

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Appointment with O'HARA *continued*

findings on, he said, "You bite your fingernails."

Well, I had not the heart to shake his confidence in himself. The fact is that for about thirty-one years, or ever since I have been making my living at the typewriter, I have clipped my nails with scissors and smoothed them over with an emery board. Easier to type that way, that's all.

★ ★ ★

PEOPLE who would not dream of going to their local garage and asking for ten gallons of high-test free think nothing of asking professional writers to do the work of literary agents, free. Total strangers send manuscripts of short stories and even of plays and novels. They want you to read, correct and market the stuff.

Well, I don't read the stuff, so I obviously am not going to correct it and market it. If I seem a little ungracious—I am. You might just as well send your manuscripts to the National Institute of Arts & Letters, 633 West 155th Street, New York City, Marc Connelly, president. What will happen to them there, I don't know.

★ ★ ★

LAST YEAR, or maybe it was the year before that, I read somewhere about a man who had bought half a dozen Model T's when they were brand-new, stashed them away, and used them up the way you and I do cigarettes bought by the carton. ("A carload of Model T's, please.")

Well, the man who bought Fords in large lots made me wonder if maybe, in this enormous and rather well-to-do country, there weren't some people who had bought brand-new cars back in the twenties, and put them away and never used them, so that today, in 1956, they would have cars that were still brand-new.

There are any number of cars that would look well and perform satisfactorily today. Offhand I can think of the Marmon Speedster, about 1925; the Mercer Raceabouts and phaetons of the early twenties; the Templar, in all body jobs; the Wills-Sainte Claire, about 1923; the Packard "6" phaeton, the one with six wire wheels, about 1928; and for real fancy style, the La Salle sport phaeton with the tonneau windshield, a car that had lines similar to the Hispano-Suiza. It would be a pleasure to go out some morning and find one of those cars sitting there with my initials on it. In case you're hesitating, I guarantee I won't drive it more than 30 mph for the first thousand miles. I'll give it a good home.

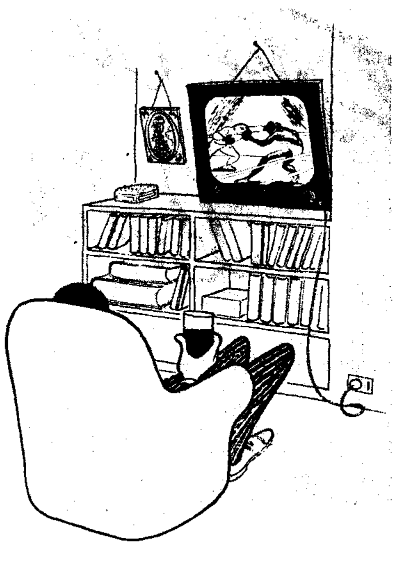
★ ★ ★

ALREADY, I am told, there are television sets that, thanks to transistors or something, are so unbulky that they take up no more space than your Renoir reproduction. In a few years you will be able to hang your TV on the wall and there will be room again for that old coffee table you moved to the house up at the lake.

The space-saving advantages of the new TV sets are fairly obvious, but are we not moving a little fast? I have grown rather fond of the big box. It is a handy place for a guest to rest his highball while making gestures to describe the length of a fish, or how he came in for a landing on a carrier, got the wave-off from the landing signal officer, and flew away to make another attempt (with only a quart of fuel left). It is also a handy place for me to dump my necessities: money clip, small change, Swiss army knife, pencil, lighter, cigarettes, watch, ring, notebook, pills, handkerchiefs, scraps of paper, letters under reconsideration, etc. In our living room, which is also our dining room, the seats of the chairs have two sets of impressions: those made while the TV is on, those made while it is off; and if we get one of the new TVs, there's almost surely going to be a new set of impressions on the sofa and the chairs.

There is still another aspect that has begun to bother me. I have a room which is called my, or Daddy's, study. It has taken me, a middle-class American, some years to be able to refer to "my study" without half hearing some raucous friend making a crack about Baker Street or William Dean Howells. But I can usually brazen it out, since I have written eleven or twelve books, and the room is jammed with dictionaries, atlases and other reference works, and many of them neatly stacked on the floor, and the walls are covered with pictures and photographs and other framed souvenirs. There is literally not enough space for the old, or present, TV set. But if I got one of the new ones free, I probably could take down the diploma I got for being a .22 rifle champion of the Normandie (1935) and hang up the new TV. And then when would I get my work done?

That's all for today; see you in two weeks.



In a few years, I'm told, you will be able to hang up a TV set on your wall

THE FACE
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The tumultuous
events that brought
the Age of Titans
to its raging climax!
The spectacular
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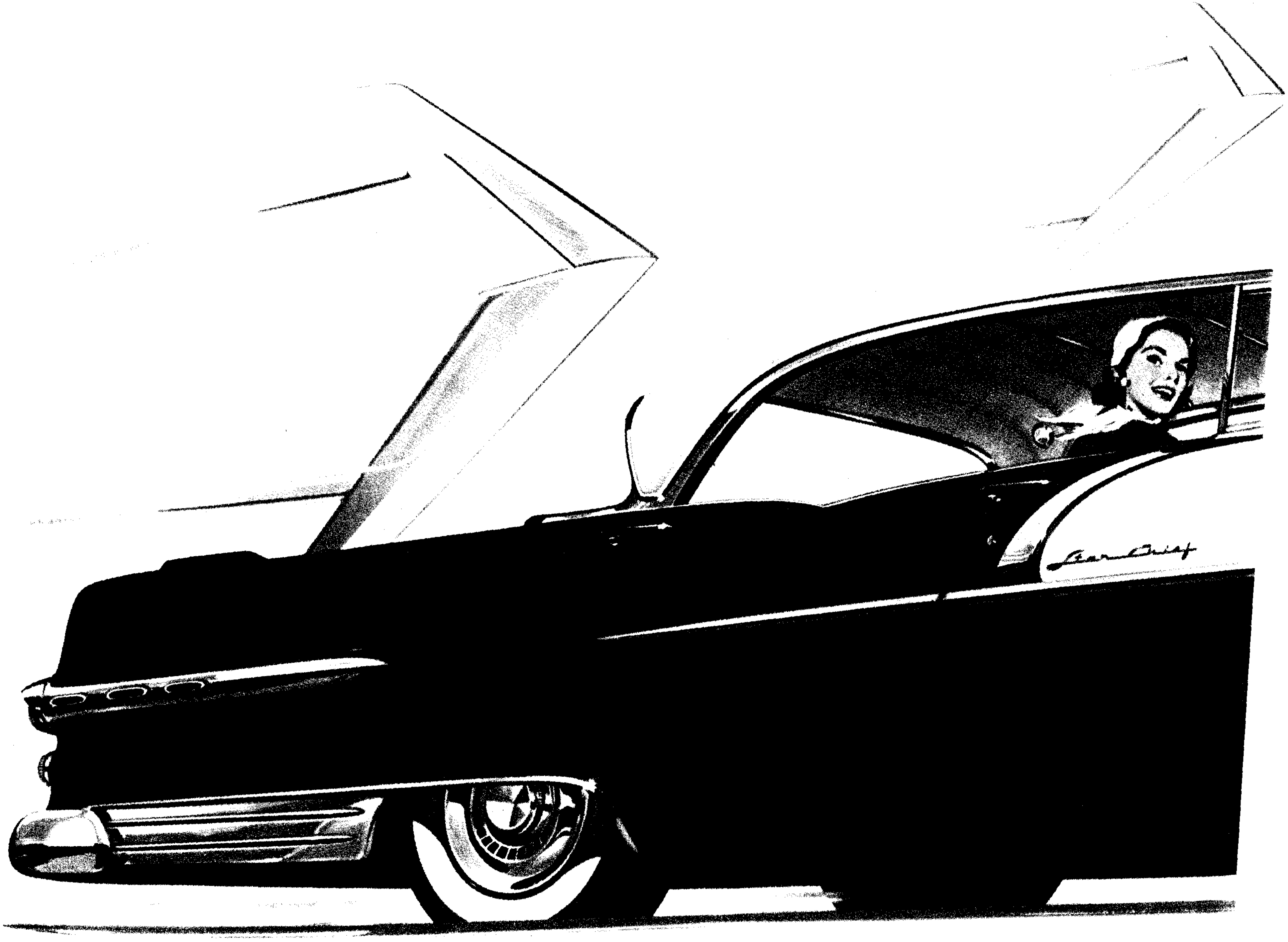


'56

You get that feeling of supercharged excitement right from the start!

This fabulous '56 Pontiac is action personified—the sum and substance, the very meaning of the word—ACTION!

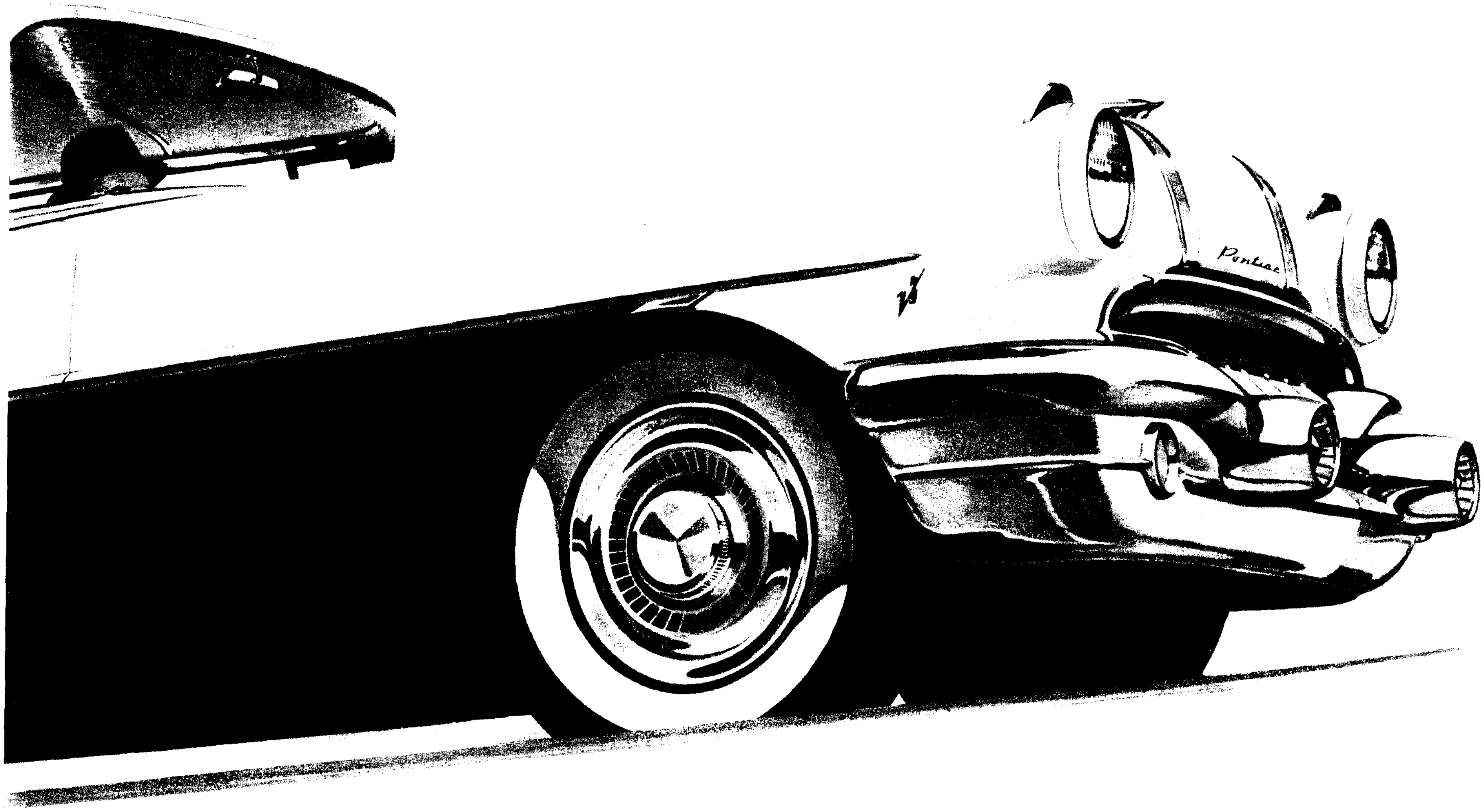
It should be . . . you're piloting the most modern high-compression power plant on the road, the mighty Strato-Streak V-8, pouring out a blazing 227 horsepower . . . gentled by the revolutionary Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic* to smoothness almost beyond belief.

The car seems alive, eager, rarin' to go—and the featherweight pressure of your foot is the only command it needs. Suddenly you realize, driving has become almost completely effortless.

Just touch the accelerator and quick as a wish you're where you want to be . . . pulling away from a stop light, topping a hill or whisking safely past slower-moving traffic.

It's that easy . . . that thrilling. And the thrill returns full force every time you drive this great car. Try it and you'll know *this* is the car for you . . . the fabulous '56 Pontiac . . . the car that is making driving exciting again!

**An extra-cost option.*



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Get this—Pontiac prices start lower than 44 models of cars you usually think of as the lowest-priced field. That's right—you can have all of Pontiac's big car glamour and go for less than you would pay for 44 models of cars in the lowest price group.

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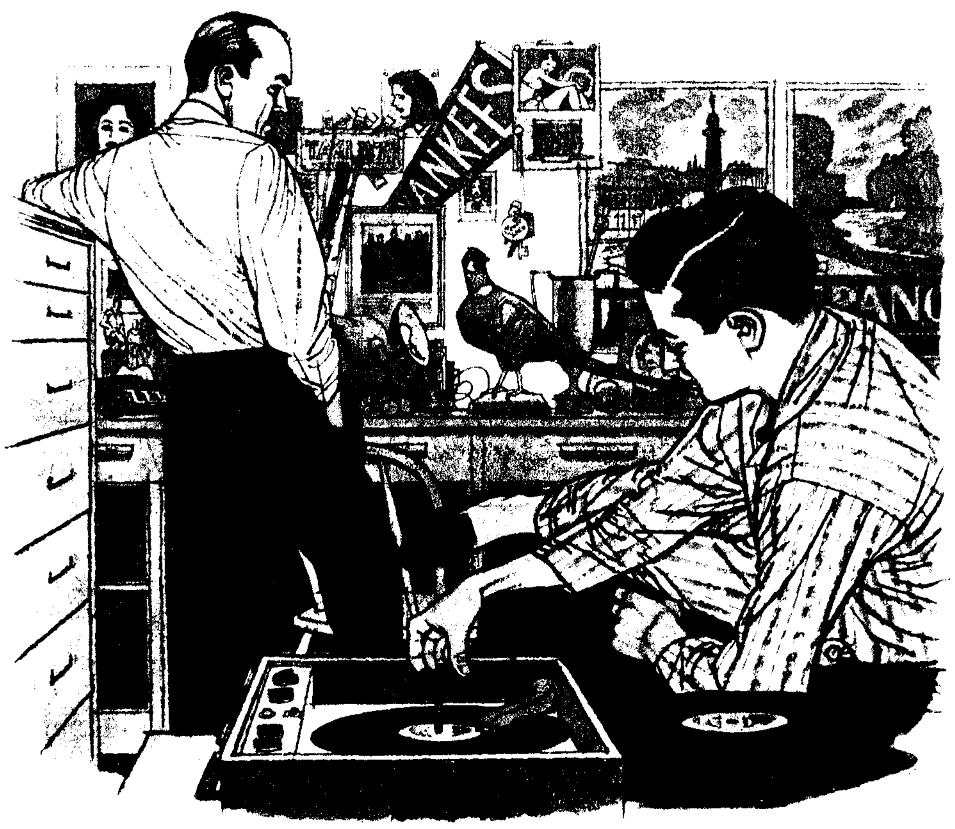
Strato-Streak Pontiac



DENVER GILLEN

Thomas sensed the strain in the air. "What's with you and Pamela?" he asked his son

The Unsuitable Girl

By JOHN D. MAC DONALD

YOU'RE not even *listening!*" Marian said, with indignation that sounded to her husband to be dangerously close to tears.

Thomas Winslow straightened up and racked the fire tongs and went back to his chair. "Of course I'm listening, dear."

"Tommy is only seventeen. That woman keeps coming here and picking him up in that flashy little car, and phoning him. . . . It seems terribly unhealthy to me, and I think we should do something about it."

"Now, Marian," he said soothingly. "The girl's only twenty, and Tommy does look older than seventeen."

"But she isn't the proper sort of girl. A nice girl wouldn't sit out in front and blow that ridiculous horn for him to come running out."

"Now, Marian," he said.

"We must *do* something. He isn't himself. He positively *slinks* about the house. He's almost surly. He's just a high-school boy. That woman could ruin his life!"

Thomas Winslow looked at his wife with fondness and helplessness. He knew the futility of trying to explain to Marian his firm belief that it would work out. Once a child had been raised in a sound emotional climate, all you could do was wait and hope and pray he would make an equivalently good emotional relationship. It was one of the calculated risks you took when you had children. If you tried to force and coerce and manipulate, you could very well force a spirited child into a bad relationship.

"You just *sit* there," Marian said. *"I'm* going to do something. I'm going to ask him to invite this Pamela person to the club to have dinner with us on Saturday night."

Thomas looked at his wife with alarm. He knew what was on her mind: a not very subtle attempt to emphasize the difference between the rather garish Pamela and the sort of people young Tommy was used to.

He tried to prevent it. "If we just leave him alone, dear, everything will work out. I admit she's a flashy young woman, and I suppose she is exciting and glamorous to Tommy because she's older. He'll work it out himself."

But Marian was deaf to his reasoning. After the argument was lost and she had gone to bed, Thomas remembered an incident in his own past. The girl had been a clerk at a perfume counter. The day's labor had always clung to her with its myriad musks and fragrances. It had taken many weeks for him to become disconcertedly aware of the little things about her—the slightly grubby knuckles, the hearty chomp on the cud of gum, the run-over heels. Yet, before the magic had faded . . .

It was a precarious time in Tommy's life, this time of Pamela, Thomas thought.

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT as the four of them—Thomas, Marian, Tommy and twelve-year-old Ruth—were having dinner, Marian said silkily, with a warning glance at her husband, "Tommy, your father and I think it would be nice if we got to know Pamela better. We've hardly had a chance to speak to her. So I've arranged for a table at the club for Saturday night. The dinner dance. Just the four of us. Won't that be nice?"

Tommy concentrated on mashed potatoes for a few moments. "Well, I guess I'll ask her. But she doesn't like clubs. And I don't think she'll go for the family-circle kick."

"I don't see how she can very well refuse," Marian said primly.

"Hah!" said Tommy.

"What is that supposed to mean, son?" Thomas asked.

"I'm sorry. It means that Pam doesn't do anything she doesn't feel like doing. She's a free spirit."

"Did she tell you so herself?" Marian asked.

"Why do you have to all the time be gunning for her, Mom?" Tommy asked, crossly.

"Don't talk to your mother in that tone of voice," Thomas said.

Tommy mumbled an apology and said again that he'd ask her but he didn't think she'd want to go. Later, when Tommy was doing homework in his room, they heard the familiar *beebeep* of Pamela's car horn. Tommy bounded down the stairs. He was gone before Thomas could tell him not to be too late.

"She'll be too sly to come," Marian said grimly. "I know *that* type."

The next morning at breakfast Tommy said, enormously casual. "By the way, Pam can't make it Saturday night. She says thanks anyway."

THE NEXT FIVE DAYS in the Winslow household were glum. Thomas was worried; seemed to have somehow lost touch with his son. He had confidence in Tommy's essential goodness, but seventeen was an odd age, a volatile, erratic age to be. And there was a streak of stubborn pride in the boy.

Yet on the following Thursday night Marian met her husband at the door with a lusty kiss and a sealed-beam smile. "Darling, it worked! Even if Pamela didn't come to the club, it started Tommy thinking. You know, comparing her in his mind. Now he knows that she doesn't stack up. He's going out with that nice little Rogers girl tomorrow night. And he's more like himself already!"

"I'm glad," Thomas said.

"You didn't want to *do* anything. But that girl cut her own throat by turning down the invitation."

Later that same evening as Thomas was going to bed he heard, as he passed Tommy's room, the sound of muted music. It was good to hear the records again after a long silence. On impulse he tapped at the door. "Come in," Tommy called.

Thomas went in and stood by the window and listened to the rest of the record. Tommy, in his pajamas, was stretched across the bed.

"Who is that?"

"Brubeck. And that's real piano."

Thomas sensed the faint strain in the air. "What's with you and Pamela?" he asked, as casually as he could.

"Completely *kaput,* Dad. It was getting tiresome. She's okay, I guess. But giving up that little wagon of hers was the real jolt." His son's voice was as casual as his own had been.

"You don't think she would have fitted in so well at the club last Saturday?"

"You've been listening to Mom. It was fading before that. I don't know. You ever feel this way—like you can outgrow people?"

"That can happen. But you don't outgrow the people whose limitations are—the same as your own."

Tommy nodded gravely. "Maybe you learn a little, though."

"From a few, sure. Too many of the same type and it gets repetitious. Then you don't learn any more."

Tommy gave him a quick and searching glance and then reached for the next record on the stack. The glance had been keen, knowing. The gesture was one that made further conversation impossible. For a brief moment Thomas Winslow felt desperately old. This, too, was part of growing up. And sometimes growing up seemed merely to be a process of carefully selecting the mask you would wear the rest of your life.

The boy had moved a bit farther away from them, had taken a few more steps into that land of personal experience and evaluation that would one day, if he were lucky, make him an adult. He was no longer a child. He walked across a wide and treacherous land.

As Tommy put the record on the spindle he said, "I guess Mom better think she had a hand in clobbering it."

"Good idea," Thomas said gravely, proudly, warmed by this new relationship with his son.

"This is more Brubeck. Listen close to the introduction."

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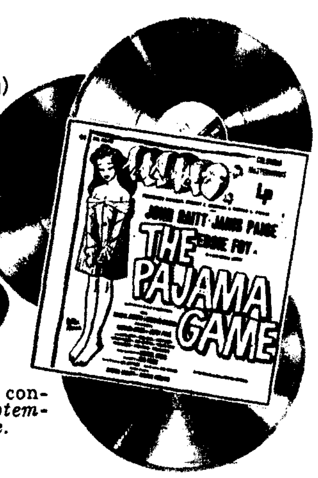
Starring John Raitt, Janis Paige, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Jr. Includes all the great tunes from this smash-hit musical!



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Eleven nostalgic songs arranged and conducted by Morton Gould! Includes *September Song, Where or When, So In Love.*

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We do not know the mayor of Jacksonburg, Ohio, not even his name. Undoubtedly he is an estimable and patriotic gentleman. All we do know about him is that his salary is seven dollars and no cents a year. Of course, some mayors are worth it.

* * *

We see by the Colby (Kansas) Free Press, that one of the town's merchants had a sale of remnants. The sign on the table read: "One for 50 cents. Two for $1.50." The first seven customers took two. But then, they were Colby's keenest bargain spotters.

* * *

Comes that inevitable day when a newspaper editor hasn't a thing worth publishing. No drought stories, says Mr. George Raynor, of Salisbury, North Carolina, because it's raining. But not enough rain for a flood. So no flood yarn. No brothers or sisters reunited-after-30-years to weep over, says Mr. Raynor. No visitors to interview. All bank employees present and accounted for. In brief, no news. But, asks Mr. Raynor, is the editor licked? He is not. He merely heaves a mighty sigh and decides to rediscover juvenile delinquency.

* * *

You will occasionally find items in this department of Collier's that do not carry our guaranty. Let us give you an example. Lady named A. Teacher says she asked her Indianapolis, Indiana, pupils to give the definition for the word "budget." (Attend closely now.) One of the kids wrote: "A budget is something your mother and father add up to find out they can't."

* * *

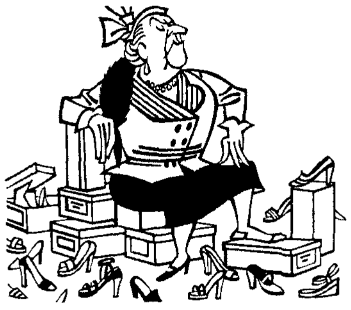
Someone had sent us word from Colorado that Mr. Joseph Prendergast, of New York, told a Denver audience that by 1976 we Americans will be working 30 hours a week. Sheer peonage, and we don't believe we toilers will stand for any such oppression. Mr. Prendergast also said that we are now working 40 hours a week. Where do you suppose the man has been keeping himself with his eyes tightly closed?

* * *

The chamber of commerce in ——— ———, Wyoming, asks us not to mention the town's name. Therefore we say merely that a gentleman with a Geiger counter was accosted by a native of ——— one evening not long ago. Said this native to the prospector: "Mister, you're wasting your time. If you can locate any kind of activity in this town you're a better man than I am, and I was born here."

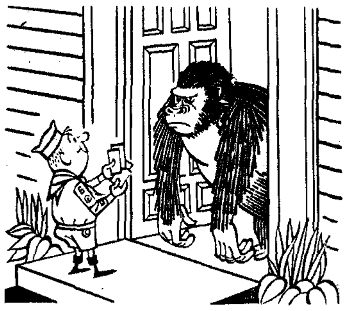
* * *

Gentleman in Puyallup, Washington, called up a shoe store. Asked whether his wife had been there that morning. Manager said quite a number of ladies had been and could the gentleman be a bit more specific—more descriptive, for example. "Oh, you'd remember her," said this gentleman. "For one thing, you could say she's a very stubborn stout."



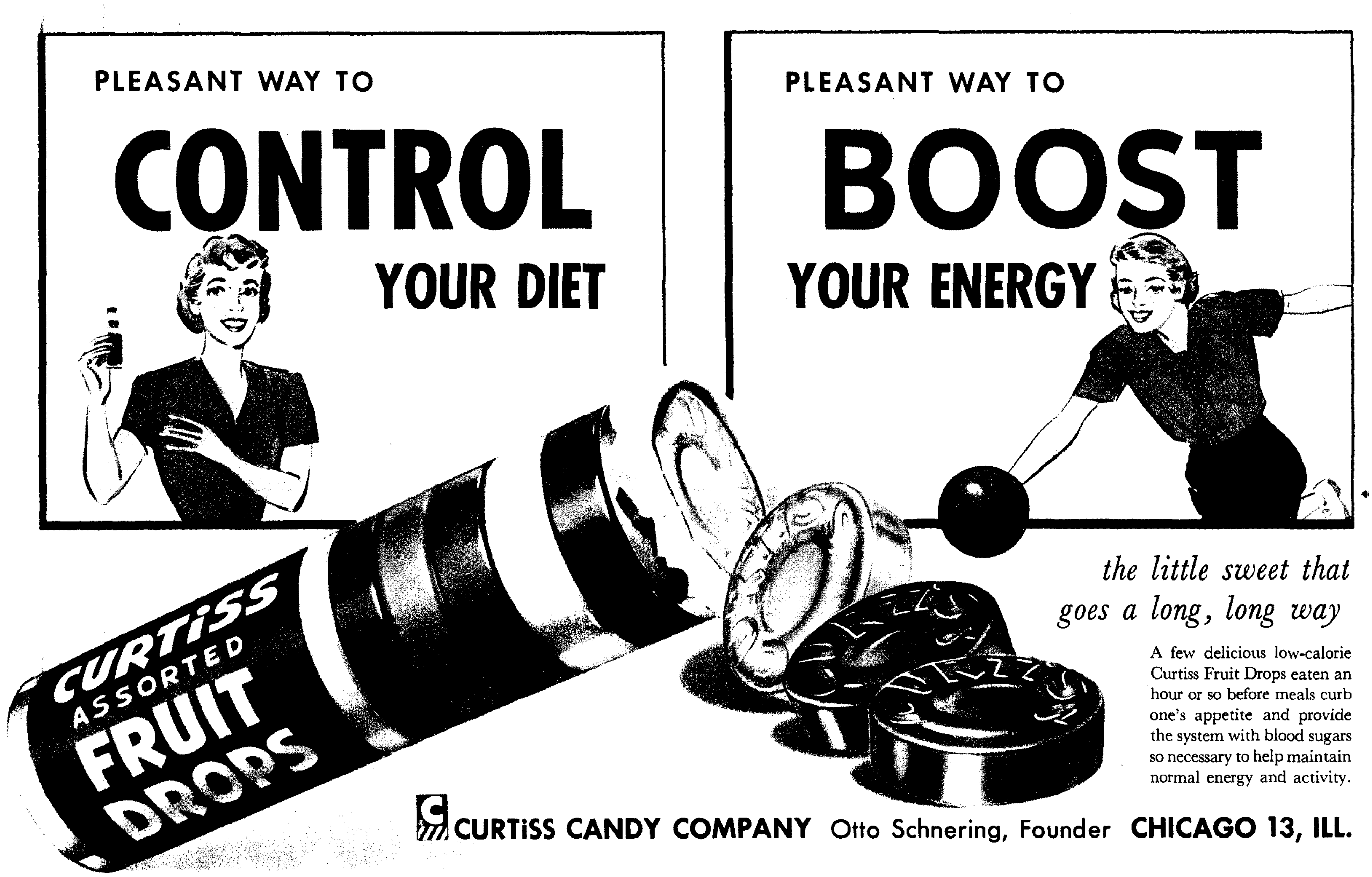
IRWIN CAPLAN

This boy scout was selling greeting cards, house to house. Housewives were buying. But presently, the Milwaukee Journal reports, one door was opened by a shaggy gentleman whose beard was about four days old, whose hair was snatching at his collar and whose half-exposed chest looked like a busted horsehair mattress. The startled scout was thrown off stride. "Good morning," said he politely. "Is your mate at home?"



* * *

A number of readers have complained to us that they haven't had a telephone call from Lindrith, New Mexico, for they don't know how long. The reason is on our desk, sent by Mrs. Bertha Estes, an intrepid Danville, Illinois, lady. There is, she reports, only one telephone in Lindrith. Naturally it's usually busy, so please be patient. There's a high school, too, in Lindrith. Law says it must have five pupils to stay open. Only three available. But two of their mothers attend every day, and that makes five. A quiet place.



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PLEASANT WAY TO BOOST YOUR ENERGY

CURTISS ASSORTED FRUIT DROPS

the little sweet that goes a long, long way

A few delicious low-calorie Curtiss Fruit Drops eaten an hour or so before meals curb one's appetite and provide the system with blood sugars so necessary to help maintain normal energy and activity.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder CHICAGO 13, ILL.

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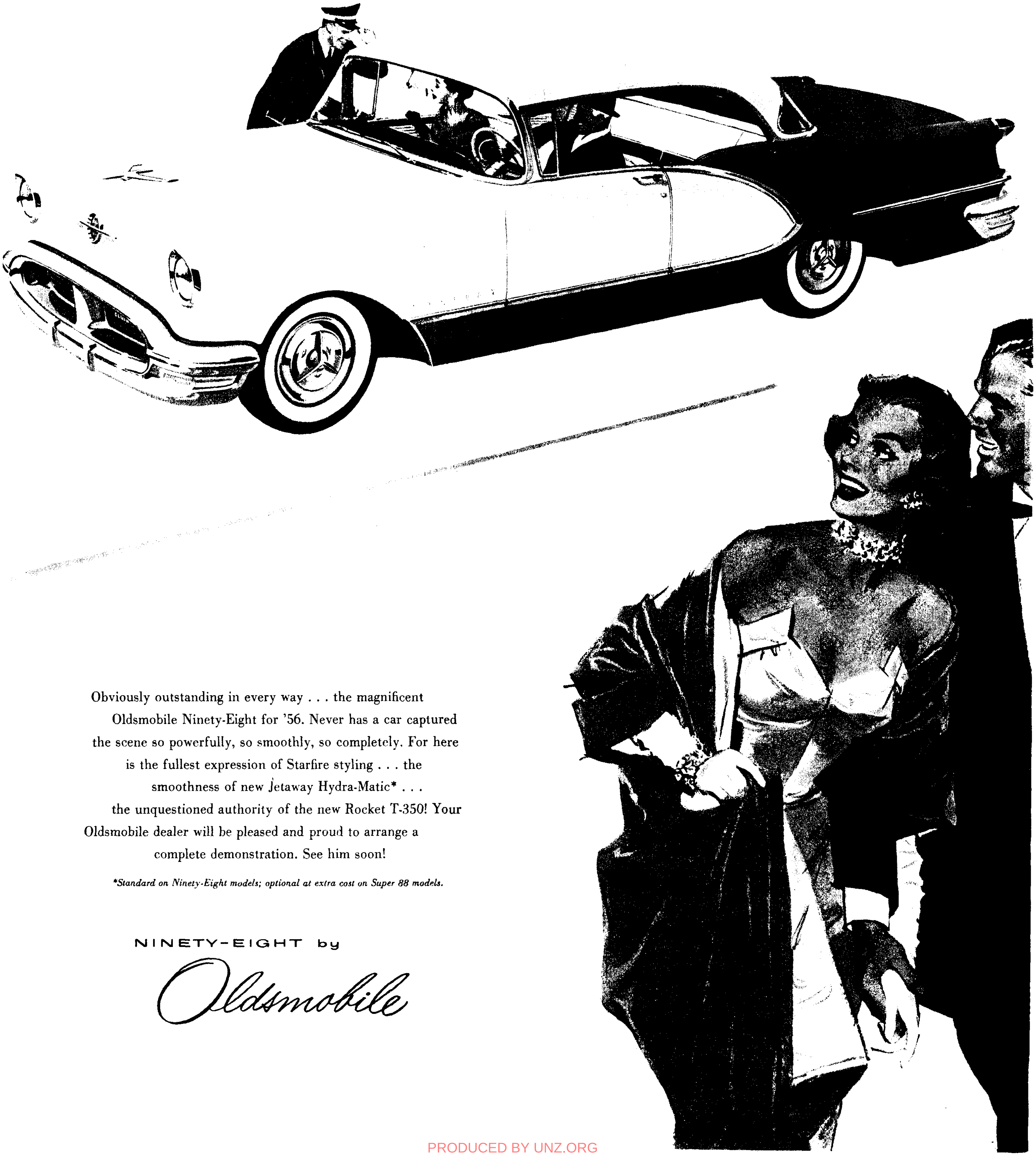

Obviously outstanding in every way . . . the magnificent Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight for '56. Never has a car captured the scene so powerfully, so smoothly, so completely. For here is the fullest expression of Starfire styling . . . the smoothness of new Jetaway Hydra-Matic* . . . the unquestioned authority of the new Rocket T-350! Your Oldsmobile dealer will be pleased and proud to arrange a complete demonstration. See him soon!

**Standard on Ninety-Eight models; optional at extra cost on Super 88 models.*

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When something special happens, it's fun to share the good news with those you love, even though they're miles away.

"I passed my driver's test, Uncle Bill"

It's easy to keep in touch by telephone with out-of-town family and friends. So you need never be far apart in thoughts and interests.

"Guess what, Grandma, we've got kittens"

Telephoning is quick. Personal. Satisfying. And it costs so little. Isn't there someone you'd like to call—right now?

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Cleveland to Pittsburgh . . .	**45¢**
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These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first 3 minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S CREDITS

THE story of the doctors of Española, New Mexico—who blend an understanding of superstition with modern medical knowledge in treating the simple, underprivileged people in that area—is beautifully told in this issue by Sante Fe writer Albert Rosenfeld.

"I spent a lot of time around the clinic and hospital," Rosenfeld says, "went out with the doctors on calls and soon developed a tremendous admiration not only for their medical skill but for their human insight and social understanding.

"At first I had an understandable prejudice about the 'backwardness' of these people. But after a while I wasn't so sure. I soon began to understand why the Española medics would rather practice among these charming, cheerful people than almost anywhere else. They have a civilization and way of life we could learn lessons from. 'Which way is backward?' I still ask myself."

★ ★ ★

NOVELIST Margery Sharp (page 48) has been a writer since the age of seven, when she tried to put down on paper what her first fireworks looked like. "A shower of many-colored forget-me-nots," she wrote. Today she says, "I still remember, and can still see them."

Her first big success was The Nutmeg Tree. That and The Foolish Gentlewoman were hits on the London stage, too. Cluny Brown and Brittania Mews, two more best sellers, were made into motion pictures.

"As a professional writer I always ate—even at the start," Miss Sharp tells us, "partly because I could also take shorthand and type, and a variety of secretarial jobs kept the pot boiling. I never countenanced any other pot boiling, because I absolutely believe it is fatal ever to write below your best, even if what you write may never be published."

Miss Sharp lives in a charming London block of flats (where Lord Byron and William Gladstone were tenants once) with her husband, Britisher Geoffrey Castle, whom she married on one of her many trips to New York.

"That was seventeen years ago and I am now living happily ever after. Fortunate the country (also the wife) which has no history. That isn't the only reason I love America, but it is certainly one."

★ ★ ★

JOHN NEWHOUSE'S "scoop" in this issue is the result of a trip to faraway Africa. He's the only white man since—well, Livingstone and Stanley, let's say—who has stood in the veld and thrown stones at a lion.

He was being driven through the Albert Park with an English companion when they saw a lion lying in the bush a few yards away. To arouse the lion, so that he would stand and make a better subject for the camera of the Englishman, Newhouse got out of the car, approached the lion and threw a number of small stones at it. The lion didn't stir. If he had, we really would have had a different story on page 60. Title: Old Lion Eats Newhouse.

★ ★ ★

JOSEPH CARTER is by Boston out of Harvard. His previous experience with exploding things was riding a tank through southern France during World War II. That's why we sent him out on the New York Bomb Squad assignment—figuring that if anything blew up, it would be like old times.

But nothing happened, and Carter's fairly quiet life as a reporter continues smoothly. It began in 1935 with the Quincy (Massachusetts) Evening News, progressed to the Boston American, the war hiatus, the New York Herald Tribune, four years overseas as information officer for the Marshall Plan, back to the New York Daily Mirror and finally to Newsweek as an associate editor.

Carter's *first* job was with a portable-house manufacturing company of Dover, Massachusetts, and probably explains why he went into the newspaper racket. The firm manufactured dwellings up to four rooms in size which were delivered to your lakeside or seaside plot—knocked down and ready to be assembled into a neat little summer home.

What's more, they were already painted, too. And somebody at the factory had to spray the paint on them. That somebody was Mr. Joseph Carter, Harvard '34. Day in and day out, he sprayed paint on portable houses—forest green, every single one of them.

★ ★ ★

WHEN we asked Staff Contributor Theodore H. White to tell us something about his trip to California, he gave us a wry smile and said, "Well, I actually discovered several Republicans who were not running for the Presidency."

That's just a joke, son. The truth is, we sent White to California to find out how a minority party in one state could produce so many foremost, most-talked-about candidates for the Presidency. Where do the Republicans of California get the vigor and power to so baffle the preponderant party of our fastest-growing state?

If you'll read White's story on page 38, you'll get the picture.

When Election Day does roll around, incidentally, White will mark a Presidential ballot for the first time in 20 years. Not that he's unpatriotic—just that a foreign correspondent often finds himself in the wrong place at the right time. In 1940, White was covering the Japanese penetration of the Dutch East Indies; 1944, Kunming, China; 1948, Prague ("You don't vote from behind the iron curtain"); 1952, Paris ("I'd lost my U.S. residence status"); 1956, "It'll take an earthquake to pry me loose from this country now."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

CARL BAKAL

Teddy White, who writes about California and four possible Presidential candidates

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LETTERS

Assault on Battery

EDITOR: I am so mad I could chew nails. I have just read the letter (Dec. 9th) written by L. Battery, S. Larsen, Phyllis Lisinski and H. Mortensen, immigrants who want to leave "this politically rotten, crooked place." If I had Mr. Battery's home address, I would be glad to send him some money to help him get back to where he came from. . . . MRS. BETTY HICKS, Daytona Beach, Fla.

. . . I am quite sure that people who have emigrated here and love this country . . . will gladly chip in. . . .
CALVIN H. VOIGT, Avon, S.D.

. . . I came here in '49 and still live in a tar-paper frame wooden shack such as I would keep chickens in in England. My dream is to go home, but how? I can't even scrimp and save. . . .
MRS. M. BELL, Baltimore, Md.

. . . To L. Battery and the others: Phuttttttttttttt! PAUL M. HENSON, Joplin, Mo.

No AMA Award

EDITOR: Boss of the Big Boys (Nov. 11th) errs in this reference to the American Management Association: "For two years in a row, U.P. won an American Management Association award for 'management excellence.'" This is just to inform you that AMA, operating as an education organization for the improvement of management people, has never issued an award of any kind. . . . DONALD G. KEEN, Press Relations Director, American Management Association, New York, N.Y.

Christmas

EDITOR: I had tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat nearly all through the wonderful Christmas issue. Congratulations!
MRS. ANN VAN VLECK, Houston, Tex.

. . . From the Grandma Moses cover to the quotation on page 106 the Christmas issue is a thrilling experience. . . .
MRS. ETTA P. BARTON, Rome, Ga.

. . . How could you have known that I needed such a Christmas treatment as the one in Yes, Virginia, There Is a South Pole Santa Claus? My seventh-graders were just completing a study of Australia, and my main problem was to include some stories on Christmas. The special issue solved the problem.
ELIZABETH M. PAPE, Wilmette, Ill.

Point about Sandpoint

EDITOR: So Herman Viztelly from New Orleans (Letters, Dec. 9th) doesn't believe there is such a place as Sandpoint, Idaho? I invite Mr. Viztelly to spend his next vacation here. He will go home, throw stones at New Orleans and think hard about returning to heaven.
NEIL J. KENNEY, Sandpoint, Idaho

Senior Citizens

EDITOR: I have just read the editorial The Useful Years, and the article . . . 65 and Over (Dec. 9th). Why can parents no longer live with their married children? There is always room for a TV set, for a dog, for many useless pieces of furniture. Why not leave some of these things out and put in a bed and a chair for an old mother or father? . . . MRS. HELEN SCHECHTER, New York, N.Y.

. . . The Useful Years tickled me no end! Now the young people are just beginning to realize what they did when they got all the old people off the payroll. They are stuck with carrying the old around on their shoulders. . . .
LENORE SINGER, Phoenix, Ariz.

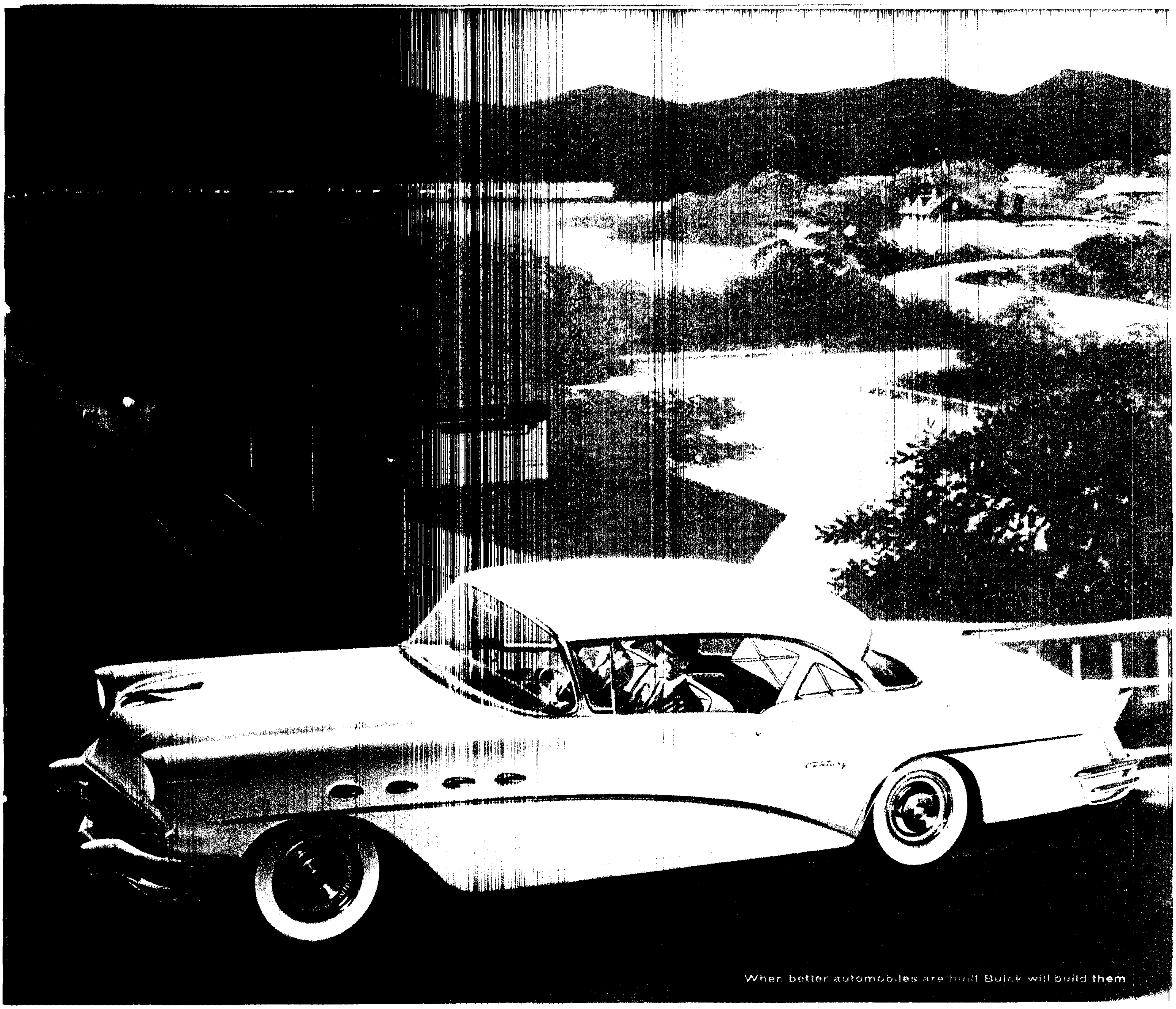
. . . The pictures of the senior citizens are beautiful, but I have received many telephone calls asking why some of the people depicted were not identified as members of the Sirovich Day Center, which they are. The center is open to all who are sixty or over. The program is not recreational, but cultural and educational. . . . FRANCES KING, Director, Sirovich Day Center, New York, N.Y.

Look, Ma, No Horns

EDITOR: When writer Irving R. Levine (The Russians I Meet, Dec. 9th) remarked on the average Russian's reluctance to communicate with him, I wondered how many Americans would carry on a friendly and personal correspondence with a prominent Communist. I was also interested in the picture of the mother and child. The baby is cute as one of ours; they really don't have horns after all, do they?
MRS. SHARON WILSON, Zanesville, Ohio

The Cover Sanford H. Roth and Wayne Miller

This month the beautiful Elizabeth Taylor marks her twenty-fourth birthday and fourteenth year in films. Miss Taylor commutes between her career and her household, which consists of a husband, two children, two poodles and three cats. She manages so well to keep each life revolving in its own orbit that photographer Sanford H. Roth was inspired to see her as two successful women. Neither, however, looks much like the girl-next-door, as is apparent on page 34 • In upper corner is California Governor Goodwin J. Knight, whose chances in the Presidential race—along with those of Messrs. Warren, Nixon and Knowland—are reviewed on page 38


When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Has looks, will travel

YOUNG AND EAGER Buick—Class of 1956—desires position as traveling companion with modern family.

Smart appearance. Clean, crisp and highly distinctive lines insure immediate identification. Unique V-front grille and sassy slash-type bustle in rear set new style note.

Well padded and elegant interiors designed for deep comfort—yet tastefully appointed in keeping with today's décors.

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Has big Buick power plant of 322-cubic-inch capacity with record-high compression, which permits easy sweeping grace of motion with minimum use of fuel.

Also has dynamic flow of power through airplane-principled Variable Pitch Dynaflow,* which assures absolute smoothness in every inch of travel. Extraordinary ability to switch pitch permits quick getaway response with added gasoline savings in cruising range—plus thrilling full-power acceleration for emergency needs in high-performance range.

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A meeting can be arranged through your Buick dealer. Just drop in for a visit with him at your earliest convenience.

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SEE JACKIE GLEASON ON TV
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Best Buick yet

*New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.

Mainstays of the Hertz rental fleet are the late-model cars you see above. Front row (left to right)—Buick, Ford, Chevrolet. Back row—Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Plymouth. Hertz depends on Champion Spark Plugs to keep its rent-a-cars rolling

Why does Hertz – world's largest rental fleet – use Champion Spark Plugs?

Operating 15,500 cars and 15,000 trucks, Hertz wants the most power and the most miles per gallon . . . so Hertz uses full-firing Champions!

You can bet that Hertz—world's largest rental fleet—knows all there is to know about spark plug performance and value!

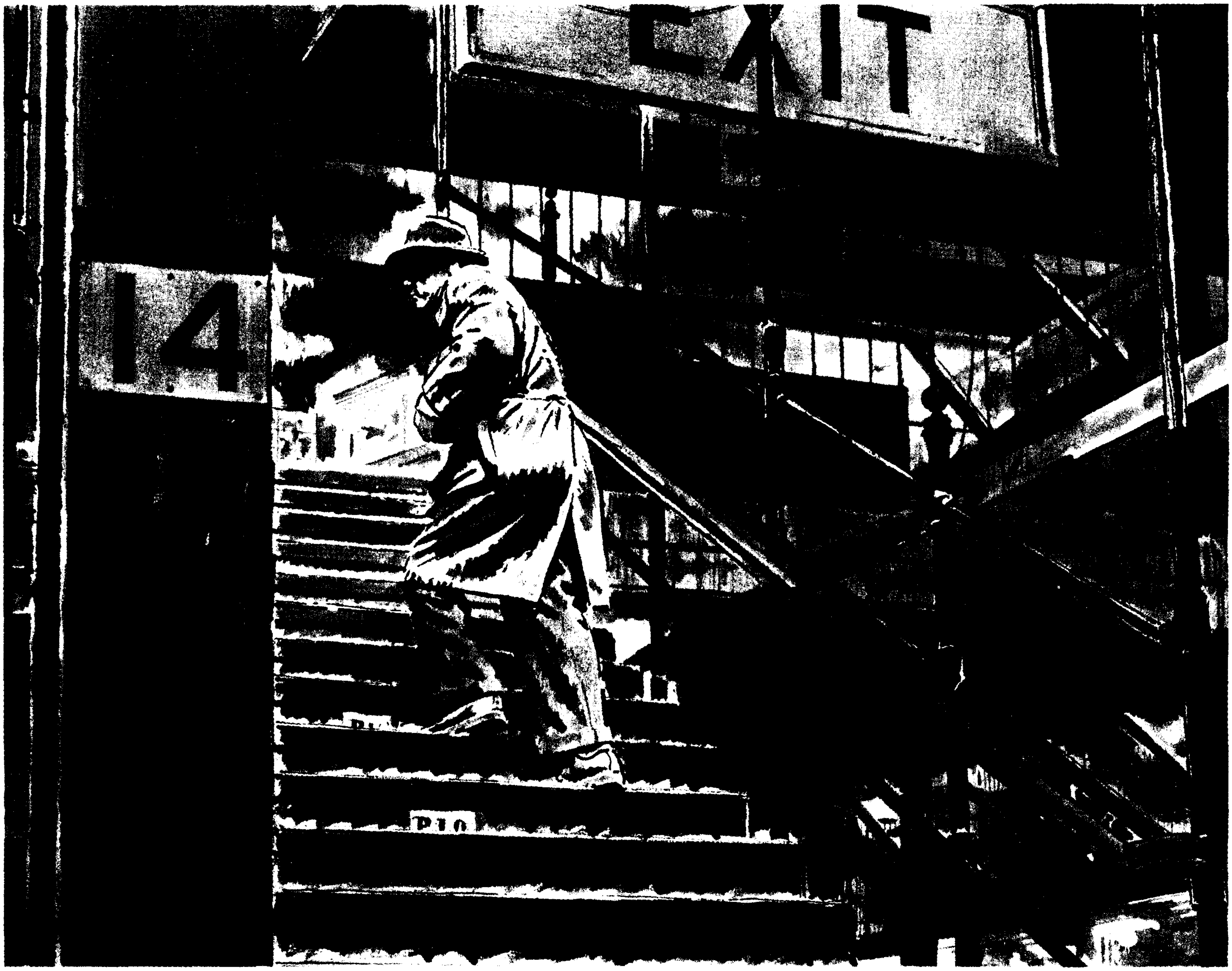
In tropic heat, in arctic cold—in countries all around the globe—Hertz has put spark plugs through the world's toughest road test. And the fact that Hertz uses 5-rib Champions speaks for itself!

Whatever car you drive—Chevrolet, Ford, Plymouth or any of the higher-priced makes—take a tip from Hertz . . . use 5-rib Champion Spark Plugs. When you install new, full-firing Champions, you can immediately *feel* the difference in your car's response. You'll get quicker starts, faster acceleration . . . and more miles per gallon!

When you need spark plugs, don't settle for anything but the best. Get precision-made 5-rib Champions!

CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS



One of New York's most-sought men, the mad bomb maker still moves about freely (as artist depicts him in 14th St. subway station) planting his dread packages

WANTED: The man without a face

For 15 years, his homemade bombs have been exploding around New York City; any cop on the Bomb Squad would give half a year's pay to nab him. Trouble is, no one's ever seen him—except from the back

By JOSEPH CARTER

WHAT is commonly called the 14th Street station of the IRT subway in Manhattan is not an easy place to describe. It is called that for convenience; actually, it is the connecting station of the East Side branch of the IRT, the 14th Street cross-town branch of the BMT subway and the Brighton Beach line of the BMT.

Aboveground is Union Square, scene of many a violent mass meeting, marked by the intersection of 14th Street, Fourth Avenue and Broadway. The area aboveground is busy and complicated enough, but at least you can see the lay of the land. Belowground, the blocks-square subway station is a maze of turnstiles, signs, coffee vendors, florist stands, corridors, candy stores, popcorn machines, newsstands and shoeshine stands. And three levels of subway tubes.

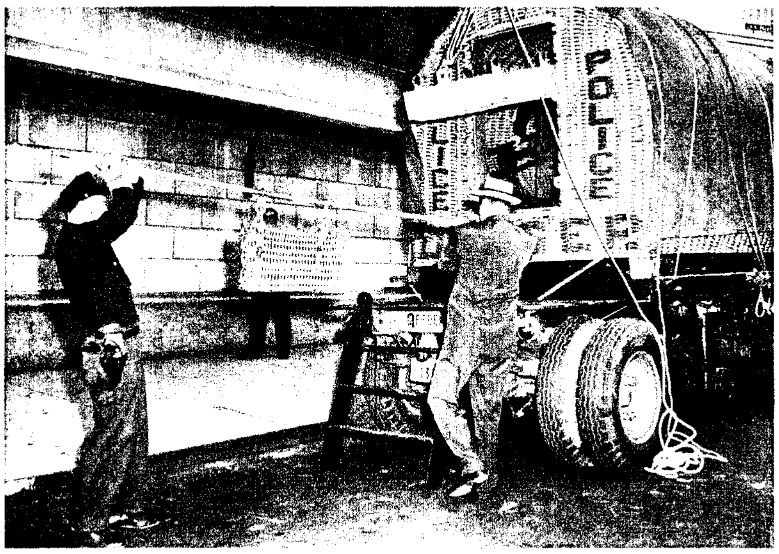
Among the scores of thousands of persons who pass through this station each day, an anonymous man carrying a small package is not conspicuous. Thousands of persons going through have packages; if they prefer not to carry them, they may check their bundles, up to 24 hours, in one of the many dime lockers.

November 28, 1951, was a wet and dreary day and the station was penetrated by the odor of wet overcoats.

At 7:20 P.M., with the evening movie-and-theater rush well under

DRAWING BY RICHARD STONE

Since 1940, New York's infernal machinist has planted 25 to 100 bombs, five in 1955. He hasn't killed anybody—yet



Members of the Bomb Squad remove an unexploded bomb from a Manhattan movie house. Both carrier and police van are shrouded in steel mesh for safety

Firemen were called in when 1955 blast in package locker at the Pennsylvania Station started a small blaze in adjacent lockers

Part of the Penn Station bomb is displayed by fire fighter Richard Turk. One problem police face in seeking bomb man is that devices he makes contain common parts—like cheap watches and iron pipe—and cannot be traced to buyer

INTERNATIONAL

way, Lieutenant (now Captain) Earl M. Scott of the New York Fire Department, off duty and in plain clothes, was walking slowly along one of the corridors of the station. Like other corridors it was lined with dime lockers. When Scott was 12 feet from Locker A579, it exploded.

Scott's reaction was that of any other man in the circumstances: first horrified shock, then the recognition that he was still alive and that apparently no one had been hurt, and finally the stunning realization that what had exploded was a bomb.

Scott did what any other man would have done. He called the cops.

From Police Headquarters in Manhattan the report went to the third floor of the 84th Precinct, 72 Poplar Street, Brooklyn—the headquarters of the New York City Police Department Bomb Squad.

And when Detective William J. Foley, on duty that night, received the call, the question that popped instantly into his mind was:

"Is it him again?"

For, tricky and dangerous as the work of dealing with explosive packages always is, the work of the New York Bomb Squad is made even more tricky and dangerous by the existence today, somewhere in the city, of one man.

This man is undoubtedly a lunatic. He has been known to the New York police since 1940—a full 15 years now—and the search for him makes Scotland Yard's world-renowned hunt for Jack the Ripper in 1888 look like a children's Easter-egg hunt.

Strictly speaking, this man does not plant bombs. A bomb is a piece of ordnance which can be deactivated by any man who knows the principle of its design. There's another device, home-made and "maliciously designed to explode and destroy life or property," which can be deactivated by a man (other than its maker) only at the peril of death. It is this kind of device, called an infernal machine, that's used by the man the police are seeking.

Even the most casehardened detective does not rest easy knowing that somewhere in a city of 8,000,000 persons there is a madman loose who has again and again demonstrated his ability to plant explosives and who one day, in his mania, might kill scores of people.

It is believed that since 1940 the infernal machinist has left upwards of 100 bombs in public places in the crowded mid-Manhattan area, though only 25 are officially listed by the police as his work. Of these, 18 exploded and seven were duds.

His first recognized bomb (Bomb Squad Case No. 289) was a dud found in the plant of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York at 170 West 64th Street at 11:30 A.M. November 18, 1940. It was recognized as his first, retrospectively, because with it was a note explaining that the machinist hoped to blow up the plant for unspecified "dastardly acts" committed against him by the company. The detectives who read the note never dreamed they were appearing in Act I, Scene 1, of a fantastic melodrama that was to have the longest run in New York police history.

The second bomb, also a dud and also with a note, was found in the Consolidated Edison plant on 19th Street near Irving Place on September 24, 1941. It was becoming apparent by this time that the machinist's grudge against the company was not only deep, but abiding.

None of his bombs showed up while the United States was in World War II, but since 1946, a couple dozen have been listed as his work.

THE INFERNAL MACHINIST has left bombs in public lockers in various subway stations; in the Pennsylvania Station and the Grand Central Terminal, Manhattan's two huge railroad depots; in the Port of New York Authority's Bus Terminal, occupying the whole block on Eighth Avenue from 40th to 41st Streets, and in a whole string of the big midtown movie theaters—Radio City Music Hall, the Capitol, Loew's Lexington and others.

In 1955 he planted five: one in the Pennsylvania Station on January 11th; another there on March 8th; one in Radio City Music Hall May 2d; one in the 3,650-seat Paramount Theater on October 9th, and one in the big public men's room of Grand Central Station on December 1st. It was an unusually busy year for him.

The amount of work the New York police, and other institutions to whom they have turned for help, have done on the case is almost impossible to conceive. Simply on the theory, for example, that their man might have served in one of the armed services during the war, the cops had the Veterans Administration go through its entire files on discharged servicemen, looking for one who had a record of having handled ordnance and of having had mental upsets.

The Consolidated Edison Company went through all its files on past and present employees and customers, seeking a basis for the grudge and trying to match handwriting samples. (The police have more samples of the madman's handwriting than they really want, considering that each one deals with a separate bomb.)

The Federal Patent Office, on the slim chance that he might have applied for a patent, went through its records of applications.

All this, of course, is besides the uncounted thousands of man-hours expended by the 200 or more detectives who have worked on the case and who to date have interviewed more than 1,000 witnesses and conducted scores of thousands of individual investigations.

Though other patrolmen and detectives have helped out, the case is really the Bomb Squad's baby and there is not a man on the squad who would not trade half a year's salary to lay hands on the infernal machinist.

The squad itself now has eight detectives: John Barry, James Dooley, John O'Brien, Frank Pietromonaco, Joseph Rothengast, William F. Schmitt, Andrew Sweeney and Herbert Wilson. The acting sergeant, Peter J. Dale, is on sick leave, still recovering from a hand-grenade explosion in March, 1954 (work on the squad is not frivolous), so the detectives are presently under the command of Sergeant James J. Falihee. He in turn is under the command of acting Captain Howard Finney, who runs the Police Laboratory.

THE BOMB SQUAD was set up in 1914 by Commissioner Arthur Wood as the Special War Squad "to prevent violence by anarchists." There was good enough reason for that. The anarchists, for years, had been hell-bent on overthrowing the government by force, and the sooner the better. Only the year before, anarchists piously making a bomb in a Lexington Avenue tenement had miscalculated the ingredients and it exploded, killing three men and a woman.

During the 1920s, the squad's history was turbulent, starting with the famous Wall Street explosion of September 16, 1920, when a horse-drawn dray loaded with dynamite exploded outside the House of Morgan, killing 30, injuring 100 and causing $2,000,000 in property damage. You can still see the scars on the buildings, and to this day the case is unsolved. The explosion was either an anarchist plot or an accident.

Through the thirties, the work of the squad slowly changed to what it is today, though there was a period when the tendency of gangsters and racketeers to use hand grenades in enforcing business suggestions kept the squad busy.

The change has, in truth, made the work of the squad more difficult. For the most part, the planters of today's bombs are elusive, unbalanced, never-glimpsed figures, unseen by witnesses and unknown to the police, like the infernal machinist.

The Bomb Squad's operating office is in the 90-year-old brick-and-brownstone building that houses the 84th Precinct station. The Poplar Street station, as it is generally known, stands in the sort of neighborhood that can exist only in a big city—it is an ancient, quiet, bypassed neighborhood of weed-grown lots, ancient brownstones, crumbling sidewalks and small neighborhood stores within sight of the majestic down-slant of the Brooklyn Bridge.

The squad occupies part of the top floor of the aged precinct house, and as you step out of the reluctant elevator (capacity four) you find yourself in a short corridor lined with exhibits of infernal machines, the most elaborate of which depicts the World's Fair bombing.

Two detectives were killed when that bomb went off, on July 4, 1940, and five others were injured. The bomb, in a small overnight case, had been left in the British Pavilion on the Fair grounds (Britain was at war with Germany then) a few hours after an anonymous phone call had been received that the pavilion was to be blown up. This was not an exaggeration—the suitcase contained 16 sticks of dynamite. Detectives carried the case several hundred yards away, and it exploded as they were examining it. Not a dime of the $26,000 in reward money has yet been collected.

That explosion taught the Bomb Squad one thing. Now only one man at a time gets up close to unexploded infernal machines.

Besides the small main office and the exhibit-lined corridor, the Bomb Squad has a large squad room with a small library on infernal machines. The rest of the top floor of the precinct house is occupied by the Police Laboratory, of which the squad is a part.

Here, Detective Schmitt shows you the squad's fluoroscope. It resembles a fair-sized portable radio (but weighs twice as much) with the end of the X-ray tube protected by a rectangular shield projecting from one side. You put a suspicious package against the shield and pick up the viewer, which looks something like an old-fashioned stereopticon viewer—except, again, it is twice as large and heavy and is unwieldy to hold in one hand. Normally the man working it wears lead-lined gloves and a lead-lined protector over his chest.

An actual X-ray plate of an infernal machine is handed to you—the works and the case of the clock-timing mechanism show up, but not the dial, so you cannot see when the explosion is timed for. The nails that hold the container together are visible; so are the wires running from the clock to the dry-cell batteries (which appear as stubby gray cylinders) and to the blasting cap set in the sticks of dynamite (which appear as elongated gray cylinders).

A twin of the station's portable fluoroscope is in a unique station wagon in the garage of the precinct house. It was that station wagon which Detective Foley dispatched to the 14th Street subway station the night of November 28, 1951, on what was to become Bomb Squad Case 239—still another in the growing list of cases credited to the infernal machinist.

The station wagon is, from the outside, an ordinary, four-year-old, wood-and-metal Chevrolet. The wood is walnut stain and the metal is painted a flat green. On the side is decorous lettering admitting the vehicle belongs to the New York Police Department, but aside from that and the police radio antenna on top, it seems no different from any other station wagon—until you see inside.

"Look at some of the stuff we have," says Detective Schmitt. "Here's one of those things a grocery clerk uses to get a box of breakfast food from the top shelf for you; what do you call it?"

He displayed a five-foot, thin wooden staff with a pair of grippers at the top and a handle at the bottom; when the handle is pressed the grippers close. If you are a Bomb Squad man and you are dealing with what seems to be a small infernal machine, you can get behind a frame of bulletproof glass and turn over the package with the grippers to see if it's the kind that goes off when it's tipped over—a type known as a position-control bomb.

"The way we work," says Schmitt, "ninety-nine per cent of our calls are false alarms; but any one of them might be something planted by our friend, or someone else. Sure, the chances are it's a package of dirty shirts dropped by some guy, or it's a practical joke by some weak-witted kid or it's a phony planted by a nut. But how do you know? It's the chance.

"Were you in the war? Remember how they told you about booby traps? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the innocent-looking object is just what it looks—innocent. It's that one in a hundred that sprays a quarter pound of rusty steel into you."

Besides the grocery-store tongs, the station wagon contains a number of other curious devices. Their function can most easily be explained by following this untypical station wagon on a typical run.

A phone call about a suspected bomb is transferred from headquarters to the Bomb Squad, and the green-and-walnut wagon starts out. By the time it gets to the scene, the local precinct cops have been there half an hour. Their duty is to keep gawkers away, but the station wagon has to siren its way through a tangle of illegally parked cars and a solid wall of potential blast victims. ("Me," says a Bomb Squad detective, "I'd be as far away from here as I could get. Look at these jokers." You see a father who has hoisted his four-year-old son onto his shoulders to give him a better view.)

The precinct detectives are there, relieved (*Continued on page* 56)

Sometimes the mad bomb maker announces his bombs beforehand—but usually they go off without notice

MODERN MEDICINE

where "the clock walks"

By ALBERT ROSENFELD

DR. VALERIE FRIEDMAN, of the Española Medical Center, wrapped her bathrobe more tightly around her slender figure as a stray draft found its way through a crack in the Rodriguez' adobe door—a draft brought down, perhaps, from Truchas Peak or Broke-Off Mountain by the gentle night winds that swept into the draws and gullies of New Mexico's northern Rio Grande Valley. It was 4:00 A.M.

Señor Rodriguez, who now sat patiently at the rough wooden table sipping tea and puffing a hand-rolled cigarette, had awakened her at her home for an emergency call. It was his thirteen-year-old daughter, he had told Dr. Friedman. He had got up in the middle of the night and, passing through the child's room, noticed how oddly her leg dangled over the bed's edge. He felt her. She was cold. He feared for her life. Would the doctor please come?

She would, and did—instantly, in her bathrobe, without taking the time to dress. And now here they were having tea, at the gentle but firm insistence of Señora Rodriguez. When, the pediatrician kept asking herself, trying hard not to betray her own sense of urgency, when would she see the girl?

"The night air is no good for you," said Señora Rodriguez, wagging an admonitory finger. Dr. Friedman wished she had not shivered so noticeably, thus seeming to confirm the prevailing superstition among the Spanish-Americans of these foothills about the peculiar malignancy of the night air. The belief made her patients extremely reluctant to ventilate their houses after dark, even when they lived in the most stifling crowded conditions.

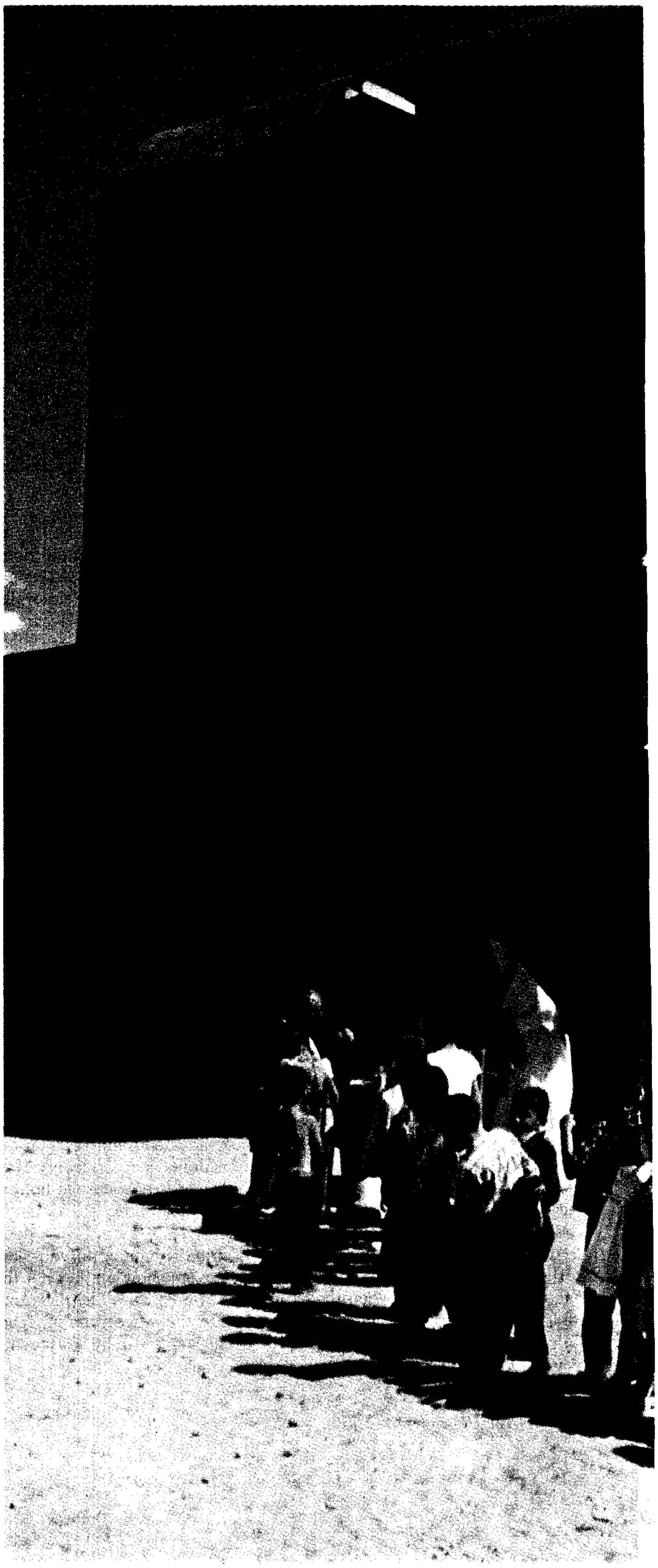
Dr. Friedman looked at the prematurely wrinkled but still handsomely sculptured face of the mother who doggedly made animated small talk. The conversation was obviously forced—yet in the hills around Española protocol requires certain amenities. One never rushes precipitately into the middle of things; there must be tea and talk before it was proper to examine even a patient as precious as this one.

The doctor looked distractedly around the cleanly plastered adobe walls with the carved wooden saints reverently ensconced in their little niches. Back East, she reflected, a doctor only slightly delayed on the way to even a mild case of chicken pox would be met at the door by a prodding, reproachful frown. The contrast here was only one of many she had observed since joining Dr. Ziegler and Dr. Pijoan on the staff of the neat little hospital and clinic in the village of Española. Among these isolated mountain people, one studied not only symptoms, but customs and personalities as well.

The thoughts of Señora Rodriguez were undoubtedly with the sick one, too, as she studied the visitor waiting for her tea to cool. Señora Rodriguez was not an indifferent mother. But if the doctor was not *simpática,* how then could she possibly cure the child?

"More tea?" asked Señora Rodriguez. The doctor declined the second cup, politely. Señora Rodriguez rose slowly, indicating that she felt a decent interval had now elapsed. Her husband leaped to his feet at the signal. Trying not to move with a too indecorous haste, Dr. Friedman followed him into the next room to look at the unconscious girl. Her practiced touch sent back a surge of enormous relief. There was still time to help. . . .

LATER THE SAME MORNING, while Dr. Friedman, between patients, was refreshing herself with a hurried cup of coffee back at the medical center, Dr. Samuel Ziegler, in an adjacent office, was interview-

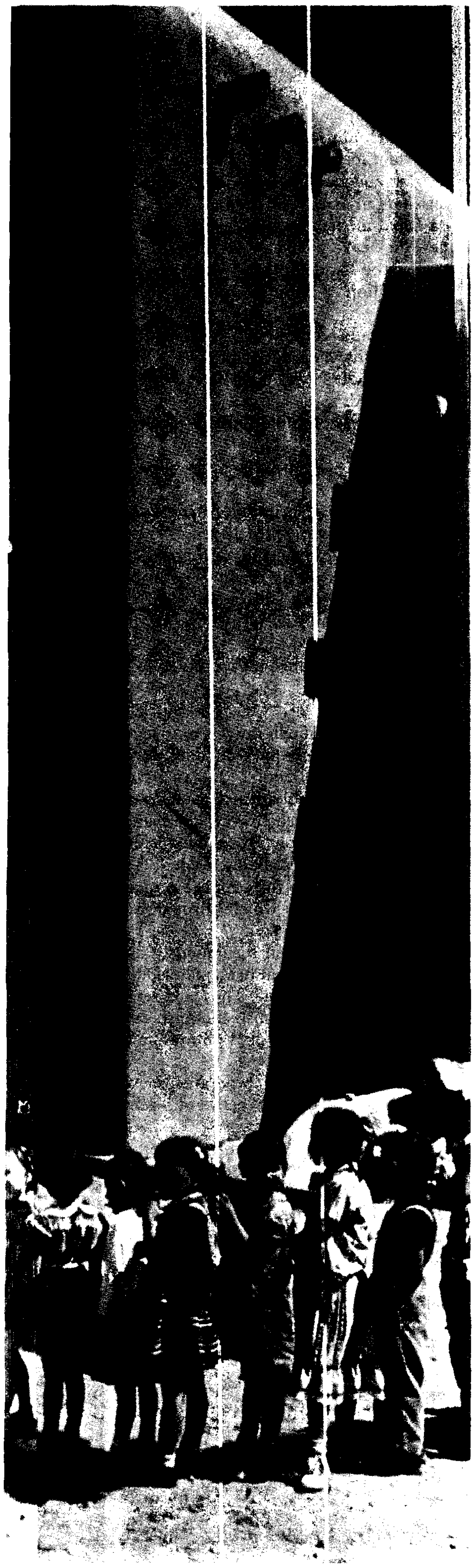


In the shadow of the huge, ancient Abiquiu church, 14 miles from the clinic at Española, Dr. Michel Pijoan examines a class of young Spanish-Americans

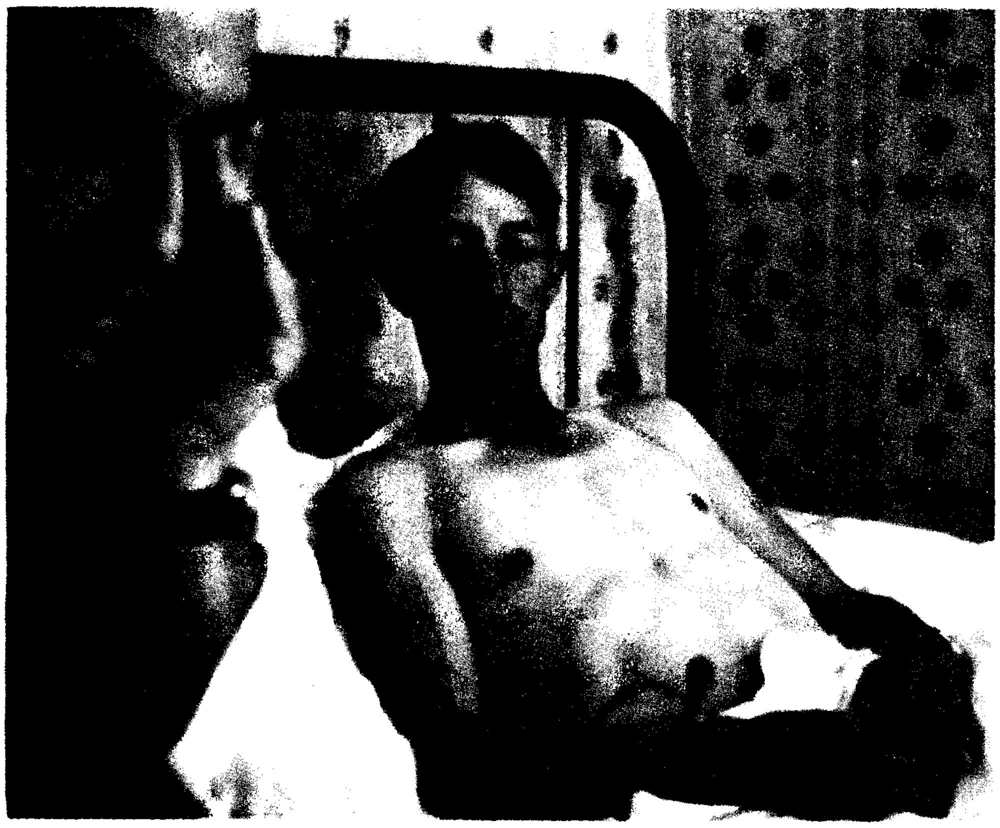
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAL BERNSTEIN

Española doctors Samuel Ziegler (front) and (left to right) Merle Yordy, Valerie Friedman and Michel Pijoan

Time moves slowly in the uplands of the Rio Grande, where people feel the old ways are best. But four dedicated physicians have brought the latest cures to this land of medicine men and midwives. Their ℞: a mixture of cold science and warm understanding



During visit to the home of Luis Trujillo, Dr. Friedman takes the opportunity of examining his 14 children for tonsil trouble—demonstrating by example how she wants them to open their mouths



Dr. Pijoan pays call on Canuto Martinez, who is recuperating from a heart attack. His illness poses a dilemma common in region: he should take life easy—but if he does, his family won't eat

Instead of fighting medicine men, the doctors co-operate with them

ing an old gentleman named Trujillo. Ziegler, who had once practiced every type of medicine in these hills, including the delivery of babies on kitchen tables, now found himself fully occupied with obstetrics and surgery at the Española Hospital and Española Medical Center—both of which he had founded. For a moment his kindly blue eyes regarded the gnarled old man through rimless spectacles. He noted that the appointment had been for Monday morning. It was now Wednesday.

Well, people around here had a different concept of time. They did not live from hour to hour, from minute to minute, but from season to season. In English, a clock runs. In Spanish, *el reloj anda*—the clock walks. If a man in Ojo Caliente is going out to hoe a patch of pinto beans and he runs across some interesting chitchat with a passer-by—what does it matter? The beans will wait.

A charming attitude, Ziegler thought, but a bit frustrating when you had a schedule full of appointments. Oh, well, this was one of the things that made life here so rewarding. Señor Trujillo, the doctor noted, wore on his temples two blue tax stamps taken from a cigarette package; this was a remedy for headache, he knew. There was also a copper wire around the wrist—one of 40 or 50 assorted cures for rheumatism. No matter; the old fellow was going to let him operate to get at the real trouble.

Patient Bud Shomaker waits in the clinic hallway for the X-ray results

There had been a time, a scant half-dozen years before, on Ziegler's first arrival as a mission doctor in the Española Valley, when a Señor Trujillo would have avoided a hospital as a plague house. Hospitals were where you went to die. Now, more and more, the people were viewing the new hospital as a place where you went to get better.

There was still, of course, much uphill educational work to be done in a county where only 12 per cent of the homes had flush toilets and entire families often made only a few hundred dollars a year; where people were—in the words of a local wag—"illiterate in two languages"; where villages were isolated from all telephone and radio communication; where *mal ojo*—the evil eye—was still a recognized disease. Ziegler was glad that his associate, Dr. Michel Pijoan, the staff internist, was an ardent student of anthropology and could help his colleagues understand the virtues of patience. . . .

AT THAT MOMENT, in a nearby Indian pueblo, a pair of shaggy mongrels were yipping wildly at the dust clouds churned up by a car which had just braked to a stop in front of a small, oblong adobe house. The driver, a strappingly handsome fellow wearing a striped bow tie and yellow corduroy jacket, stepped briskly from the car and knocked on the door.

"Ah, Dr. Pijoan!" said the attractive girl who answered the knock. "Come in." Turning, she called, "Papa!" She added something rapidly in her native Tewa Indian tongue.

Vidal Gutierrez, patriarch and cacique of Santa Clara Pueblo, came into the combination bedroom-living-room, extending a dignified, leathery hand in greeting. Pijoan, ignoring the hand, grinned his big-toothed grin, and put both arms around the shoulders of the old man—whose rheumy eyes widened with obvious pleasure. The deep grooves around his mouth spread into a slow smile as he returned the embrace. "It is good to see you," he said, in halting Spanish.

"It is good to see you," said Pijoan, in his own halting Spanish. (He had started learning Spanish from scratch with a high-school grammar when his persistent asthma had led him to take up permanent residence in New Mexico.) "How are you feeling, Vidal?"

"Oh, better. Only I don't see so good these days." He sat down heavily on one of the beds, tossing aside a long braid that brushed his face. "When something is far away, I see it fine. But not when things are near."

"Here, see if these help." Pijoan took off his spectacles and set them on the sun-browned bridge of the old man's nose. The old man blinked his eyes owlishly through the glasses for a moment. "That's a little better," he grunted. "But not enough."

"You need a stronger pair. We'll see if we can't get you fixed up sometime soon."

Vidal, not quite understanding, turned to his daughter, who explained in Tewa. He nodded approvingly. "I *told* him he needed glasses," she said in English, "but he'll never take *my* word for it. He has to hear it from you."

Two years earlier, Vidal would not have heard it from anyone. Doctors and hospitals were not for him. But at a crucial point, with Vidal resigned to death from pneumonia, Pijoan had prevailed upon his good friend—and Vidal's—the writer and Indian authority Oliver La Farge, who lives in Santa Fe, to use his influence on the old man. Together, La Farge and Pijoan had hustled the patriarch to the Española Hospital, and had him back on his feet in an amazingly few days. Vidal was converted.

More and more of the Santa Clara Indians now come to town when they are ill. Pijoan has been careful to point out that his is no personal magic, that any reliable physician can do the same thing. He is also careful not to try to replace the old tribal ways with the new medicine—an attempt which, in any case, would be fruitless.

The shaman's magic is still important, personally and socially, to these people. Pijoan had recently recommended quite seriously to a young Jicarilla Apache brave being discharged from the hospital that he be danced back into The Way by a tribal medicine man when he got back to his home near Dulce. He knew the brave would do so anyway. Now he would know that the doctor understood and approved—and he would go away with a much greater appreciation of scientific medicine, carrying the word to his kinfolk.

"We got the water fixed," the girl volunteered to Pijoan proudly. "Look at it on the way out. There's not a leak anywhere in the pueblo."

"Good. Don't let it get that bad again. It's a good way to get typhoid fever . . . Where's Marcellino?" he asked, as he was leaving.

"Oh, he went down to the corn dance at Domingo today . . . John's working at Los Alamos now," she added.

"Oh? Doing what?"

"I don't know. It's secret."

The idea that a young man reared in these primitive surroundings, initiated into the sacred rites in the tribal kiva, who still came back to dance for crops and rain, was working among the cyclotrons, nuclear reactors and Van de Graaf accelerators of the most advanced atomic city in the world was something Pijoan still had a hard time grasping. Yet, hundreds of families in these northern hills had relatives working at nearby Los Alamos. They traveled easily from one civilization to the other, as though by time machine, never noticing the anachronism.

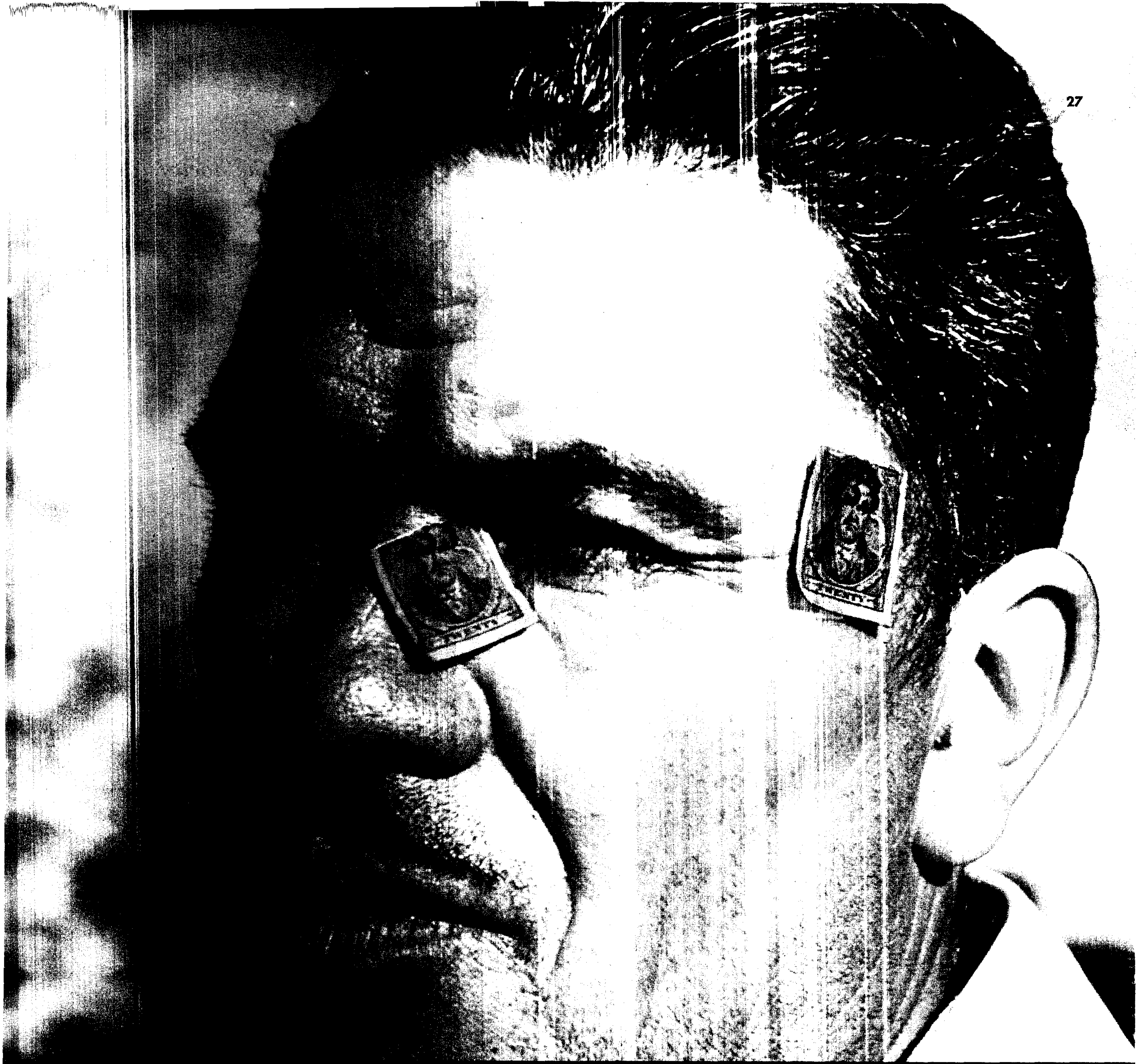
THE ESPAÑOLA MEDICAL CENTER, although only one of several thriving medical centers in New Mexico, is a unique—at times, almost a bizarre—institution. Drs. Ziegler, Pijoan, Friedman and their newest colleague, Dr. Merle Yordy, with the consultative assistance of a number of Santa Fe specialists who spend part of each week in Española, are doing what they are doing for three good reasons: they love the challenge of practicing medicine in an area where it is so badly needed. They love the country and the climate. And they love the people—a quality indispensable for introducing new ideas to an area which, through isolation, has done things differently for centuries.

"The people here keep their homes and children scrupulously clean and neat," Ziegler points out. "They maintain a great personal pride and dignity. Their manners are gracious and charming. They are serene, yet full of fun. And, as direct descendants of the Spanish conquistadores, they are the inheritors of one of the oldest cultural traditions in the Western Hemisphere."

"And we respect that culture," adds Pijoan. "If there are practices which we feel are medically harmful, we try to root them out—gently, gradually. But we leave everything else alone."

Since Ziegler's arrival, the Española doctors have established not only an ever-expanding clinic, but also one of the best little hospitals in New Mexico (run by the Evangelical United Brethren, the church that first brought Ziegler down from Pennsylvania) and a first-rate medical library. They have lured other fine doctors into the area, and now minister to a territory of at least 10,000 square miles, with about 35,000 inhabitants, mostly in adobe mountain villages.

Among their patients, however, are not only the poor and the backward. In the clinic's waiting room on a busy day, you might find a world-famous artist like Georgia O'Keeffe sitting next to the president of a huge Wall Street firm who maintains a residence at Santa Cruz. A surprising number of wealthy people live in the valley—some of them retired, some



One belief of recent vintage is that tobacco tax stamps on head help headache. The remedy is demonstrated by Salizino Rodriguez (stamp on nose is for pain in center of head)

Above and at right are four more examples of folk remedies. From left, a rope tied around waist is intended to keep a pain in back, leg or stomach from traveling to the upper body. Next, perfumed geranium leaves stuffed in ear cure earache. Copper rings and bracelets are used for rheumatism and (r.) bacon is considered good for sore throat

The local people welcome the clinic's new drugs—but they stick to the old folk cures, too, just to be sure

When a mother says a child suffers from evil eye, the doctors don't laugh

of them maintaining opulent retreats from the pressures of business. The Española doctors accommodate these moneyed folks who, appreciating the availability of good medical care, have contributed generously to the cause. The hospital came about largely through the philanthropy of rancher Arthur Pack and his wife. A millionaire Dallas construction magnate, now a part-time resident of Abiquiu, endowed the medical library.

The doctors work strictly on a salary basis. Profits are plowed back into buildings, equipment, books and supplies. Fifty-two per cent of their work goes unremunerated. Most of the fee they receive for taking care of the children in the Española school system is turned back. "Ziegler and Pijoan would keep themselves as poor as their patients if we didn't keep an eye on them," a retired gentleman remarked recently.

The doctors also run a number of free clinics in the hills—a number which is constantly changing. There are too many villages to staff them adequately on a continuing basis. So Ziegler and Pijoan have developed "the vanishing clinic"—something unique in medicine.

The usual procedure in setting up a clinic is to start modestly, then gradually build up a well-staffed, well-equipped, permanent establishment. The Ziegler-Pijoan-Friedman-Yordy method is the reverse: hit a town hard. Go all out in setting up a good temporary clinic in some available building. Get the patients to realize their *need* for modern medical care. Then start sending them to other doctors—in Española, in Santa Fe, in southern Colorado, anywhere. Finally, gradually diminish the on-the-spot clinical services, disband altogether and move on to another village.

An important part of the "vanishing clinic" theory is to persuade patients to bring themselves out of the hills and into town as a matter of course. The doctors supplied the school-bus driver with a red-cross arm band and it is he, with his badge of importance and responsibility, who has helped most to solve the transportation problem for ailing hill dwellers.

There are still not enough doctors in all of northern New Mexico, even if they worked around the clock, to deliver all the babies that are born. Besides, the old tradition of having the baby at home, with only a *partera* —a midwife—in attendance, still persists. Delovina Mascarenas, of Chamita, for example, has delivered well over a thousand babies, in addition to prescribing for a variety of ills.

Most of the midwives have now taken courses under either the Española doctors or neighboring public-health people, with special emphasis on modern methods and sterilization. Now mothers in Ranchos de Taos no longer remain on foot throughout their period of labor, nor is the umbilical cord cut with a pair of household scissors. And younger mothers in Vallecitos and Canones are getting used to having several children without losing *any* of them at birth.

But there is still work to be done. One day a woman walked into the Española hospital to visit her child who, in serious condition, was being fed intravenously. Horrified at the sight, the mother ripped down the delicate apparatus and walked out, taking along the child—perhaps to die.

The Española doctors keep their own skills up to date by going back to school for further graduate training from time to time. They carry on a fairly ambitious research program and even provide summer fellowships for medical students from as far away as New England and Canada.

BEFORE THE ARRIVAL of Ziegler, soon to be joined by Pijoan and the others, much of the area from Española north had been isolated from any consistent medical care. There were exceptions. Chimayó, for example, where Presbyterian missionaries had introduced the notion of smallpox vaccination as early as 1900, or Peñasco, where a few devoted Catholic sisters had administered to the medical as well as the spiritual needs of the villagers.

But most of the villages had simply managed on their own resources. With transportation and communication difficult at best, they used home remedies or followed the prescriptions of lay healers and wise women. In any case, if typhoid or dysentery struck, it was the will of God, and a certain amount of suffering was, after all, man's lot on earth.

Doctors came and went, doing what little they could, in the face of apathy, even hostility. Only occasionally did one stay long enough to gain understanding, like courtly old Dr. Tobias Espiñosa, of Española,

Vidal Gutierrez, 87-year-old Tewa chief and patriarch of Santa Clara Pueblo, is examined in adobe home by Española's Dr. Merle Yordy

—they go ahead and cure it

Pulitzer-prize-winning novelist Oliver La Farge, who lives nearby, is one of Española clinic's patients and boosters

Midwife Delovina Mascarenas has delivered more than 1,000 babies, now uses some modern methods

Another occasional patient—and friend—of the clinic: noted artist Georgia O'Keeffe

and Dr. James Dunham at Chama (some 70 miles away), who, through the years, as literal horse-and-buggy doctors of the old school, had heroically done all that men could under such circumstances.

Ziegler and Pijoan soon found that they had to combine anthropology, magic and delicate diplomacy with their medicine. Any given village might have a priest or a politician who was distrustful. In a place like Cordova or Trampas, there might be powerful Penitentes leaders to reckon with, for there the Flagellant order flourished. In Tierra Amarilla or Tres Ritos there might be midwives and soothsayers who took a dim view of the intruders as potentially ruinous competition. (Midwives now often send serious cases down to the hospital, and the soothsayers, as likely as not, are dispensing vitamin pills.)

In a place like Cundiyó—where, until very recently, everyone in the village was named Vigil—if you got Mayor Noberto Vigil on your side, you had the whole village on your side.

But in a place like Truchas, with its many warring factions, if you got the wrong man on your side you might turn everyone else against you—and therefore against modern medicine. (As it turned out in Truchas, they fortunately earned the gratitude of Canuto Martinez, who was everybody's friend. Canuto had a bad heart. At the hospital, Pijoan administered a delicate treatment—magnesium trisilicate was pumped directly into the pericardial sac. Canuto made a remarkable recovery, and has since been a successful evangelist for the cause.)

EACH VILLAGE has its own eccentricities. There is no pat formula to rely on—except, perhaps, "walk softly, observe carefully, act circumspectly." Stock remedies simply won't do. In Coyote or Gallinas it would be pointless to give a man with ulcers a standard ulcer diet. Fresh milk is not easily to be had, and he isn't permitted to eat the foods on hand, like chili or pinto beans. Much research must be done to give such people a special diet that is both available and nutritious.

Neither can conventional remedies, particularly of the usual public-health variety, be loosely prescribed in this area. Occasionally some well-meaning visiting nurse has induced these people to drop their old ways in favor of new—with disastrous results. (This is, of course, not true of nurses like Mrs. Helen Lopez, Mrs. Elsie Miranda and Mrs. Irene Vigil, who, born and raised in the region, know even more about the people than the Española doctors. In fact, the doctors lean heavily upon such nurses for guidance through tough diplomatic spots.)

In one town, on the basis of well-meant outside advice, mothers started scrimping in order to buy big bottles of fresh milk for their children. However, the adviser did not bother to consider that no one owned a refrigerator. Soon babies began dying from infant diarrhea and other ills caused by milk gone bad. Dr. Friedman quickly got them out of the fresh-milk habit and put them on powdered milk. If they couldn't afford that either, cheese and eggs were recommended. In any case, a little undernourishment was still better than an increased mortality and morbidity rate.

In some of the Indian villages, parents used to chew up chilis, beans, *tortillas* and other foods, in order to make them easily digestible, before depositing them in their babies' mouths. For this they were severely reprimanded and told to buy canned baby food. Since such products are hopelessly out of the financial reach of these people, and since the parents were now afraid to resume their previous practice, the children grew weak from lack of nourishment.

"Each problem demands its own solution," says Pijoan. "Unless you want to wind up doing more harm than good, it is often necessary to think along very unorthodox lines."

When Dr. Friedman worried about the amount of malnutrition in a certain village where there was no hope of raising sufficient funds for a school lunch program, the doctors set up a miniature farm program right in the school yard. The children raised cows, goats and fresh vegetables, thus ensuring themselves at least one good nourishing meal a day.

The Española doctors are handicapped by the fact that, in Rio Arriba County and its environs, case histories are often worthless. A patient will seldom know what diseases he had in the past. All he knows is that it ached here and hurt there. Or else he will say "*Sí, sí*" out of politeness and a desire to please when "*Sí*" is not really the correct answer at all.

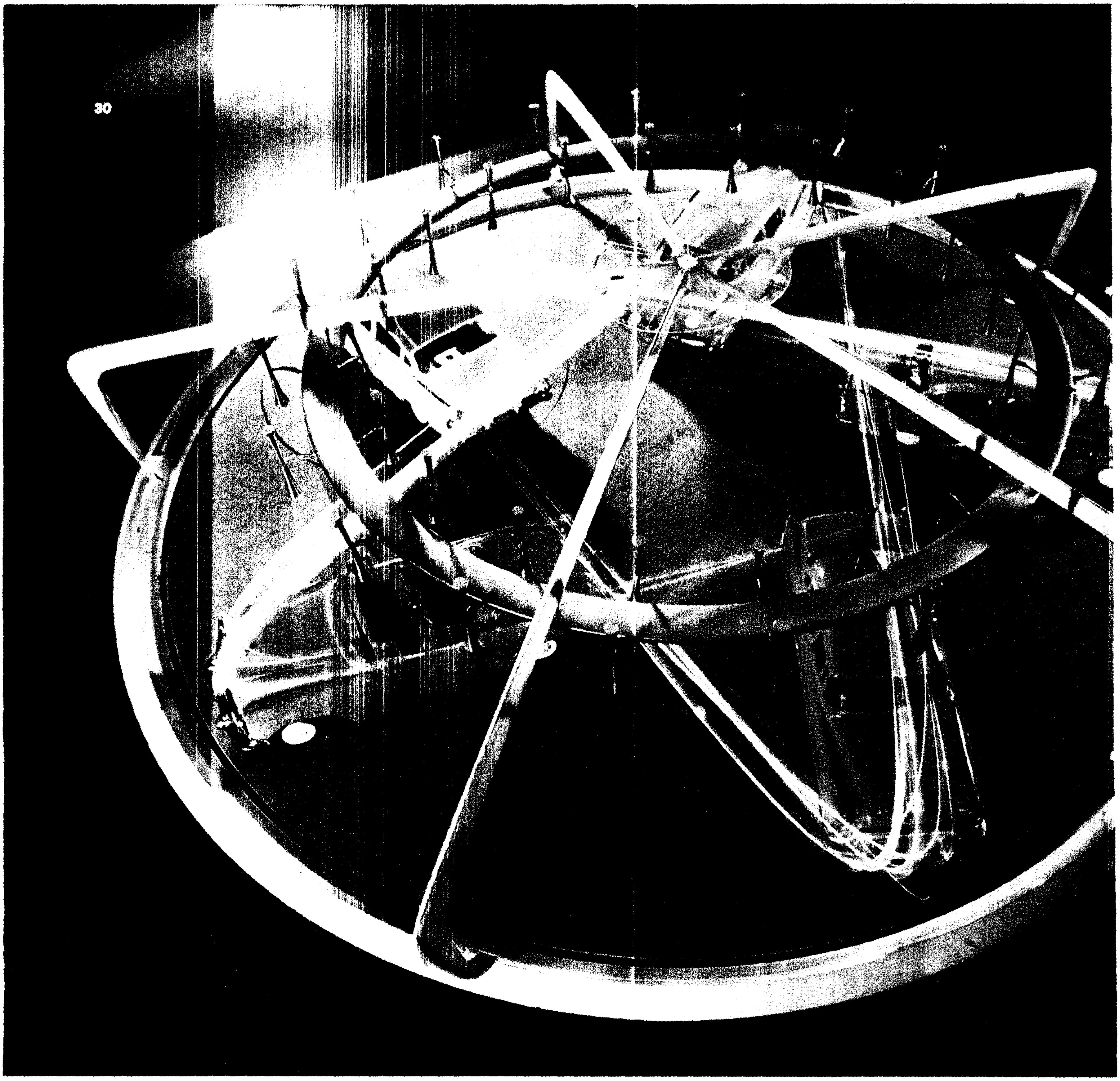
Spanish Americans in that area are extremely modest about their physical persons—even the boys. A rough, impersonal examination might be a real traumatic experience. Taking blood samples is a ticklish business, too. Young bucks often are superstitious about the loss of blood, believing that it impairs their virility. An old man may insist on tying a string tightly around his middle, to prevent a pain from going up to the heart. A pregnant woman may fear the moonlight will damage her unborn child unless she wears a key around her waist for protection. Penitentes may come in for attention after they have scarified their backs during the secret Easter rites—but no questions must be asked. A father may consider vitamins for his children as utter nonsense, and it becomes necessary to mix vitamin powders in the family salt shaker.

A mother may be certain that her child's illness is a clear-cut case of *mal ojo*, the evil eye, caused by a nurse who looked upon the baby too intently. She may feel it is the work of a *bruja*, in the pay of an enemy, and she may seek out a rival witch to cast a counterspell. And you don't laugh. If you do, she will decide that you are ignorant as well as ill-mannered, and definitely not *simpático*, and she will not come back any more.

And the hill people ask a lot of perfectly valid questions: If nothing hurts, why bother? When a child is perfectly healthy and happy, why stick him painfully with serum-filled needles? If a man can work tirelessly in the fields all day, how can he be sick in the chest? Why draw blood from a strong man and make him weak? The idea of preventive medicine is wholly foreign to their mode of thinking. Intent on surviving from season to season, they live in the present, not worrying about the vague, unimaginable future.

The Española doctors perform their healing functions in a manner that might profitably be copied, in its over-all attitude and approach, in other medically backward areas. True, it requires a special breed of men to carry out such projects. Men who love people, and who love their work. Men who are dedicated, and willing to make sacrifices.

"Dedicated? Sacrifices? With each day so full and fascinating," says Pijoan, "we're too busy to notice." THE END



JOE CLARK

Miniature version of the "Wheel of Fashion" display that will be a Motorama feature in every city this year, except New York, where the display area is too small. Sixty-foot revolving stage will show a model of each GM auto: Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac

Show Business On Wheels

Every year, General Motors shows its new models—and future designs—to the nation in a touring extravaganza called Motorama. The cars are the stars, but there's a free Broadway show, too. It all pays off for GM—in increased sales, and as an unmatched testing ground for customer tastes

By SILER FREEMAN

As a man who started as a bookkeeper to become the head of the largest corporation in the world and the highest-paid executive in the land, Harlow H. Curtice has an absorption in figures. Almost daily the president of General Motors okays commitments running into the high millions. But the figures are usually for something tangible and calculable, like new machinery or buildings. For one GM activity, however, Mr. Curtice happily signs what amounts to a blank check each year. The exception is Motorama, the touring extravaganza which opened in New York's Waldorf-Astoria on January 19th.

Motorama is show business on wheels. It is also General Motors' top salesman, its best prognosticator and barometer of business. It displays all GM's products on a lavish scale, and titillates the appetites of its customers not only for those products which are on the market but for those which may soon be. It measures the imaginations of GM's designers and stylists against the desires of the public and saves the firm from making costly mistakes. (Such a mistake can cost as high as $300,000,000, its sales department estimates.)

"Automobiles can't be sold out of catalogues. You have to see them to appreciate them. Motorama gives us the opportunity to display our wares in the best possible setting," testifies William F. Hufstader, vice-president in charge of distribution for GM, to whose budget Motorama is charged.

The "wares" always include more than just the yearly models. As a three-dimensional commercial, Motorama revolves around the so-called "dream cars," the advance-styling section's ideas of what people don't have yet but might want. They are usually built after the production models for the next year or two are designed. The reactions of the public to the future designs are watched, recorded and evaluated as carefully as a competitor's sales.

General Motors centers this year's "Spirit of '76" (1976) Motorama around six dream cars. The "shocker" is the Firebird II, its progress report on the gas-turbine car, Firebird I, which it unveiled in 1954. The latter, a single-seater Buck Rogerish affair with a jetlike shape enhanced by a stabilizing fin in the rear and a Plexiglas blister top, was not fit for the ordinary road because of the torrid blast coming out of its engine in the rear.

Firebird II, however, is a roadable car which could be trapped in today's traffic jam without burning up a victim back of it. It is a four-seater and has its power plant up front rated at 200 horsepower, conservative for this day of 300 and up. It has a clear plastic top, hinged in the center, which opens with the doors. Two exhausts coming out of the top of the rear fenders dissipate the fumes at ordinary temperatures. Dual fuel tanks under each fender double as rear bumpers. Two projections with ducts in the front draw in the air for the turbine. The Firebird II abounds with experimental engineering devices which may burst from the experimental to the usable stage at any time.

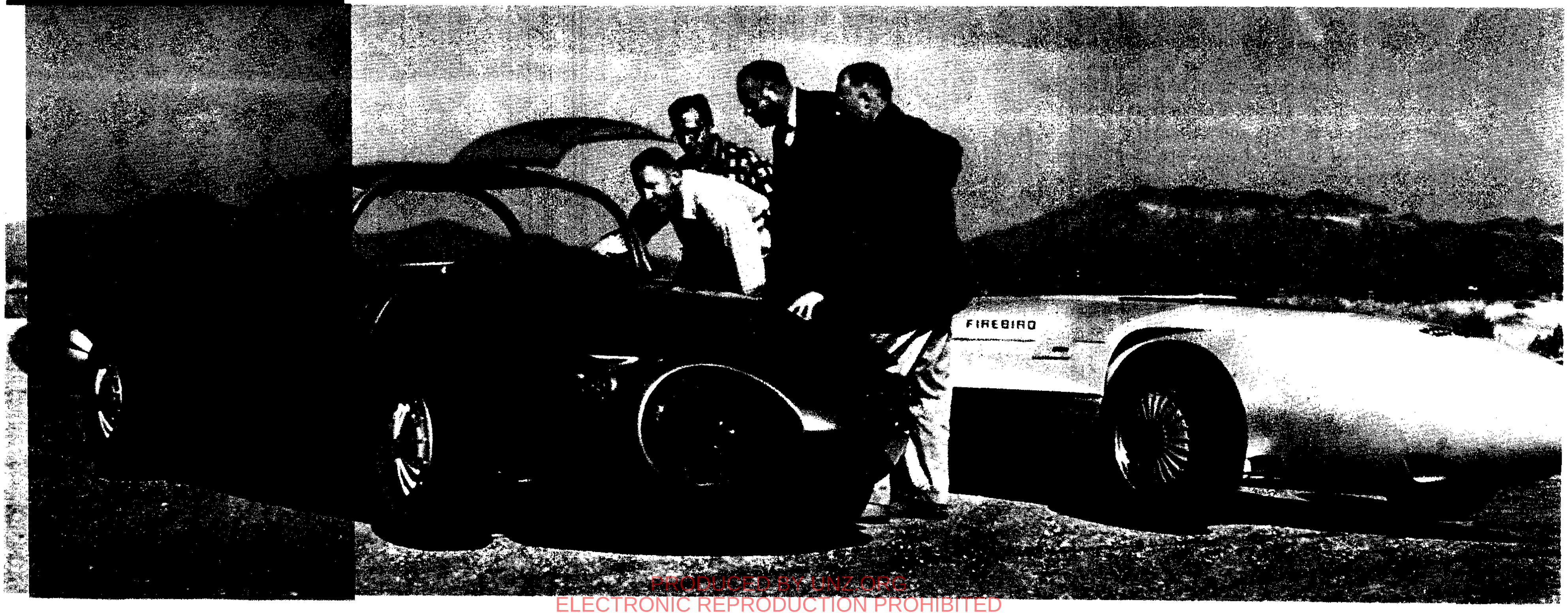
The "Bird" is the combined thinking of all five GM divisions. It therefore flavors the other dream cars in Motorama and sets the theme for the show. But each division has its own version of what the car of the future should be like: lower, narrower, more powerful but safer.

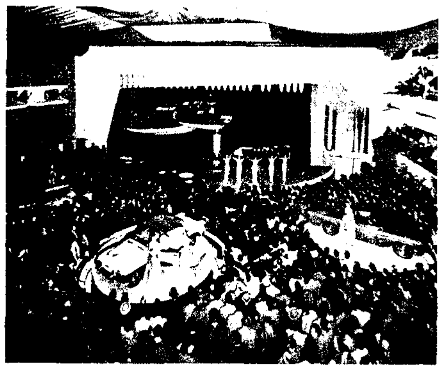
Chevrolet's Impalla, named after a fleet African antelope, is only 52½ inches high but can carry three in the front, two in the rear. Inside, it has the last word in driver safety, a padded bar across the instrument panel and a steering wheel with padded center strut contoured to the chest of the driver. Cadillac's Eldorado town car is designed to be chauffeur driven. All the interior metal parts are gold-plated. Ed Glowacke, chief designer, says the car is aimed at the "youthful wealthy." Oldsmobile features an extremely aerodynamic two-passenger sports car with a lid at the top opening automatically as the door opens so a passenger can get in. The Pontiac dream car is only 36 inches high but has room for a man even as big as Harley J. Earl, the six-foot four-inch giant who directs all of GM's styling activities. Buick's Centurion has a plastic roof which is transparent and a novel steering column, which can be swiveled for driving from either the left or right compartment.

Besides the dream cars, GM's new lightweight train of the future, the Aerotrain, is also on display in miniature, complete with passengers and lights. And sprinkled around the halls are the 1956 models, with cutaways of engines and other features, all set out in lavish style.

As Motorama moves about the country, appearing in display areas greater in size than New York's Waldorf ballroom, the production will be even more lavish. Pontiac has a car set above an artificial pool; Buick's display car will sit at an angle on a revolving turntable. Chevrolet, with its new Cor-

Gas-turbine Firebird II (l.) is featured in '56 show, as predecessor (r.) was in '54. It's examined by some of the men who helped create it (l. to r.): W. A. Turunen (bending over), power plant; J. Bidwell, chassis; H. J. Earl, styling; R. F. McLean, design





Everything about the show is big, including the problems. It takes 125 trucks to transport it—and the schedule is tight. Once, the last exhibit was bolted into place just five minutes before the first guest walked in

Finale of stage show in Motorama of 1955 at Waldorf-Astoria Hotel

vette on display, will run a film on the ceiling featuring the sports car. The cars and the train get top billing, but the rest of GM's huge line of products—everything from household appliances to earth movers—is not neglected.

To gloss over the sales pitch, Motorama offers a free stage show, handled by the Kudner advertising agency and as professional as any Broadway production. While only 30 per cent of those who visit the exhibits see the presentation, it takes a big hunk out of the annual budget and is worked on as thoroughly as the dream cars. This year's, produced and directed for Kudner and GM by Michael Kidd, top Hollywood dance expert, has an orchestra of more than 20 and a cast of 65, with special music and lyrics.

MOTORAMA'S AN EXPENSIVE SHOW. The equipment which moves it around the country, in a huge convoy of 125 trucks and trailers, is insured for $5,000,000. As props, the show uses 26 cutaway models which cost conservatively between $90,000 and $100,000 each. The dream cars run between $200,000 and $250,000 each.

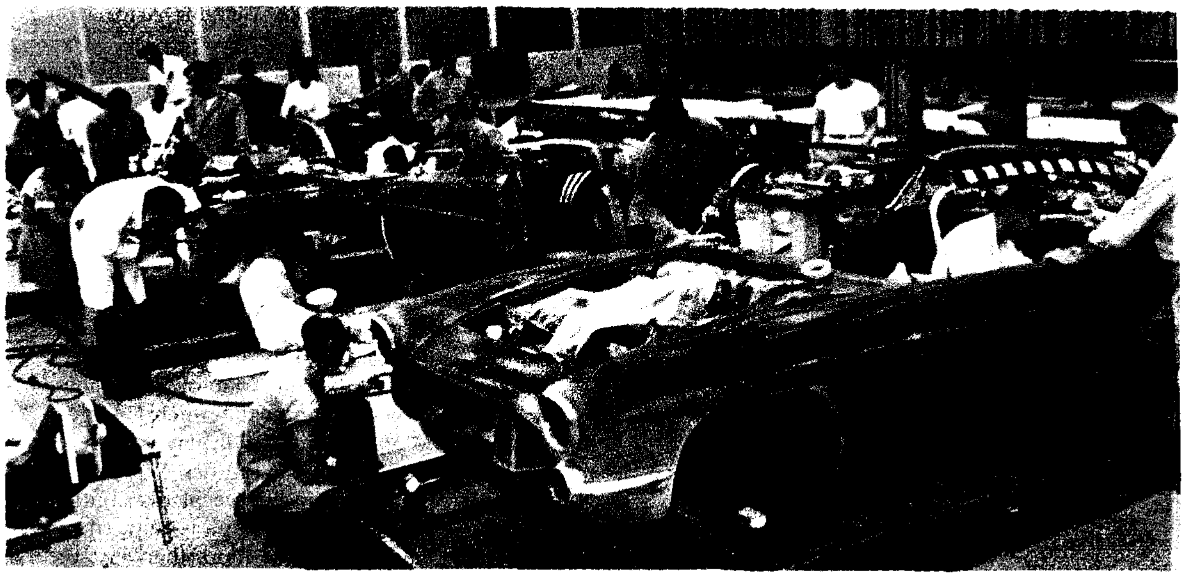
Motorama, which has become spectacularly huge and lavish since 1953, is the outgrowth of the annual auto show which predated 1932, was dropped during the war years and resumed in 1949, when it was called "Transportation Unlimited." The name Motorama was attached as a label in 1950, after which the Korean war halted it for two years.

The current version came to life in 1953 and became a road show. In 47 days, it drew nearly 1,500,000. In 1954, Chicago replaced Dallas and Kansas City because the latter two did not draw from densely populated areas. Last year, the show dropped Chicago for Boston under heavy pressure from New England dealers. Their sales needed pepping up and Chicago had a good dealer show of its own. Boston vindicated the shift by topping the other four cities in attendance to set a new high of 594,745 in nine days. This year's show will play to a total audience of 2,500,000, GM officials predict, in New York (January 19-24), Miami (February 4-12), Los Angeles (March 3-11), San Francisco (March 24-April 1) and Boston (April 19-29).

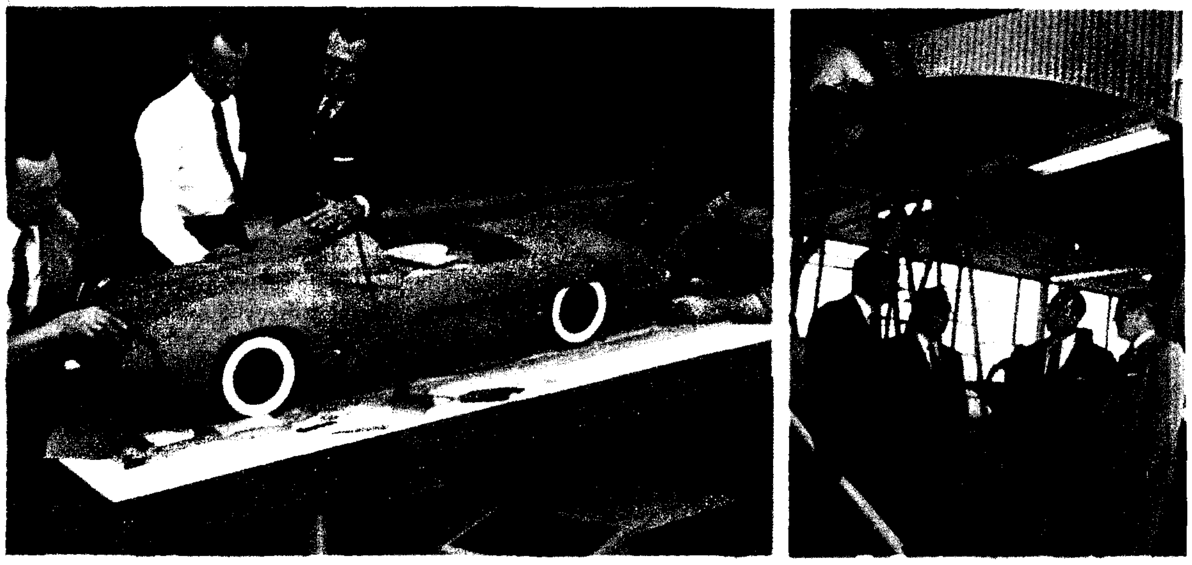
While Motorama was the logical step from prewar auto shows, its worth as a practical testing ground for customers' likes and dislikes wasn't apparent at first. Harley Earl, whose personal experimental car in 1938 and Le Sabre a dozen years later spawned the flood of future dream cars, admits it was a break:

"It was like picking up a lucky horseshoe. We didn't know how good it was until later."

But results began to show. While no exact micrometer could be placed on the boost given sales, everybody from Curtice down began to get the message. Motorama paid off. A man who had visited the show at the Waldorf was later found placing his order in Pocatello, Idaho. A fugitive from the snows in Miami was eventually linked with an order in Madison, Wisconsin. The two Coast shows produced buyers in the Mountain States, and the boom in New England sales last year was traced



The 1956 "dream cars" being hand-built in the GM styling section in preparation for this year's Motorama show



Left, clay model of Pontiac car-of-the-future is discussed by (l. to r.) modeler Rudy Regenold; assistant chief designer Irvin Rybicki; chief designer Paul Gillan; modeler Fred Knack. Picture at right shows "top command" of Motorama while big displays are being assembled. L. to r., Leroy Kiefer, director of exhibits; Spencer D. Hopkins, in charge of show; Harold B. Stubbs, whose firm makes displays; T. H. Roberts, Hopkins' aide

Trucks with Motorama exhibits usually move in convoys of seven, timed to arrive at exactly the right moment

directly to the enthusiasm generated by the show's shift to Boston.

To prepare, polish and present Motorama is almost a round-the-calendar proposition. Work starts in March on next January's show. The giant Harley Earl spark-plugs the proceedings. He has 1,100 working for him in his design studios; his orders to the dream-car designers are simple: "Do all you can. Don't hold anything back. If you do, it will be obsolete tomorrow."

After he gets his boys started on their projects, Earl dashes off for Europe each fall to the auto shows. "The European shows," he says, "are just a brain-wash. They give an idea how much better our own can be." However that may be. Earl's return starts a frenzy of activity. At that time, the final design of the cars is still something of a mystery.

"The trouble with Harley is he wants the stuff to be fresher than tomorrow," grumbled one of his aides.

Every year the tempo gets faster and faster. To Earl this is good and stimulates not only design but development on all fronts. He says:

"It forms a pattern of evolution in design, metallurgy, safety and research. For instance, this year we are using titanium for the body of the Firebird. This lightweight metal is noncorrosive and weighs only half as much as steel. The research on it started two years ago. Its being in the Firebird will move up the timetable on the use of this metal fifteen years."

All the work that goes on in Earl's styling section for Motorama is in addition to the regular work of designing and styling assembly-line cars. This means that toward the deadline for the big show, most of the styling staff puts in a prodigious number of hours. The clay modelers, metalworkers, Fiberglas experts and others who work on an hourly basis make as high as $300 a week with their overtime, but the sculptors, designers, engineers and executive staff get nothing but satisfaction.

William L. Mitchell, director of styling under Earl, explains it:

"It's the dessert in our regular meals. When a designer is called upon to think up a production car, he has to make compromises. On the dream cars, he can design a pure thought, an idea."

But each dream car is drivable and has contributed something to a production car. The 1951 Le Sabre, the daddy of the show cars, previewed the panoramic windshield. Cadillac's Eldorado started the trend toward electronic-seat controls. Four-door hardtops were first seen at the Waldorf show in the 1953 Cadillac Orleans and 1954 Pontiac Strato Streak.

ONCE THE DESIGN of the show cars is approved, they move fairly fast. After a colored rendering in full size is made, the clay modelers begin molding the lines. The model moves from clay into plaster and from the plaster to Fiberglas. Meanwhile, with equal care and study, the interior is being built up and the metal parts fashioned and finished.

The real drama comes when the various sections are taken out of locked studios, ready for assembly. One year just as a dream car was being finally assembled it was discovered that the upholstery on a seat was torn. The sewing-machine operators were long gone. By phone, one was awakened at 1:00 A.M. A cab was sent for her and she finished the job by morning. She was paid overtime but never made a protest against being taken out of bed in the middle of the night.

Last-minute changes are an occupational hazard as opening night nears. Many times the cars are loaded into a truck at 4:00 A.M. together with mechanics who are still bolting down engines and metal parts. Changes don't stop when Motorama hits the road. The experts may find that a gun-metal paint job looks fine under the Waldorf lights but will look bleak in the sunshine of Miami. A car may leave San Francisco a bright blue and wind up en route to Boston a deep maroon. It's all for the sake of art. And sales appeal.

Motorama is more than just a stage show; it's a theater-in-the-round. It must look good from any direction. And the logistics of putting it all together would give pause to Cecil B. de Mille.

A crucial test comes at the Waldorf. Because of the limited area in which the huge displays must be put, they must be fitted in with a shoehorn. Although it takes 80 hours, most of the work is done in the last 36. Everything must move by one elevator, and if that goes wrong, even split-second timing doesn't help.

Once a huge Fisher Body display weighing several tons was put on skids that were two inches too wide to go through the door and it jammed, with everything behind it held up and the preview only hours away. A swarm of carpenters with hand tools finally whittled it down to let the rest of the show come in minutes ahead of the opening.

Motorama's tons of settings and decorations are made in Detroit and shipped to New York in sections. They must be fitted together like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle by workmen who never saw them before. Leroy E. Kiefer, head of exhibit design, is always on hand to supervise the setting up. He has gone for two and a half days without sleep in the process. At one show, he waited tensely as the last exhibit was bolted down just five minutes before the first guest came up the ballroom stairs to shake hands with Curtice and his receiving line of executive vice-presidents.

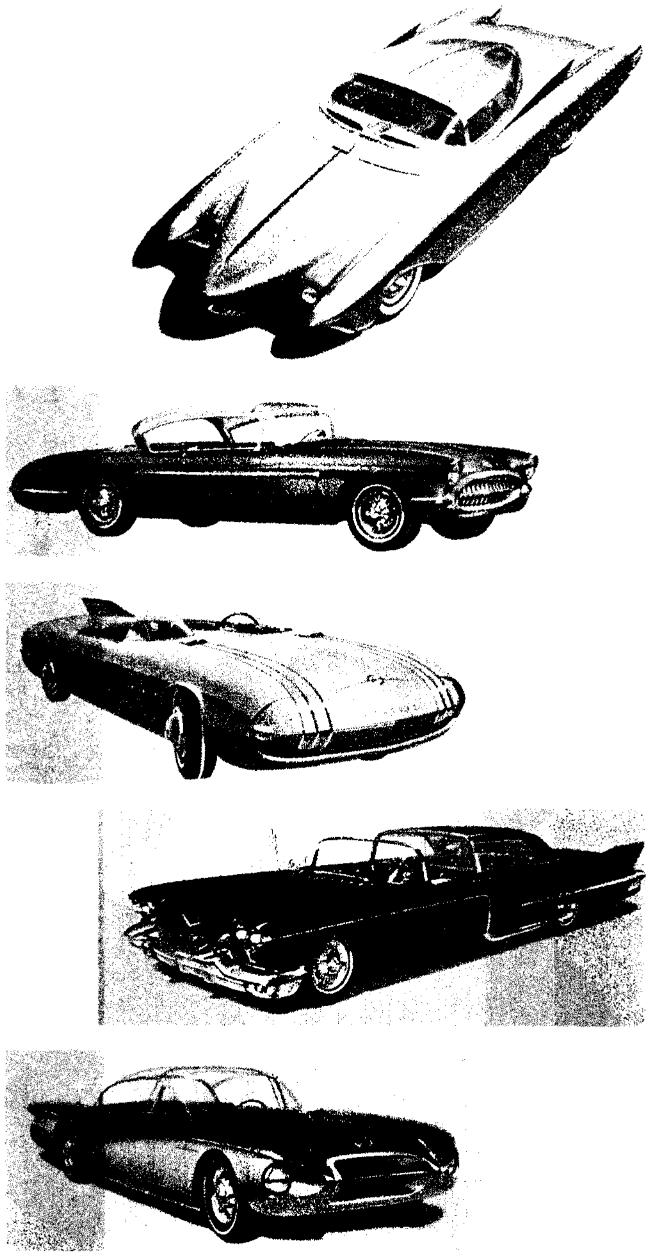
ANOTHER KEY FIGURE is Harold B. (Cap) Stubbs. He left GM some years back to start his own display company which now mounts the show. Stubbs deals in materials on a gigantic scale. One mill devotes most of its production to his drapery materials, which total 97,000 square yards. He uses enough lumber and plywood to build a small village. His workers turn in 283,000 man-hours to fabricate the materials and it takes another 70,000 man-hours to install, maintain and then dismantle the displays in each of the five cities.

Stubbs says his men do eight months' work in three and the last three are the toughest. As of December 1, 1955, he had the scenery for only two of the 30 exhibits out of his shop. Yet by January 8th, the first of a fleet of 55 truck trailers left Detroit for Linden, New Jersey, the assembly point. By the 17th, the last one was in place awaiting the summons to start rolling to the Waldorf.

Stubbs has a direct phone line from the ballroom to the Linden rendezvous for the trucks. With a minute inventory of each truckload in hand, he deploys them so that they do not arrive so closely as to jam traffic around the hotel. If he does, the flow of traffic tickets is terrific. Part of the multimillion budget goes to pay fines.

Spencer D. Hopkins, director of sales, and his top aide, T. H. Roberts, co-ordinate the big spectacle and direct its movement from city to city. They must be master tacticians, diplomats and at times magicians. They must consult with police, fire, health and inspection officials far in advance of any trouble. They must be ready for any emergency before it arises, whether it is an act of God or man.

The show moves about the country in the winter and early spring. It must proceed safely and swiftly and with the precision of an army division on war maneuvers. Back last November, Hopkins sent two men to "ride" the territory to be covered. They made a log of mileage, time consumed and supplies needed. They plotted alternate routes in case of bad weather. They arranged for tank cars to refuel the truck fleet at each stop—it takes between 10,000 and 12,000 gallons at each station.



Sketches of '56 dream cars. From top, Oldsmobile's Golden Rocket, Chevrolet's Impalla, the Pontiac Club de Mer, Cadillac Eldorado Town Car, Buick Centurion. Some of their innovations may be standard by '57

All trucks are linked together by two-way phones.

GM farms out the driving of its trucks to the Anchor Motor Freight Company of Cleveland. Dick Knapp, Detroit terminal manager, handles the preparatory work. He keeps a veteran force of 24 drivers the year around and hires the other 101 early in the fall. The 24 are given the dream cars to deliver and also ride herd on the recruits. Besides personal talks with the applicants for driving jobs, Anchor interviews wives. Married men are preferred, but their mates must be reconciled to long absences. The stork visited seven drivers' wives during last year's Motorama tour. Substitutes were flown in and Papa sent home.

The cast for the Motorama stage show moves as a separate unit by plane and train under the wing of Fred Morrissey, a Kudner advertising agency representative. Morrissey is still plagued by the memory of the 1953 show, which featured a pink poodle which had to be tinted in each city. In Los Angeles, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took a firm stand against tinting the poodle. It took all of Morrissey's persuasive powers and GM's weight to get an okay at the last minute.

After its coast-to-coast road tour each year Motorama becomes just another memory. Some parts are stored, others discarded. Some of the dream cars are sent to embellish dealer shows around the country, while others finally get to be seen by the people who made them, in Detroit's GM Building showrooms.

But long before Motorama of 1956 is broken up, the GM team will gather around in Harlow Curtice's office, look at one another and say:

"What the hell are we going to do next year?"

THE END

With Coffee, one of Wildings' three Siamese cats, Liz stands before painting done by artist Phillip Noyer in 1953. It's her favorite of many portraits

The two lives of LIZ TAYLOR

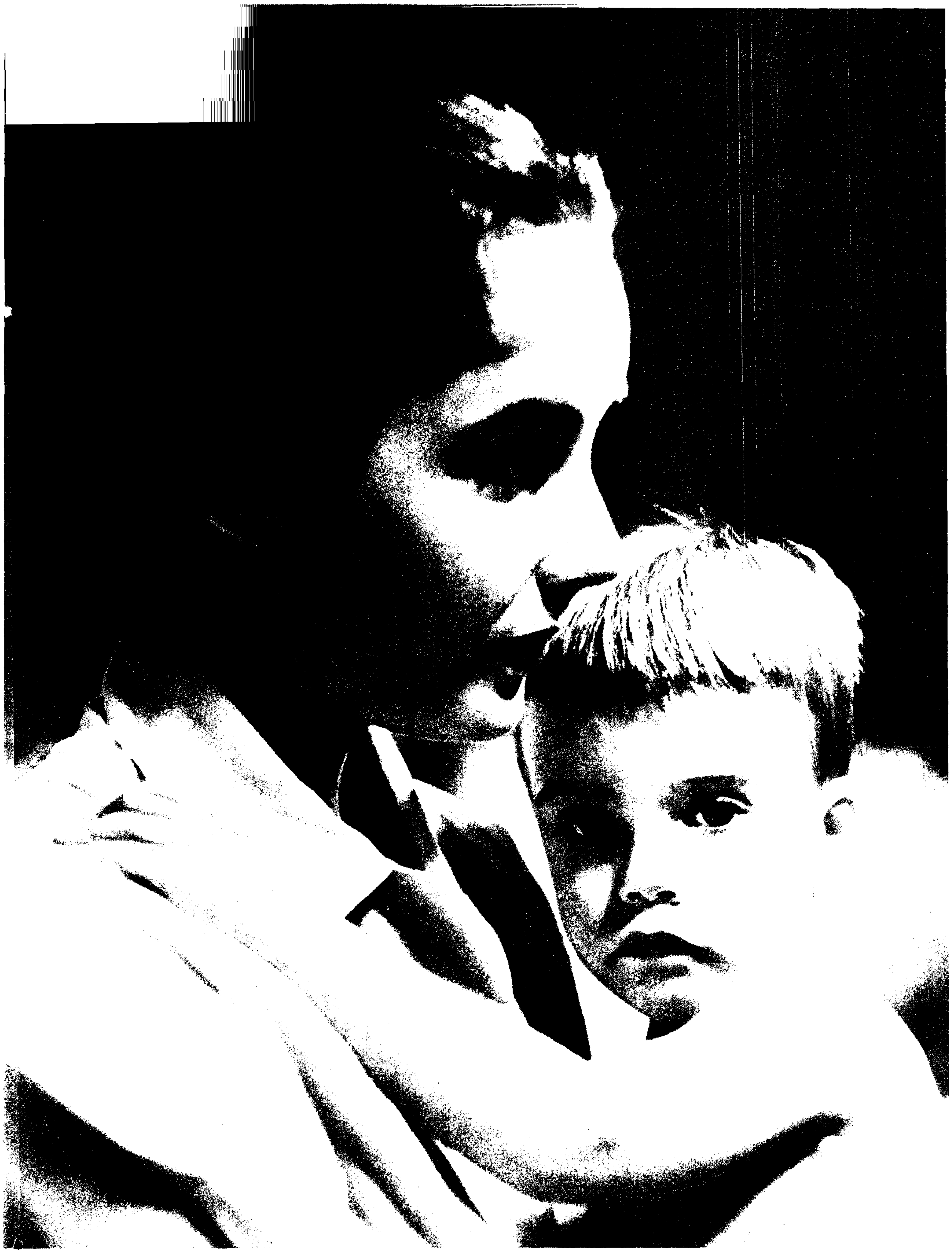
There's quite a girl behind the beautiful façade, says a photographer who's captured both Elizabeths on film

Before cameras roll for scene in Warner Brothers' Giant, Liz, co-star Rock Hudson mug for my own camera. They play married couple, Leslie and Bick Benedict

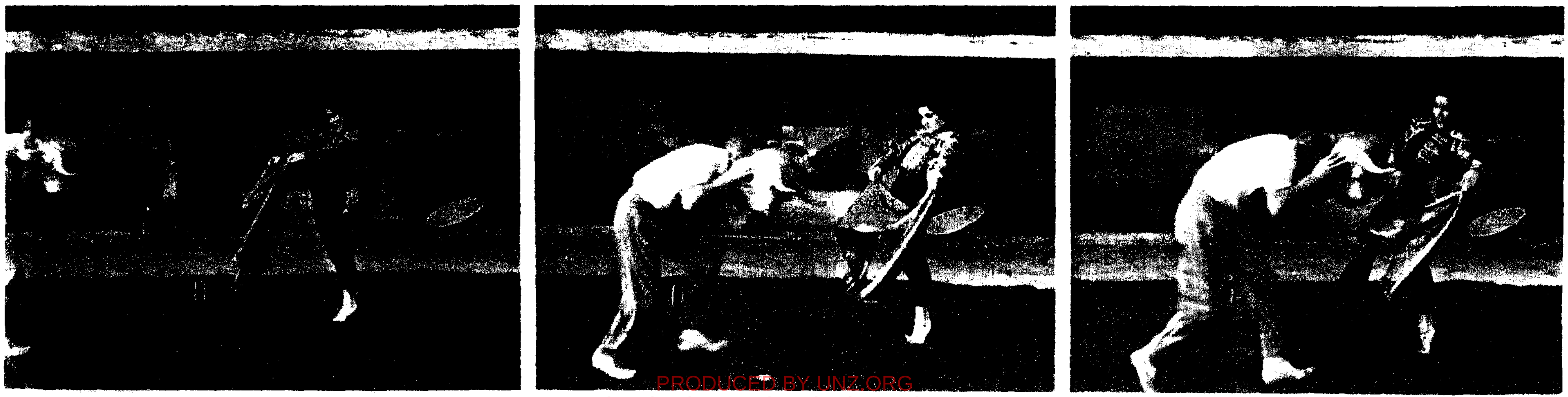
IN THE STONE AGE OF MOTION PICTURES, 10 long years ago, a youngster named Elizabeth Taylor jumped to stardom upon the back of a shiny black horse named National Velvet. That was also the name of her first big picture. Liz and I met, occasionally, in the years between then and now. I knew Liz simply as a face—a face so beautiful that the color film has yet to be invented which will do it full justice. Then we met again, on the set of Giant, where I was doing several photographic essays, among them one for Collier's on the late James Dean. I came to know her well; and I discovered that Elizabeth Taylor, actress, gives little clue to Liz Wilding, private citizen.

This month Liz becomes twenty-four. She decidedly is not the girl-next-door. She

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY SANFORD H. ROTH



Though Wilding children are kept well apart from their parents' work, Mike, Jr., aged three, was allowed one visit to the Giant set. Production waited while Liz rushed him off to her dressing room for a private conversation



On a Sunday morning at home, Wildings—both bullfight fans—burlesque charge of the bull. Liz bought matador's jacket in Spain; Mike wears straw mask such as Spanish children use to play at bullfighting

Doing two jobs, Liz has little time to think how busy she is. But she does them both well

On set, Liz is hard-working and gay-spirited. One day co-star Hudson impulsively lifted her, balanced her on his hands. I thought director George Stevens might disapprove my filming the horseplay, but he said: "Nothing Liz does can be undignified"

neither cooks nor sews, cleans nor grows vegetables in the back yard. But still, at the same time, she is many of the things the girl-next-door should be. She is a wise and conscientious mother, a devoted wife, a person of dignity, humor and abundant common sense. With her two small sons she is a disciplinarian, but meticulously fair ("Make sure you buy M-i-k-e a g-i-f-t," she told me, when I had unthinkingly brought a toy for Chris alone).

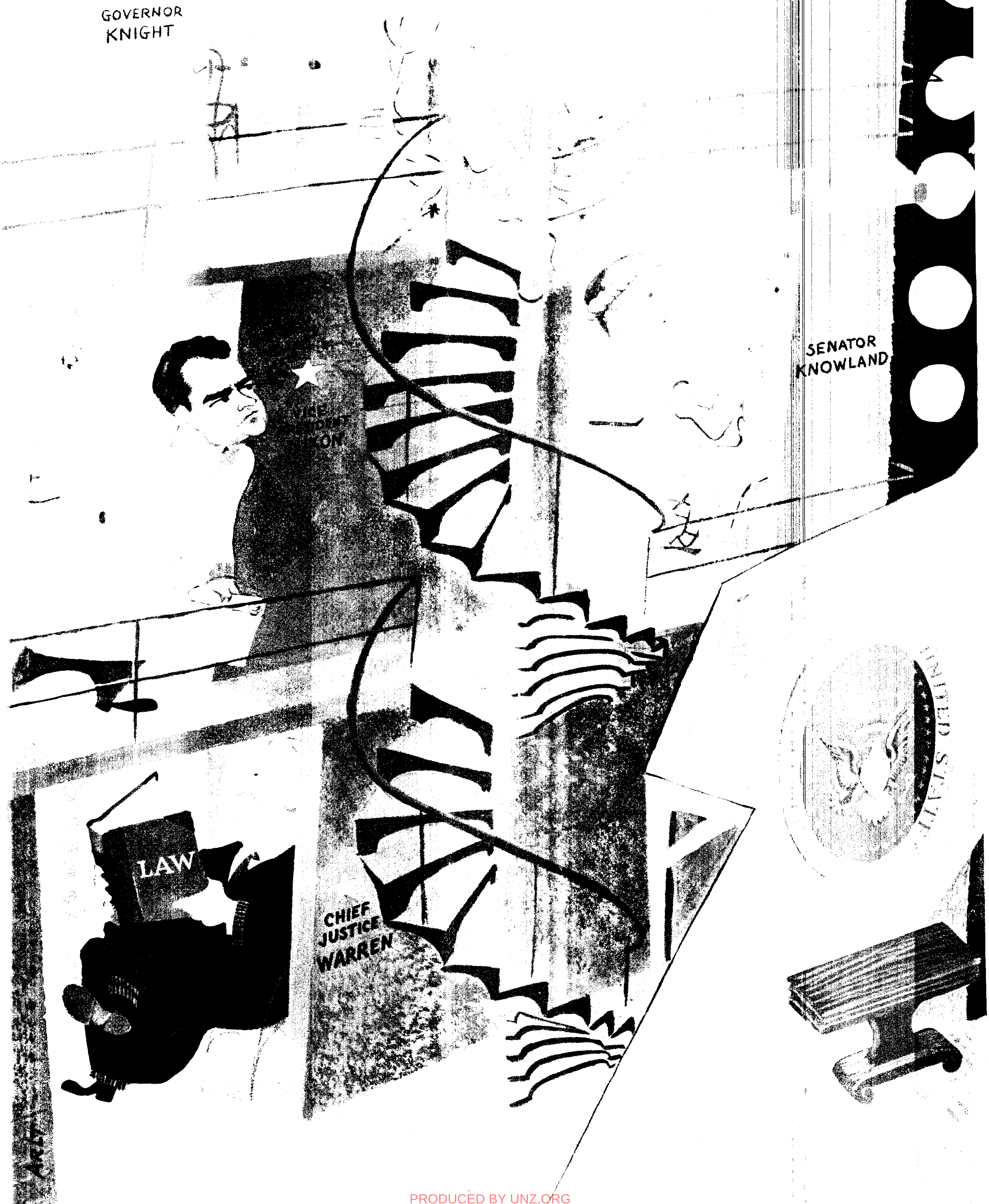
Liz, with her husband actor Michael Wilding, the children and assorted cats and dogs, lives in a big house in Beverly Hills supplied with all the essential Hollywood conveniences: gardens, swimming pool, panoramic view. When she works, she works hard. When she relaxes she does so completely, sleeping late, entertaining little and making up to her sons for the days she must spend away from home.

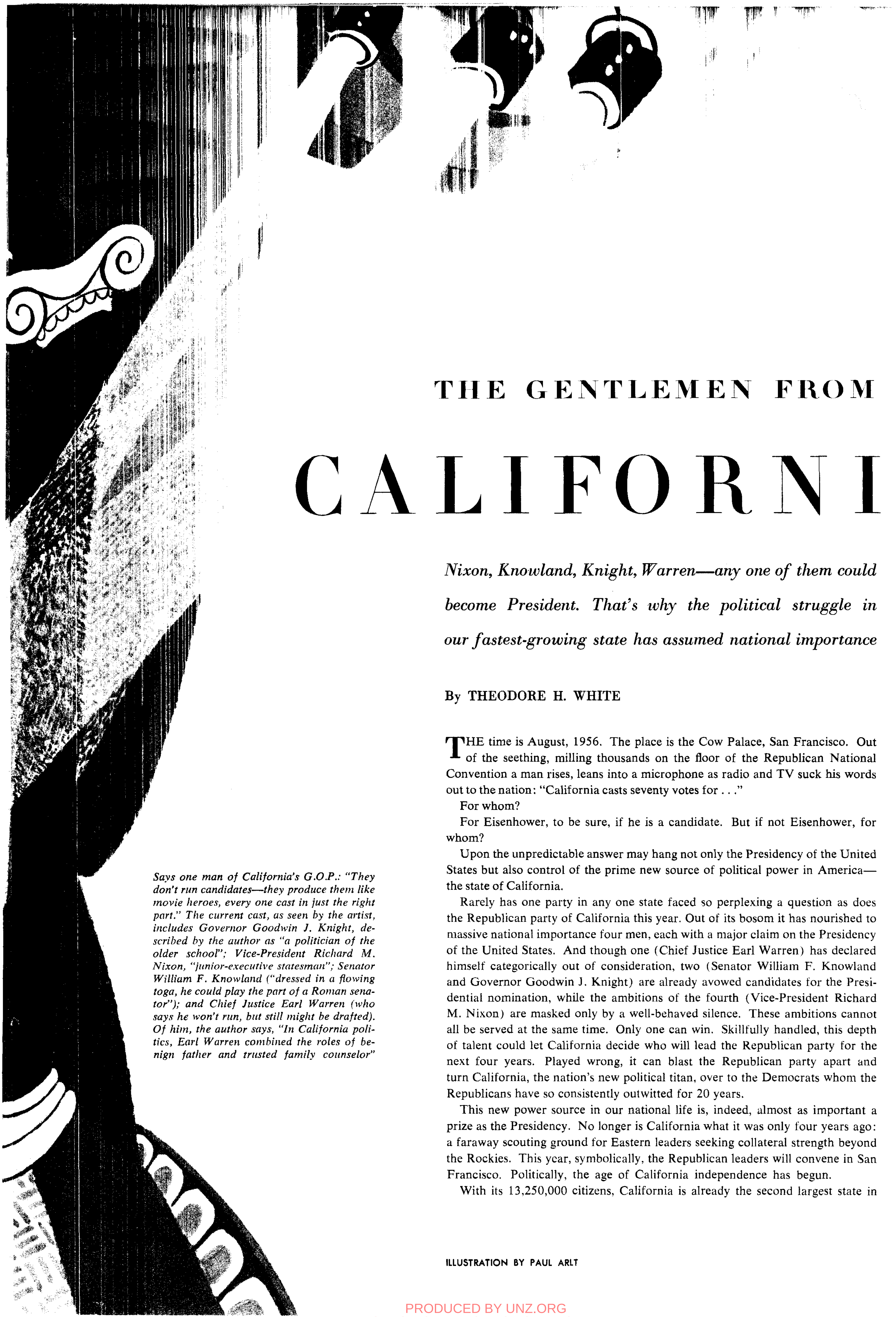
It takes intelligence and ambition to lead two such full lives. Liz has both. She is a success as a woman—despite her success as a star. And this, in Hollywood, circa 1956, is an impressive achievement.

Liz beats out a rhythm on backside of one-year-old Christopher, as Mike, Jr., accompanies by banging on toy carrousel. With sons, Liz is fun-loving—but firm

Buying gifts for Giant crew, Liz suggests a new fad Rock might start by wearing medallion in his nose

In local toyshop, Liz, Mike select gifts for their two boys. Liz was so fascinated by the life-size animal in foreground that she almost bought it, finally conceded that velvet cub Mike held would be easier to live with


GOVERNOR KNIGHT
VICE PRESIDENT NIXON
SENATOR KNOWLAND
LAW
CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN
UNITED STATES
ARLT



THE GENTLEMEN FROM CALIFORNIA

Nixon, Knowland, Knight, Warren—any one of them could become President. That's why the political struggle in our fastest-growing state has assumed national importance

By THEODORE H. WHITE

Says one man of California's G.O.P.: "They don't run candidates—they produce them like movie heroes, every one cast in just the right part." The current cast, as seen by the artist, includes Governor Goodwin J. Knight, described by the author as "a politician of the older school"; Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, "junior-executive statesman"; Senator William F. Knowland ("dressed in a flowing toga, he could play the part of a Roman senator"); and Chief Justice Earl Warren (who says he won't run, but still might be drafted). Of him, the author says, "In California politics, Earl Warren combined the roles of benign father and trusted family counselor"

THE time is August, 1956. The place is the Cow Palace, San Francisco. Out of the seething, milling thousands on the floor of the Republican National Convention a man rises, leans into a microphone as radio and TV suck his words out to the nation: "California casts seventy votes for . . ."

For whom?

For Eisenhower, to be sure, if he is a candidate. But if not Eisenhower, for whom?

Upon the unpredictable answer may hang not only the Presidency of the United States but also control of the prime new source of political power in America—the state of California.

Rarely has one party in any one state faced so perplexing a question as does the Republican party of California this year. Out of its bosom it has nourished to massive national importance four men, each with a major claim on the Presidency of the United States. And though one (Chief Justice Earl Warren) has declared himself categorically out of consideration, two (Senator William F. Knowland and Governor Goodwin J. Knight) are already avowed candidates for the Presidential nomination, while the ambitions of the fourth (Vice-President Richard M. Nixon) are masked only by a well-behaved silence. These ambitions cannot all be served at the same time. Only one can win. Skillfully handled, this depth of talent could let California decide who will lead the Republican party for the next four years. Played wrong, it can blast the Republican party apart and turn California, the nation's new political titan, over to the Democrats whom the Republicans have so consistently outwitted for 20 years.

This new power source in our national life is, indeed, almost as important a prize as the Presidency. No longer is California what it was only four years ago: a faraway scouting ground for Eastern leaders seeking collateral strength beyond the Rockies. This year, symbolically, the Republican leaders will convene in San Francisco. Politically, the age of California independence has begun.

With its 13,250,000 citizens, California is already the second largest state in

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL ARLT

Although the Democratic party in California has a majority of some 850,000, the Republicans still manage to win all important elections. How do they do it?

the nation. By 1965 at the latest, statisticians tell us, California with 18,000,000 will have outpaced New York by at least a million. By then it will be sending to Washington 43 or 44 congressmen, or one tenth the whole House of Representatives; its politics will touch all of us. And one way or another, these politics will be settled this year by what the California Republicans do to one another.

The story of the California Republicans is, indeed, one of the most intriguing in the nation. Up to now, they have brilliantly solved the root problem of Republicans everywhere in the country—how to win elections despite a permanent minority status in a state where Democrats outnumber them by more than three quarters of a million. Yet they have done so without bosses, without organization, without disciplinary machinery.

It was a defeated Democratic chieftain who described them most aptly to me. "What they've got," he said, "isn't a party. It's a star system, it's a studio lot. They don't run candidates—they produce them like movie heroes, every one cast in just the right part. But sometimes," he said, suddenly brightening, "you get swell fights on a studio lot."

IT IS WORTH a fleeting glance at the personalities of these stars before one examines the substance of the struggle which Democrats so gleefully anticipate and Republicans so desperately hope to forfend.

Goodwin J. Knight, fifty-nine, governor of California, is the newest of them. Type-cast as a politician of the older, earthier American school, he is one of the most instantaneously charming men in American public life today.

A robust, broad-shouldered, barrel-chested man, whose rugged face is plowed by a hundred friendly wrinkles, he has found in the carnival of politics delight, joy, intellectual sustenance. It has fascinated him all his life. He remembers playing hooky from high school as a boy and slipping a hard-earned dollar to a janitor just to hide in the wings off stage and listen to William Jennings Bryan orate to a ladies audience from which men and boys were barred. He was in politics at high school, in politics at Stanford, wrote his graduate thesis on the American Presidency at Cornell (where he remembers listening to a young New York politician named Franklin D. Roosevelt talk to the boys about party loyalty). A successful businessman, a successful lawyer, a successful judge—all these careers were prelude; his real life was people and politics. "I remember when Goody was making it," reminisced one Republican old-timer to me, "if there was a driving rain, if your speaker broke on you at the last minute, even if you had to drive out to Riverside at ten at night to make a speech—you could always call on Goody at the last minute, and he'd be there." Goodwin Knight now sits in the beautiful air-conditioned governor's office in Sacramento, having got there the hard way.

Richard Nixon, the dark, handsome, boyish Vice-President of the United States is a politician of completely different stripe, one of the most modern political technicians in the United States. Originally type-cast as a clean-cut young hero, he now fills the role of junior-executive statesman. No escalator of local county activity, state legislative seat, judge's bench or service in Sacramento carried Nixon up to fame. "Dick," said one of his friends, "is the first lateral entry into California politics. Why, the first time Dick ever visited the legislature at Sacramento was when he came back from knocking off Alger Hiss in Washington." Nixon's true base is a mastery of modern communications, of radio, television and public relations. He is part of an age and community entirely fresh, where detergents compete with soap, plastics with glass and baby formulas with mother's milk.

Tense, moody, introspective, Nixon is the antithesis of Knight. They set up in each other the cat-dog bristling effect so common between extroverts and introverts. Both are magnificent speakers, with but one difference. Where Knight leaves an audience friendly and relaxed, Nixon leaves them fused and charged with emotion.

Senior Senator William F. Knowland represents an older California than either of the other two—the older conservative California whose politics, before the tide of Democratic migration, was run like a feudal barony. Dressed in a flowing toga, he could play the part of a Roman senator with no coaching at all. He comes of the Knowlands of Oakland, a name as imposing in California politics as that of the Roosevelts in New York, the Lodges and the Kennedys in Massachusetts, the Tafts in Ohio. Yet one must not think that Knowland holds his Senate seat by inheritance alone. From boyhood (he was finance chairman of Alameda County's Coolidge-Dawes Republican club at the age of sixteen) until today, when he is the principal national executor of Robert Taft's political estate, he has labored as hard at politics as Goodwin Knight, mounting every rung from Assemblyman through state Senate to national committeeman before receiving his Senate seat by appointment from his family friend, Earl Warren. (He has held it by election twice since—in 1946 and 1952.)

In contrast to his two nimble rivals, Knowland seems solemn and forbidding ("When Bill tries to unbend," quipped a friend, "he creaks"). Yet he is, nevertheless, an exceedingly pleasant and cordial man to meet. His enormous outer self-possession may make visitors squirm and fidget in embarrassment, but on the platform, his huge frame with its precisely featured head gives the impression of a man of solid, obstinate honesty.

The fourth and greatest of the Californians is, to be sure, Earl Warren. In California politics, Earl Warren combined the role of benign father and trusted family counselor. Even today, after he has abandoned all active participation in California politics and declared himself irrevocably out of the Presidency which the other Californians so desperately seek, Warren towers above them *in absentia*. Yet, to explain Earl Warren and the impact he left on the California mind, one must go back to California politics as he found them on arrival.

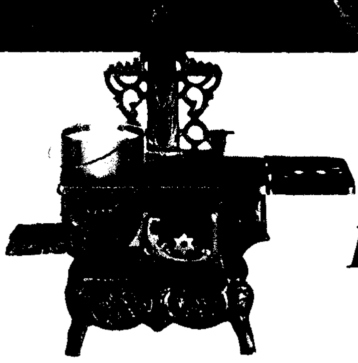
EARL WARREN came to power in 1943 as governor of a state with the oddest political structure in the Union and a staggering problem of social dynamics.

The political structure Warren inherited was the legacy of a waspish Bull Moose Republican hero named Hiram Johnson. In 1911, Hiram Johnson, a wrathful man, had led the Californians in a revolt against the corruption of both their major parties and their bosses. His revolt, coded in law, wiped out patronage as it is known everywhere else in the Union, endowed California's cities with nonpartisan governments, forbade conventions to nominate candidates, threw primaries open to everyone, and finally wiped out every crevice and cranny by which conventional party bosses build and control machines.

The problem that Warren discovered was simply people—newcomers. From 1930 until 1953, when Earl Warren said farewell to California, its population almost tripled. They came in hordes. First the Okies, Arkies, Texans, fleeing the Dust Bowl on restless, sorrowing impulse. Then the drift tide of the war—workers, soldiers, Negroes (there are now 600,000 Negroes in California). Then the army of workers and professionals sucked in by the industrial draft of the Korean boom—to work at the esoteric electronic mysteries of great bombers, guided missiles and radar in which California industry specializes.

As they poured in, California politics changed like the crust of its earth buckling in an earthquake. Until 1930, the Democrats of California had been little more than a cult, sending to Washington one congressman out of the state's 11, sending to Sacramento 13 legislators out of 120. But the newcomers were overwhelmingly Democratic. By the time Earl Warren came to power, the Republicans were swamped by a Democratic majority that outnumbered them by a million registrations—and which still outnumbers them by 850,000.

The Republicans of California had good reason to be scared as the deluge began. For the rootless migrants of the thirties arrived in a misery of spirit even more acute than was general in the troubled America of the depression. Friendless and hungry in a strange land where the grapes of wrath hung bitter, they were prey to some of the



The Campbell Simmer

How this gentle, old-fashioned way of slow heat keeps the flavors in

When grandmother put the soup kettle on the back of the kitchen range and let it simmer for hours, she knew exactly what she was about.

So even in these hurry-up times, Campbell still prepares its soup stocks by simmering them long and slowly.

This gentle, old-fashioned way of slow heat blends the flavors of the good things in the kettle. Like any good home cook, we want to keep the flavor and aroma in the broth and not let it escape.

When the soup stocks and broths have been simmered this careful way, we get down to the final blending of the soup with the happy results that you see here.

Patience like this is standard practice in the sparkling Campbell Kitchens where the blending of subtle flavors is a craftsman's art. This is one of the most important reasons why all the good foods fixed by Campbell always taste so good. For, as the Campbell adage says:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's
CONDENSED
BEEF
SOUP

Campbell's

Soups • *Tomato Juice* • *Pork & Beans*
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products* • **Swanson** *Products*

Warren forces have had a grudge against Nixon since the 1952 Republican convention

most frolicsome schemes advanced even in an American age that took Huey Long and Father Coughlin seriously. "Technocracy," "Ham 'n Eggs," "$30 Every Thursday," "End Poverty in California," the Townsend Plan, all swept the state in gusts that made the emotions of rich and poor tremble like a lute in the winds.

To meet their problem, the Republicans thus began to develop a technique which, in California, has since been carried to a more artful level than anywhere else in the Union. This is the technique of formal or informal political public relations, whereby great firms of specialists undertake to merchandise ideas and candidates by every modern device of communications. Such masters of the craft as Whitaker & Baxter of San Francisco, Murray Chotiner of Los Angeles (a lawyer by profession), Harry Lerner & Associates, Consultants, Inc., and D. V. Nicholson & Associates, regard politics as a science which, to paraphrase Clemenceau, is too important to be left to politicians.

In a state of so many strangers, where there is no party organization in the older American sense, where there are few precinct workers and these change residence as rapidly as do the voters they must contact, in such a state people's ideas are particularly susceptible to slogans, movies, billboards, radio and TV.

Though this technique is expensive (Whitaker and Baxter alone have administered more than $10,000,000 in public-relations funds in campaigns over the past 20 years), the public-relations engineers can provide a candidate with complete political valet service—scripts, speeches, issues, strategy, market surveys, campaign clubs. These masters of the open forum of public opinion are as potent political factors in the West as the old-fashioned political boss is in the closed forum of conventional politics in the East. Richard Nixon probably owes as much of his swift rise to fame to Murray Chotiner, and Goodwin Knight as much of *his* to Whitaker & Baxter, as Adlai Stevenson owes to Jake Arvey, and Averell Harriman to Carmine DeSapio.

This evolving technique fitted beautifully into the legacy of Hiram Johnson and, particularly, into something he had invented called cross-filing—an electoral law which left California's newly arrived uninformed voters completely confused by primary ballots devoid of any party designations (*see box page 47*). Technique and cross-filing were not, however, enough to guarantee Republican control of the state as the Democratic tide swelled, and, in 1938, for the only time in 60 years, the Californians elected a Democratic governor—the dour and sputtering Culbert Olson. Olson lasted until 1942, at which time Earl Warren replaced him and demonstrated that wisdom and strategy, as well as technique, were necessary to solve the great dilemma of Republican minority status. Warren's strategy was simple: to give the state a Republican government liberal enough to swing to his support hundreds of thousands of moderate Democrats and independents.

EARL WARREN had already won state-wide respect as a brilliant prosecutor and effective attorney general when he first became governor. But he was still, essentially, a minor figure, waiting to be measured when he began his lifework. Slowly and surely, however, he grew in stature with the growing problems of his state. In a decade when its doubling population might have wrecked orderly government, he gave the state one of the most superb state administrations in America.

But beyond that he had the indefinable human "call" to ordinary people that makes great politicians. Tall, husky and handsome, father of six glowingly beautiful children, he was a family man who shared fathers' problems with all family men.

When Virginia Warren, driving back to school at the University of California, was hurt in an accident and Warren immediately announced an intensified highway safety patrol, everyone knew it was a father speaking, not politics. When Warren slugged it out with the Assembly for his medical insurance program (he was licked by the doctors' lobby), thousands of family men on salary felt he was striking for them. A civil libertarian by instinct, he battled against the teachers' oath at the University of California until he won. He balanced California's budgets, fought the local liquor lobby, stood with calm impartiality between labor and business.

Somewhere along the way, in 1948 and 1952, Presidential ambition caught him—so feverishly that in the political hunting season the taste was sharp enough in his mouth to bite. Yet by 1953, with the failure of his try at Chicago, this passion seems to have burned itself out. In the grand office of Chief Justice of the United States, his powerful talents have found a job stately enough for his measure.

Californians still love Warren. But his old California friends all bring back from Washington the same tale—that he will not run, under any circumstances, for political office again. Indeed, to one such visitor, he genially said that if Adlai Stevenson were interested in hearing so, word could be passed to him, too.

Yet, even in California, where his turndown of the nomination is accepted as fact, men hope against hope that a direct personal appeal by Eisenhower can persuade him to run. Only the Warren candidacy could guarantee the California party against the fight that threatens to tear it apart. For California has changed much since Earl Warren left it only two years ago, and its new leaders are not agreed on his heritage.

WHEN HE WENT to Washington, Earl Warren left behind him two great legacies. He left, first, the lesson that good government is smart politics. He left, also, a Republican strategy which had reduced California's Democratic party to anarchy—but with which, nonetheless, many Republicans disagreed. In a rough sense, these disagreements reflect both California's geography and the changes of the past 20 years. For California, locked against the vast rolling Pacific by its rugged mountains and bare, tawny hills is really two states.

There is San Francisco in the north, flung over its tumbling peaks, sparkling in the night above the reflecting pool of the Bay with a thousand necklaces of golden light. It is a place of beauty, queen over a metropolitan area of 3,000,000 people. It is a city of tough unions; girdled with universities that touch and stimulate its thinking as do universities about New York, Chicago or Boston; a city of tolerance, traditions, culture and a homeborn aristocracy.

Los Angeles in the south is different. It is a sprawling expression of the automobile age flung over a 4,071-square-mile saucer between mountain and ocean, with no core, no center. It is a working-class giant of timid unions, a Pittsburgh-with-palms (as someone has called it), smarting continuously under the acrid industrial pollution of its smog, the biggest industrial center between Chicago and Tokyo. It is overwhelmed with strangers who huddle together in Negro districts, Jewish districts, Mexican districts, pure-white districts, full of suspicions and fears. It has no aristocracy. One powerful family, the Chandlers, towers above all the rest; and the Chandlers' crown property, the Los Angeles Times, is the most potent single instrument in shaping the opinions of Los Angeles' 5,000,000 citizens, who cast 48 per cent of the state's vote.

Until the end of the war, Republican leadership in this strange state lay in the north. Until then, the north supplied most of the funds of the party, the leaders, the strategy—and Earl Warren. The strategy, as we have seen, was to accept Democrats as friends and fellow Americans, temporarily misled by their party affiliations, and seduce them from their party labels by middle-of-the-road humanitarian candidates.

But Republicans of the "Southland," which is what Los Angelenos like to call their region, had been nourishing an alternate strategy. This strategy held that the Democratic party conceals secret and malevolent enemies of the nation; that to win Republican elections, Democrats must be scared away from their own party, not lured away by the caressing hand of friendship.

As the postwar years brought Los Angeles its tremendous industrial growth, the balance in the state's politics began to shift. And, in 1946, in the person of Richard Nixon, the Southland found its true political leader, a skilled tactician whose philosophy holds, as conscious policy, that the minority party can win only by supercharging enough zealots to ignite thousands of apathetic neutrals.

The early rocketing career of Richard Nixon is germane to the present hassel in California politics only as it shows the development of a political stance. His first opponent, Democratic Congressman Jerry Voorhis of the Los Angeles suburbs had, in 1946, after 10 years in Washington, a seemingly unbreakable grip on his district. Voorhis, a hardworking liberal, an effective member of the Dies Un-American Activities Committee, who had fought Communist penetration of the CIO-PAC, suddenly found himself pinned against the wall by a handsome young Navy veteran named Richard Nixon. Nineteen forty-six was the year of the veterans' eruption into American political life; Nixon, as his campaign leaflets billed him, was a "clean, forthright young American who fought in defense of his country in the stinking mud and jungles of the Solomons" while Voorhis, said the leaflets, had "stayed safely behind the front in Washington." Voorhis had accomplished nothing in 10 years in Washington, said Nixon; moreover, said the Nixon leaflets, striking a note then still fresh in politics, the campaign against Voorhis was a campaign against "the PAC, its Communist principles and its gigantic slush fund." The telephone campaign, ascribed to Nixon's supporters, was blunter. "I just want you to know," the anonymous phone callers would say, "that Jerry Voorhis is a Communist." Then the phone would click dead.

Nixon won that election, with 65,000 votes to Voorhis's 49,000, as one of many veterans across the country upsetting established political strength. His next big step was in 1950, when he challenged Helen Gahagan Douglas for the senate and handcuffed her to fellow-traveling New York Congressman Vito Marcantonio in speech and pamphlet. ("Is Helen Douglas a Democrat?" was one of his most effective brochures.) Though Warren refused to endorse Nixon in his campaign, Nixon won by 670,000 votes.

With the election of 1950, Nixon emerged as the senior figure of southern California and chief of a group of southern California congressmen and Los Angeles Republicans of his own (*Continued on page* 46)

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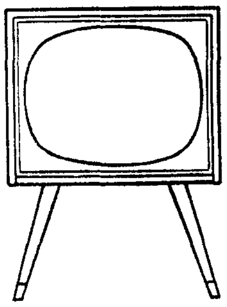

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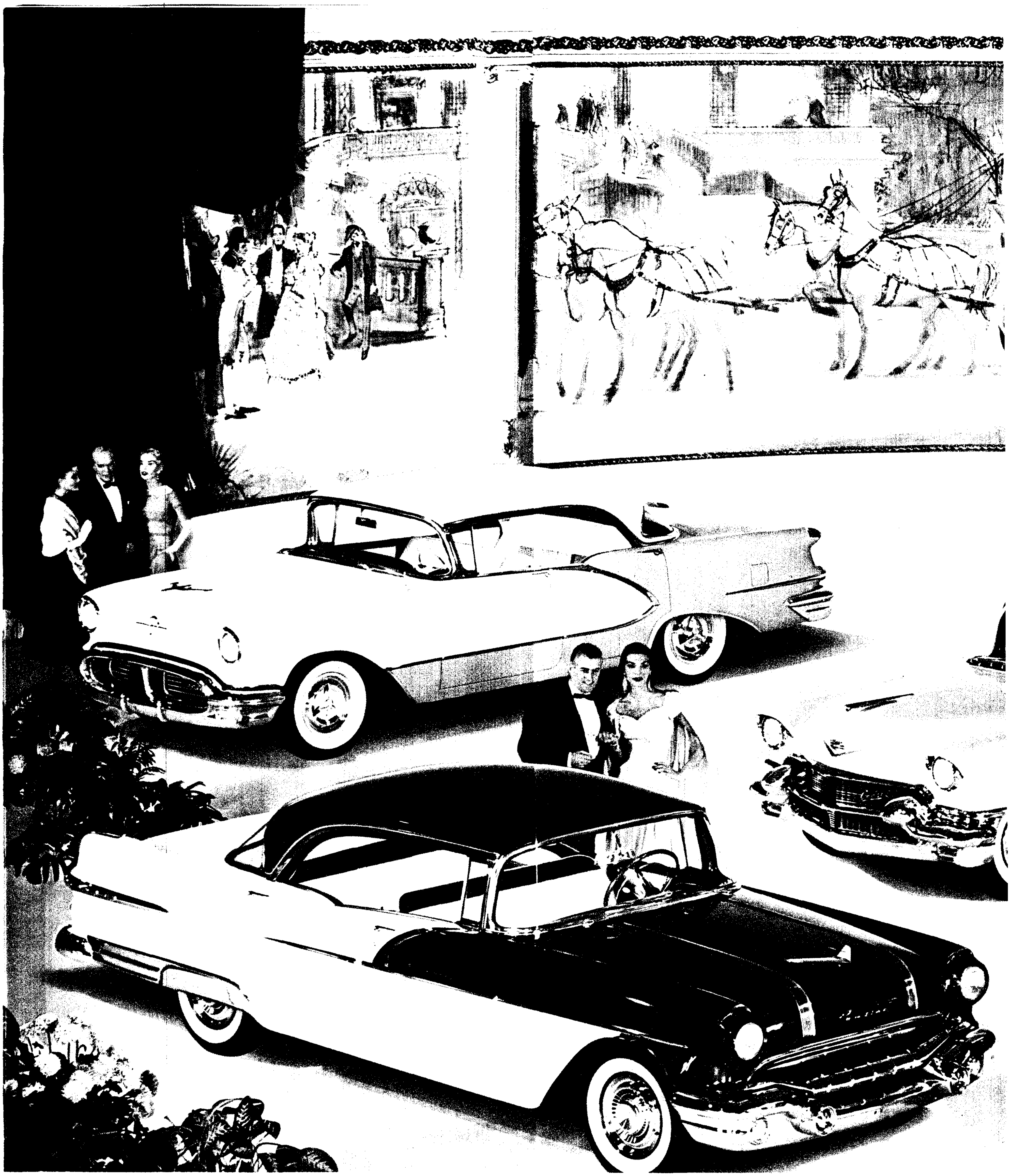

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To stay in front, Knight must line up California's delegation—over Nixon opposition

(*Continued from page* 42) philosophy, chafing to seize leadership of the party from the northern Californians.

Richard Nixon has, by now, become one of the most emotional symbols in American politics, for his exceptional and undebatable abilities provoke at once the most ferocious loyalties and fiercest hatreds. But it was not until the great campaign of 1952 that these emotions began to rowel the Republican family of California.

NINETEEN FIFTY-TWO was the year of Earl Warren's last try for the Presidency. With the looming Taft-Eisenhower deadlock shadowing all preconvention politics, Warren's strategy was to outwait the deadlock, disrupt it, use his 70 California delegates to snatch the nomination for himself or secure the nomination of the man he wanted. As co-chairmen of the delegation pledged to him, he had selected both California senators, Knowland and Nixon.

Now, neither Knowland nor Nixon was a man unstirred by ambition himself—and in the merciless preconvention dueling between Taft and Eisenhower leaders, these lesser California ambitions offered Eastern politicians opportunity for the most subtle and primitive deals. Robert Taft, not once but several times, offered Knowland the Vice-Presidency on his slate if Knowland would canvass the California delegation to throw its second-ballot strength to him. Knowland refused, saying he could not honorably make such a deal so long as he was California's co-chairman, pledged to support Warren's own try for the nomination.

The Eisenhower forces had more luck. Even before the California delegates detrained from their special 18-car Pullman in Chicago, Eisenhower's backers felt they could boast as many as 50 certain California votes, once Earl Warren should release his pledges.

It is hard to say on what precise day the deal was knit. But the precise moment when the California party began to come apart was nine thirty on the evening of July 4, 1952. All the previous day, the happy California delegates on their special train had been journeying from Sacramento, the governor's daughters dancing lightheartedly in the lounge car, the piano pounding, the gayer spirits shooting off firecrackers and cap pistols to celebrate the Glorious Fourth.

At Denver, at nine thirty, the train paused to receive a newcomer doubling back from Chicago to report on the bubbling gossip mills of the gathering convention. It was Richard Nixon. Within minutes of his arrival, the train sputtered with rumors. From the cars where rode the southern California leaders who were Nixon's battle guard, a new convention strategy rose. Eisenhower could not be stopped. California must not waste its votes, it must go for Eisenhower; in return, Nixon's name would be suggested to Eisenhower as possible Vice-President.

Angrily, some Warren supporters insisted Nixon be told the train held no berth for him. Calmer heads prevailed, however, and a berth was found. To the press, Nixon characterized talk of himself for Vice-President as ridiculous. But 15 minutes before the train pulled into Chicago he slipped off at a suburban station; his picture was missing from the group photo showing California's delegation arriving united to support its governor for President.

The campaign-train intrigue of 1952 had affected only Warren and Knowland. Almost immediately, however, Nixon was to add another to his list of ill-wishers, a man far more dynamic than the other two. This was Goodwin J. Knight, then lieutenant governor of California.

It was a tiny episode, to be sure, that sparked the great feud. All the dignitaries of California had been summoned to Los Angeles Airport to greet Nixon on his triumphal return as Vice-Presidential nominee. Among them, glowing, was Goodwin J. Knight—who had helped sponsor Nixon's earlier career as boy congressman. But now, according to Knight's aides, the lieutenant governor suddenly found himself being physically pushed out of the welcoming party and forced to stand on the side lines, like a yokel, while photographers snapped the important political pictures of Nixon with local personages.

This rankling incident might have been forgotten in the heat of the day; but the breach widened to final rupture two years later. By then, in 1954, Goodwin Knight, as governor, had carefully agreed with Senator Knowland and Nixon's chief of staff, Murray Chotiner, on the distribution of party honors within the state—a deal, Knight's partisans insist, later confirmed by Knight personally with Nixon. The deal hinged on the naming of Howard Ahmanson, a respected Los Angeles businessman and builder, as vice-chairman of the state party acceptable to all three chieftains—Knight, Knowland and Nixon. But Knight was about to take off from California, first for a governors conference in New York, next for a honeymoon with his sparkling second wife. In Knight's absence, Nixon's field staff decided to unstitch the deal and substitute for the neutral Ahmanson a 100-per-cent Nixon supporter.

Again, the telephone technique was used. This time, the phones buzzed with the story that Ahmanson was being investigated by the Senate for collusion and corruption in the "windfall" contracts then making the headlines. The charge, as it later developed, was completely baseless. But the broken deal and the use of the telephone techniques within the party itself infuriated Knight and aroused Knowland. Knight interrupted his honeymoon to bring his yacht to wharfside and organize a countertelephone campaign across the state. Knowland flew back from Washington to take floor leadership personally in the state committee fight. On the floor, the Knight-Knowland forces crushed the Nixon guard and Ahmanson was named by acclamation. On the practicing politicians of the party, it left the conviction that no deal with Nixon sticks unless it can be policed.

While the strain between Knowland and Nixon has since been well smothered by dignified silence, the feud between Nixon and Knight has grown in heat and intensity. Neither will discuss it publicly. But their aides and associates are unrestrained. The Nixon campaign line is that Knight is a clown ("one of California's best-known comics," is what Nixon called Knight one evening at an august private gathering in Washington). The Knight response is even more cutting—that Nixon is a dangerous man, relentlessly pursuing his personal ambition at whatever cost.

WHEN SEEN FROM the far side of the Rockies, in terms of the national office they both seek, the Knight-Nixon struggle seems no more than the screeching collision of two vivid personalities. Yet it is more than that. Under the surface it is a struggle for control of California. And the battle over the posture and strategy of California's Republican party can either confirm them in power over the Union's most powerful state —or finally lose the state to the Democrats, who are counterorganizing.

For if the Nixon zealots speak for the Southland Republican strategy of scare-and-fear, Goodwin J. Knight has taken to himself the Warren position of the broad middle road.

Many California Republicans find it odd indeed to discover Goodwin J. Knight in this position. All through the long years when Knight, as lieutenant governor, had played second fiddle to Warren, his office had been the rendezvous of Warren's enemies, his open ambition the peg on which they hung their hopes of a new brand of Republicanism. They had waited his coming as the day of the new broom.

Today, in Los Angeles where he was raised, Goodwin J. Knight is considered a traitor by Old Guard Republicans. For not only has Knight, seated in power, pursued a Warren policy—he has done so with flair, bravado, vigor, retaining all Warren's excellent department chiefs, making excellent new nonpartisan appointments, adopted as his own Warren's personal staff and secretariat.

One of the rare Republican leaders who can talk labor's language, Knight has won the exuberant support of California's Federation of Labor against the Democrats. Always a personally tolerant man (he resigned in his youth from the Los Angeles Bar Association because it would not admit Negroes), he has now, as governor, made it a misdemeanor for local school boards to refuse to hire qualified Negroes on account of race. His budget is balanced, he has driven through final legislation crippling the power of California's local liquor lobbies, has upped sharply funds for highway safety and mental-health research.

Many Californians regard Knight's record in office as an expression of basic opportunism. As lieutenant governor, he pleased many ultraconservatives by fighting to establish the teachers' oath at the University of California. As governor, he has angered many of them by proclaiming himself in violent opposition to Joseph McCarthy and all the techniques the Wisconsin senator introduced to American life. Again, in October of 1954, while running to retain the governor's seat, he was caught in the cross fires of California's violent emotions about the UN. Summoned by one group to proclaim a UN Day and by another group to proclaim a U.S. Day, he refused to proclaim either. (He tells a story particularly apropos in this connection of the priest who came to give last rites to a dying sinner. "John," said the priest, "you're dying now; are you prepared to denounce the Devil?" "You say I'm dying, Father," replied John. "Faith, I'm in no position to antagonize anybody.") Yet, when reelected, Knight proclaimed UN Day without a quiver; and, in conversation, shows not only affection for it but a good grasp of world affairs.

This charge of opportunism, whether valid or false, can be laid against any man who takes politics as his profession—and for Goodwin Knight, politics is a demanding, intricate, skilled occupation. His private library is that of a man preoccupied with its principles and mechanics at every level. It ranges from endless biographies of Theodore Roosevelt and Lincoln (his heroes), to such high-brow classics as Ortega y Gasset's The Revolt of the Masses, from Harold Laski's Liberty in the Modern State, to Russell Kirk's The Conservative Mind. In his bedroom is a dog-eared copy of Machiavelli's The Prince. He reads Norman Vincent Peale. But his favorite reading, he says, is Thoreau's Walden.

Shrewd enough to protect himself from the epithet of egghead by a wondrous platform collection of jokes and anecdotes, he is, nevertheless, a scholar of American politics in its deepest sense. Whether he has switched as an opportunist, or acted out of conviction, Knight's record as governor must be accepted as his own calculated summation of the mood of America today and what Americans want. On this record, he held his governorship by 551,151 votes in 1954, when other Republican candidates across the nation were being knocked off like ninepins. With this election, as governor of the largest Republican state in the Union, he moved into the front rank of contenders for national office—if Dwight Eisenhower should throw the Republican convention wide open.

It leaves him in the front rank, however, only if he can control the 70 delegates of his home state over the intense enmity of the Nixon forces. And the outcome of this struggle depends, in turn, on the tactics and ambitions of the fourth gentleman from California—senior senator William F. Knowland.

KNOWLAND FITS ODDLY into the three-way strain that rives the California party. For he, like the other two, also has a career which seems to reverse itself. Except that unlike the other two, he began as a middle-roader and ended as the acknowledged leader of the extreme Republican right.

It is difficult now to remember the first mark made by Knowland in the American Senate in 1945. In those days, he was a friend of Britain, protected the OPA when most Republicans sought immediate postwar liquidation, held forth with lofty and enlightened speeches on modern labor-management relations. This posture continued, moreover, down to January of 1949 when, as the darling of the liberal Republicans, he unsuccessfully contested the Taft forces for Republican floor leadership and was backed by such future Eisenhower Republicans as Senators Flanders, Lodge, Saltonstall, Aiken and Ives.

Nineteen forty-nine was, however, the hinge year of Knowland's political career, the year when he acquired his nickname, "Senator from Formosa." It was then he was seized by the searing conviction that America's destiny must be staked, in this age of hurtling destruction, on the fate of Chiang Kai-shek alone. On tour through the Orient that fall, Senator Knowland and his wife arrived in November of 1949 in Chungking, that romantic and fog-shrouded city above the Yangtze gorges, just as the Communist columns of Mao Tse-tung closed about its cliffs and hills. There he visited Chiang Kai-shek, who is never more heroic than in defeat, in the macabre atmosphere of a doomed city about to fall to a merciless enemy. He left with Mrs. Knowland on a night flight, as panic bubbled, the day before the Communist armies entered to hoist the Red flag and claim the destinies of his friends.

When Knowland emerged a few days later on the China coast, he was a changed man. Bristling with anger, he demanded that Douglas MacArthur be named High Commissioner for Asia and that America immediately impose an air-sea blockade of the entire China coast.

He returned to Washington to find new friends waiting for him in that wing of the Republican party which has always used tragedy in the Orient to accumulate quick political capital. By the logic of politics, he soon found himself divorced from his middle-road friends and working with the most extreme right, up to and including Senator McCarthy (he later defended McCarthy against the Senate's vote of censure).

On domestic roll calls no other senator has a higher record of support of the Eisenhower administration—94 per cent. But on foreign policy, Knowland has been the administration's itching hair shirt. It is said that Dwight D. Eisenhower, a man slow to anger at personalities, cordially dislikes Knowland both as a person and policy maker.

This White House animosity Knowland recognizes, and it galls him. Knowland is not a man to squander words or bleed in public. But his pride has been deeply wounded. His deep concern with aggressive defense of Formosa—even at the risk of war on the Chinese mainland—is considered by most administration policy makers the surest way to atomic holocaust. But Knowland feels that his deep convictions have been twisted by slicker men to make him appear like a narrow warmonger. The wedge between himself and the White House, he feels, has been driven there by artful intriguers closer to the President. "He wanted to play ball with them," says one of his closest friends. "He beat his knuckles bleeding trying to get into the White House, but that damned palace guard closed the door on him and wouldn't let him in. If there'd been any way to get in, he would have joined the family."

Whatever the roots of his feud with the White House, as an avowed candidate for the Presidency Knowland has now emerged as the eminently respectable leader of all those forces that once marched behind Robert Taft. He plans to enter primaries in Oregon, South Dakota, Nebraska and Minnesota as a fundamentalist Republican; he will claim old Taft loyalties elsewhere too.

But this out-of-state strength is available only if he proves he still holds strong in his home state, California. Which leaves him, as it does Nixon and Knight, contemplating the alternatives of a difficult reconciliation within the private councils of the party—or an all-out battle in the primary of June 5th.

THESE WEEKS in California politics squirm with a complexity and intrigue that defies reasonable analysis.

Between the fifth of March and the fifth of April, any man who wants to claim California's 70 delegates in the primary of June 5th must officially file a slate of 70 names pledged to him. But no one, at this writing, can guess when or what President Eisenhower's decision will be.

This makes Knight's position the happiest. Knight is for Eisenhower. But as governor of California he already has announced that he will file his own name as favorite son. If the President decides to run again, Knight, at the convention, will simply deliver to Eisenhower on the cheering first ballot. But if Ike withdraws, Knight will irrevocably control the 70 delegates pledged to him. With this core strength, he can mobilize political friendships already developed in Pennsylvania, Missouri, Wisconsin and New England. Though the Presidency is admittedly a long-shot try for Knight, his chances are excellent, as a Californian and a liberal, for nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

Knowland's position is more difficult. Knight has already offered Knowland a substantial share of the delegates on his favorite-son slate of 70. Despite their contrary philosophies, both men operate by the same code of political honor, and Knight would like to see their rival ambitions settled not by open fight in California but by who can raise more out-of-state strength. Knowland, of course, would like nothing better than to run an individual clear-cut, unaffiliated slate. But to do this would tear wide open the party his family has done so much to make great. Caught thus in apparent indecision, he has not, at this writing, clearly announced what his tactic in his home-state primary will be.

The toughest decision of all is Nixon's. For Nixon's career and future depend, above all, on Eisenhower. With impeccable good taste, the Vice-President has, up to now, waited the President's decision and kept his local leaders on leash. Some of his Los Angeles lieutenants profess to be unworried. The decision, they insist, will be made back East, by the big powers and then, said one, "these seventy California delegates won't count any more than seventy Chinamen." Others say that, with the assured backing of the Los Angeles Times, with complete control of the Los Angeles County organization, with unlimited funds, any slate they enter in a three-way race, no matter how late, will win. A Knight-Knowland combine, they acknowledge, will be tougher to face. But, they point out, Nixon is a magnificent campaigner and always shows best as an underdog battling against odds.

At present, the analyses of all California's most eminent political sages tangle back and forth like rabbit trails in the snow. All three candidates are under the heaviest pressure to compromise and present a "harmony" slate. No one knows whether this pressure can quench their ambitions or change the tactics these individual ambitions may demand. No one can predict with certainty whether the fight will erupt in the June primary or on the convention floor itself. Only one prediction is sure: if Eisenhower's decision throws open the Presidency, California will produce the noisiest political brawl since McKinley licked Free Silver. THE END

HOW CROSS-FILING WORKS

CALIFORNIA'S CROSS-FILING primary law is unique in American politics. Originated in 1909, by protesting political reformers, it sought to wipe out the power of party bosses by permitting any candidate for office to file in any party's nominating primary. Further, until 1954 it was not necessary for him to inform voters of his own party affiliation by labeling himself on the ballot. A candidate was required to win the contest in his true party's primary; but if he did that, and led in the other party's primary also, he won *both* nominations. Thus, all four of the state's major Republican Presidential possibilities for 1956—Earl Warren, William F. Knowland, Goodwin J. Knight and Richard M. Nixon—have at one time or another been selected in *Democratic* primaries as *Democratic* candidates. In some years, 80 per cent of all candidates elected to state office in California have been elected on both tickets. In one year, when two Doyles were on the ballot, a Communist, Bernadette Doyle, filed in the Democratic primary and ran up 450,000 votes from Democrats innocent of her party affiliation.

In a state where the daily press of the great metropolitan centers is overwhelmingly Republican, where Democratic names and platforms consequently lack resonance, where most voters are strange to California issues (60 per cent of Californians are out-of-state born compared to 16 per cent of New Yorkers and 12 per cent of Pennsylvanians) the great struggle of the Democrats has been to make their identities known to fellow Democrats.

During New Deal days, Democratic fundamentalists in one large city prowled the streets by night scrawling across campaign posters of opponents the word "Republican" as if it were a dirty word. And Republican zealots chased after them, rubbing it out, as if it were, indeed, a dirty word.

It was not until 1952 that Californians voted a modest amendment to their system of cross-filing, approving a referendum which still permits cross-filing but requires candidates filing in primaries to label themselves on the ballot with their authentic party designation. The 1954 election, the first since the reform, thus became the first in modern California history in which all candidates chosen in Democratic primaries were really Democrats, and the Democrats could offer their first all-Democratic state-wide ticket. —T. H. W.

Sherrard's apartment was his castle; in Cecilia he'd found exactly the right person to sublet it. Or had he? Was she witch or woman, wanton or wonderful?

NOTORIOUS TENANT

By MARGERY SHARP

FOREIGN correspondents are rarely wealthy: every now and again Sherrard, whose work by definition took him abroad a great deal, was annoyed by the thought of his London flat eating its head off in his absence. Rent and rates went on, whether he was there or not; so did his charwoman—partly because she supported an invalid husband and partly because, to Sherrard's mind, there was no point in having a flat at all unless he could always find it cleaned, aired and welcoming. From time to time, however, the thought of so much behind-his-back expense bothered him; and when he looked to be spending the next six months in the Near East, he decided to sublet.

The agents into whose hands he put the business rightly described a charming bijou residence situated in Mayfair, comprising a spacious living apartment, luxury bathroom, modern kitchenette, garage available below. The sleeping accommodation was a little skated over: Sherrard in fact used a camp bed, because he liked it. But everything else was elegant, and some of the pictures were good. In no time at all Sherrard received a first inquiry, and a few days before he left he was rather sulkily showing round a Mrs. Cecilia Tablet.

She arrived with absolute punctuality at ten o'clock in the morning. She liked Sherrard's flat very much, particularly the kitchen and bathroom. The pictures, which were modern, seemed to appeal to her less, but she appreciated his Hepplewhite chairs. Before the camp bed she paused a moment. "You wouldn't mind if I put in my own?" said she. "Two, in fact, two single beds? I shall have a friend with me, and I think there's just enough room."

Sherrard paused in turn; this was when he really looked at her. Though he was a broad-minded man, he didn't quite relish the idea of his flat being used as a love nest. There had been no mention of a husband; and, moreover, Mrs. Tablet's use of her own first name—Mrs. Cecilia Tablet—suggested either widowhood or a divorce. But when he looked at her he was reassured: widow, not divorcee, he felt—and in this was perfectly right—and no lovers. She was, he judged, no more than thirty or so, but with an indefinable air of being on the shelf. She was well, but not fashionably, dressed: she wore a beaver jacket over a tweed suit, a small felt hat and a string of pearls. All were good but slightly out of date, as though she had stopped being well dressed—so the thought crossed Sherrard's mind—a year or two earlier.

It surprised him to observe that she was also beautiful; he hadn't noticed

Malcolm wrote: *Cecilia's been nice enough to lunch with me again; we walked in St. James's Park . . .* The note made Sherrard quite uneasy

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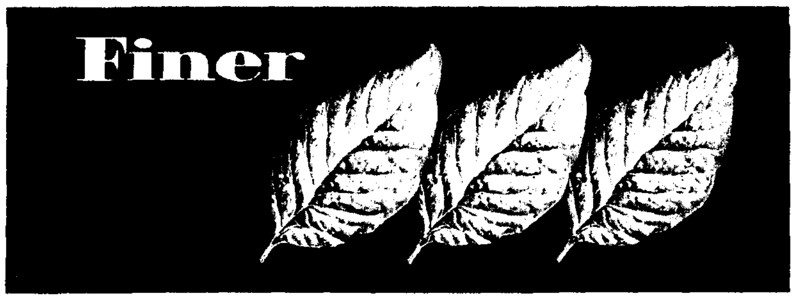

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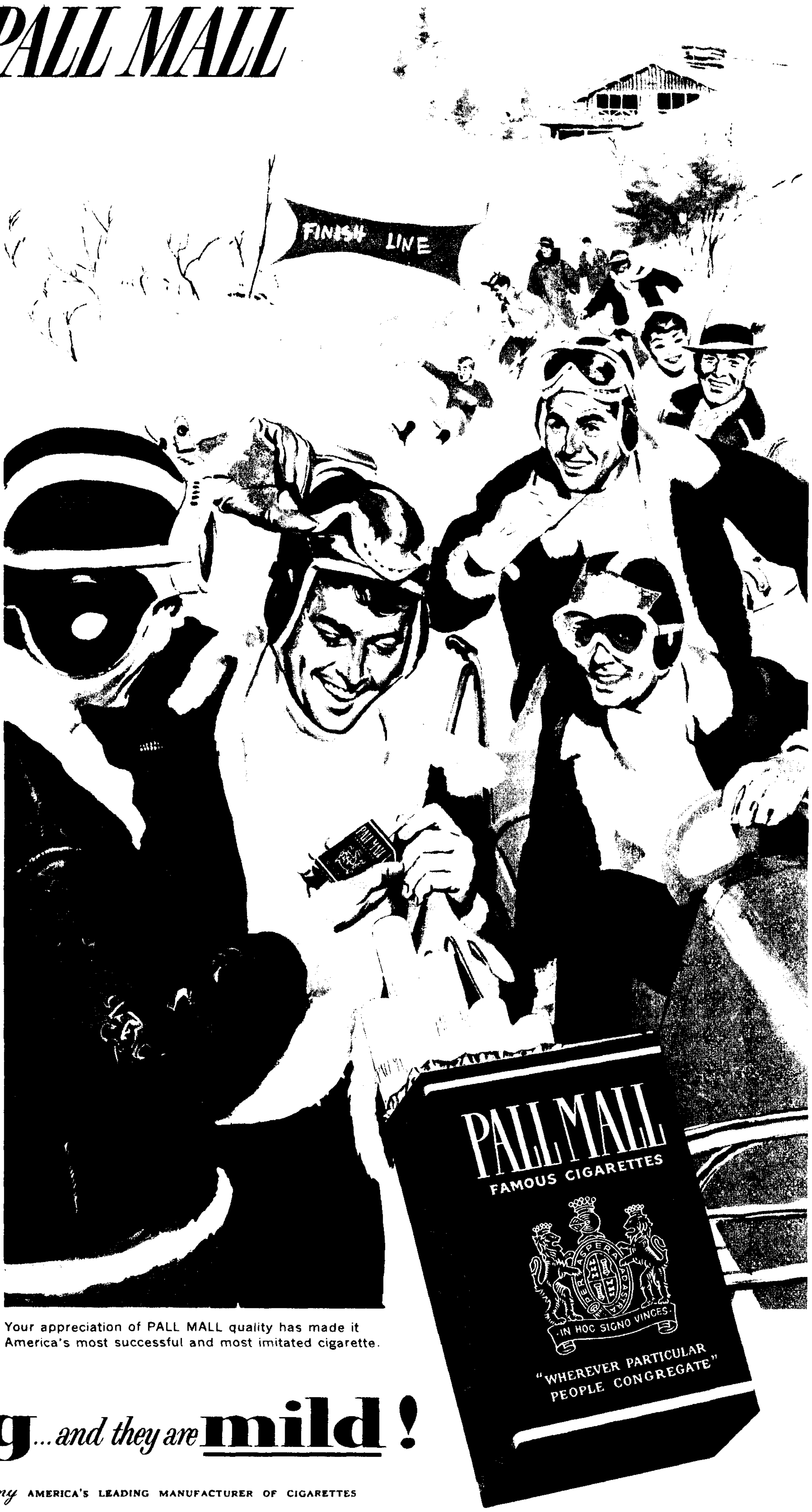
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Outstanding *...and they are* mild!

© A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES it. Mrs. Tablet's profile was correct and exquisite, her skin admirably clear, her eyes a candid blue. Her face held every element of beauty except consciousness: because she didn't think—or had forgotten—that she was beautiful, her looks made no impact. Sherrard felt he would be safe enough, and the next moment she finally reassured him.

"For my companion," she explained. "I mean, the other bed. For Miss Brown, who lives with me. It's only fair to tell you."

Sherrard was pleased. He felt that two women, a widow and her companion, would look after his flat admirably. He showed Mrs. Tablet his china and silverware, in which he took a rather old-maidish pride. Mrs. Bates, his charwoman, at that moment entering, he bade her take Mrs. Tablet round the kitchen again. He had already explained that Mrs. Bates went with the flat; it was as important that Mrs. Bates should approve Mrs. Tablet as that Mrs. Tablet should approve Mrs. Bates.

The latter's rheumy old eye, however, upon their return, sketched Sherrard a confirmatory wink.

CECILIA TABLET unhesitatingly agreed to the rent, and Sherrard closed the deal then and there. It was actually she who pointed out that, since the flat was furnished, he was entitled to half the whole period's rent in advance. Sherrard, always glad of ready money, was both pleased and surprised to find it thus pressed upon him; but it wasn't for this reason alone that he let slide any question of references. He trusted his own, and Mrs. Bates's, favorable judgment.

("A very nice lady indeed," said Mrs. Bates. " 'S a matter of fact, my Cousin Edie used to work for 'er."

"You found that out pretty fast," said Sherrard.

"It's the name," said Mrs. Bates.)

Mrs. Tablet's check arrived next morning and was cleared the following day. Nothing could have been more satisfactory. . . .

Sherrard always boarded a plane with half a dozen solid books, which in any event he never opened. Idleness, an air-cradled lethargy, too soon overcame him; even meditation lapsed into somnolence; he drowsed. On this occasion, however, owing to an unexpected encounter with his Aunt May, he stayed fully awake for at least the first hour.

She was just leaving the airport as Sherrard arrived. Her bus was waiting and he was in a hurry, but that didn't bother such an opportunist as Aunt May. "Willie, dear boy! What luck!" cried she, at once breaking forth from her queue and into his path. "I've a week in London—can I use your flat?"

"No," said Sherrard, dropping his bags on the weighing machine.

"Why not?" she asked. "Aren't you going abroad?"

"Yes, but I've sublet it," Sherrard told her.

"Anyone I know?"

"A Mrs. Tablet and a Miss Brown," said Sherrard, preparing to follow his porter.

Aunt May's voice behind him sounded quite breathless. "Did you say *Tablet* and *Brown?*"

"That's right," agreed Sherrard.

They were at the barrier—he was just passing through. Aunt May caught his hand and for one last moment held it in a warm, loving clasp. "My dear, you're an absolute *Christian!*" she breathed affectionately. *"And* so right! I *never* thought she shot her husband—Miss Brown or no Miss Brown!"

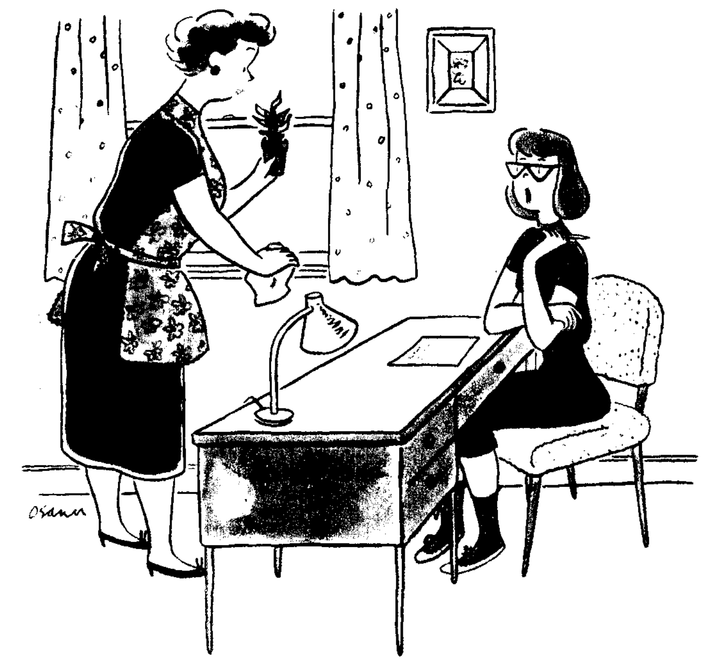
Sherrard settled himself in his seat, fastened his safety belt, unfastened it again, lighted a cigarette, and stayed awake.

The first conclusion he came to was that if a nice woman like his Aunt May thought Mrs. Tablet hadn't shot her husband, there must be at least some ground for thinking that she had.

The second was that whether she had or she hadn't, she'd evidently—got off. She was alive, out of jail, renting flats. *His* flat. . . .

Sherrard examined the situation with increasing surprise. It must have happened, whatever did happen, while he was abroad. And it must have been a fairly spectacular case, to attract the notice of his Aunt May. (Shooting cases always were spectacular, of course, especially if they involved husband and wife.) Yet try as he might—and his complete ignorance left his imagination completely untrammeled—Sherrard *found it extraordinarily* difficult to picture Mrs. Tablet using a gun. She hadn't struck him as that sort of woman. She hadn't struck Mrs. Bates—

TIZZY



"I'm working out a budget for myself, and I don't know whether to put root beers under 'nourishment' or 'frivolity' "

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

Here he came to a pause. For surely Mrs. Bates, that avid follower of all police-court news, *surely* Mrs. Bates must have known? Of course she did; she knew the name. Yet she hadn't said another word, probably presuming her employer in the know too—or else, presuming him ignorant, she had said nothing because she was on Mrs. Tablet's side. Either way, Sherrard felt Mrs. Bates's silence, no less than her confirmatory wink, a strong point in his tenant's favor.

It also occurred to him, looking back, that Cecilia Tablet had herself behaved very well. "It's only fair to tell you," she'd said, in allusion to Miss Brown; how was she to know their coupled names aroused no echo? She had still been giving Sherrard a chance to back out, and he returned with relief to his original opinion of her. Certainly what was good enough for Mrs. Bates, and for his Aunt May, and for the law of the land, was good enough for him too. Sherrard ceased to speculate, and certainly didn't worry.

In fact, the only point that still a little occupied him, before he finally dozed off, was his Aunt May's odd rider: "Miss Brown or no Miss Brown . . ." Where the deuce did Miss Brown come in? She could hardly be the Other Woman, if she currently acted as Mrs. Tablet's companion. But it was no affair of his, thought Sherrard gratefully; they'd be out before he got back, and in the meanwhile could polish his silver.

His composure was justified. He had a letter from Mrs. Tablet at Athens, reporting moths in his Persian rug: she'd sent it to the best demothing people in London, their charge was thirty shillings, did he think it would be fair to split? Sherrard wrote back at once undertaking the whole outlay.

In Istanbul he learned of, and shared Mrs. Tablet's distress in, the appalling effects of a two-day fog on his Waterford chandelier. Would he risk letting *her wash it herself, inquired* Mrs. Tablet, or would he rather she summoned an expert? Sherrard instructed her to go ahead. What a tenant she was! He wouldn't have cared to share house with such conscientiousness, but at a distance it was wonderfully reassuring.

His first qualm, his first touch of uneasiness, rose from a letter received in Cairo—and not from Mrs. Tablet, but from his old friend Malcolm.

Sherrard wasn't a man much attached to the past: that he should still be friends with his friend Malcolm was on the face of it unlikely. (The very phrase—"friends with"—harked back to school days. Sherrard had detested his school days.) Even then they had nothing in common. Sherrard was the brilliant boy, Malcolm the dunce; only the latter's enormous, persistent admiration, drawing on the whole strength of a sweet, stupid, quite unsnubbable nature, at last earned Sherrard's half-amused, half-impatient protection.

Hard-won is highly valued; Malcolm kept the friendship up. In later life he developed a genius for money-making: offers of hot tips, yachting holidays and substantial loans dogged Sherrard's path. The latter, who found his friend Malcolm's company intolerably boring, and who preferred to earn whatever income he needed, as doggedly turned a deaf ear. But there was nonetheless a sort of innocence about these offers—these offered *treats,* so to speak—as could not fail to touch; after thirty years, Sherrard admitted himself still the half-amused, half-impatient protector.

To return to Malcolm's letter, Sherrard's old friend Malcolm, back from a business trip in South America, naturally went straight round to Sherrard's London flat, where he as naturally encountered not Sherrard, but Mrs. Tablet.

Whom I should say you're extraordinarily lucky in, wrote Malcolm. *It's like a new pin. I took her out to lunch. We talked about you a lot. I should say she's not only a remarkably nice woman, but a fine judge of character.*

Sherrard didn't quite know why, but he felt uneasy. His friend Malcolm was now practically a millionaire. He was also extremely simple. Like many men with the gift of money-making, he apparently exercised no other intelligence whatever. Mrs. Tablet might be a fine judge of character; Malcolm certainly was not.

Sherrard discovered that he had been deceiving himself. He knew perfectly well why he was uneasy. He was uneasy because while it is one thing to sublet one's flat to a woman who didn't shoot her husband, it is quite another to introduce her, even *in absentia,* to one's simple but millionaire friend.

This was the first time Sherrard just slightly considered the possibility that Mrs. Tablet—might have.

He felt it a particular nuisance that his friend Malcolm was commonly as much out of England as himself. Obviously the names Tablet and Brown conveyed nothing to his friend Malcolm either.

Two days later came a second letter. *She's been nice enough to lunch with me again,* wrote Malcolm. *First, we walked across St. James's Park, to the Abbey. Tomorrow night we're going to a concert. I never realized before how jolly that sort of thing is.*

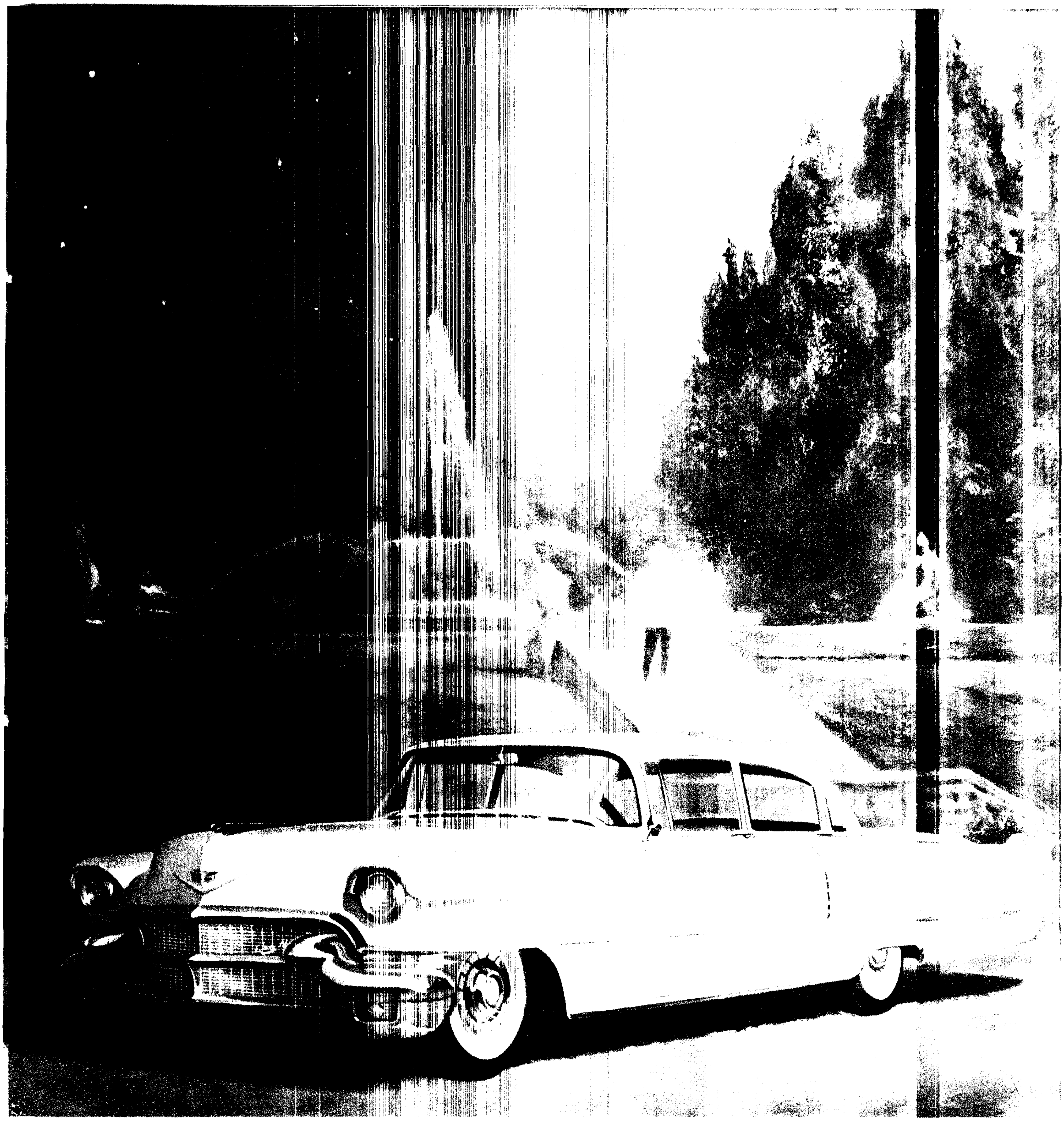
Sherrard dispatched a note to his secretary in London, asking for clippings of the Tablet case. He felt it would settle his mind to read the official evidence that Mrs. Tablet—hadn't.

THE preliminaries were fairly banal: on the evening of June 5, 1954, after a cocktail party at their second-floor flat in Cashmere Mansions, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Tablet violently quarreled. What wasn't so banal was the result: Mr. Tablet being shot dead.

Cecilia Tablet's statement, which she insisted on making immediately to the police, and the substance of which she repeated before the coroner, was remarkably frank. She and her husband were always quarreling, because he drank too much. It made her life a misery. On this occasion she taxed him in particular with offending all her friends. He then invited her to divorce him, admitting an infidelity which she already knew of, and which also made her life a misery. To this Mrs. Tablet replied by reminding him there wasn't a war on.

THE CORONER: *What exactly did you mean by that?*

MRS. TABLET: *Well, in the war he was really very brave. He was a para-*



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Jewels by Harry Winston

See the Inspiring 1956 Cadillacs at the Great General Motors Motorama—Now Beginning its Nation-wide Tour *trooper. So on leave, I felt it was only fair to let him do just as he liked. But we had to settle down sometime.*

(This passage was in typescript: Sherrard's accomplished secretary had got hold of a verbatim report. Sherrard at this point felt considerable sympathy with Mrs. Tablet. There are heroes and heroes—some, in civil life, a damned nuisance . . .)

THE CORONER: *I see. Will you go on?*

MRS. TABLET: *So I told him not to be silly.*

THE CORONER: *And then?*

And then, Mrs. Tablet proceeded to give herself a motive. Sherrard wondered whether she'd had her lawyer in court and, if so, what his emotions were.

MRS. TABLET: *Well, then Matthew said he'd divorce me. He couldn't have, of course—I mean, I hadn't been unfaithful for a minute. But he might have made an awful lot of unpleasantness, and my people would simply have hated it. I mean, I'd have done anything to stop him.*

THE CORONER: *Anything?*

MRS. TABLET: *Well, anything within reason, of course. So I told him not to be silly, again.*

It was then that Matthew Tablet, ex-paratrooper and man of notoriously violent temper, produced his service revolver and threatened to shoot himself. Mrs. Tablet didn't believe him serious, but because he was intoxicated she tried to take the weapon from him. He knocked her away, she heard a shot, briefly lost consciousness, and revived to find him either dying or dead.

THE evidence of Miss Brown was thus extremely valuable. Miss Brown, hearing the quarrel from her next-door flat, from pure curiosity went out onto her balcony. As the debate grew more heated, so did Miss Brown's interest, until she finally hopped over the rail and gained the Tablet balcony adjoining—just in time to see Matthew Tablet knock his wife spinning, himself lose balance, and fall to the sound of a shot.

MISS BROWN: *Mrs. Tablet recovered almost immediately. She was wonderfully brave. Because we could see at once what had happened. . . .*

Mrs. Tablet telephoned for a doctor at once. Neither woman touched the defunct Matthew. They waited hand in hand by the telephone, Miss Brown comforting Mrs. Tablet.

THE CORONER: *Not attempting to render any assistance?*

MISS BROWN: *I told you, we could see it was no use.*

A Dr. Mallard's evidence corroborated Miss Brown. It had all been over instantaneously—rather remarkable precision, through the heart, yet quite possible in such circumstances. And difficult as it was to impound all firearms, if their owners weren't cooperative, here one saw the unhappy result . . . He had summoned the police at once.

The deceased died of a gunshot wound, accidentally self-inflicted. . . .

Cecilia Tablet, thought Sherrard, was either an extraordinarily honest woman or else an extraordinarily accomplished liar. There appeared no reason to believe her the latter: the whole background of the case—the Tablets' background, and Miss Brown—would have been most thoroughly checked by the police, and the police were satisfied. His Aunt May, decided Sherrard, had been talking through her hat, Miss Brown or no Miss Brown.

It was perhaps just a trifle unexpected that Mrs. Tablet and Miss Brown should now be living in each other's pockets.

Sherrard felt he might as well make a job of the thing; he stuffed clippings and typescript into a pocket and set out to track among the night spots a British journalist he knew to be vacationing in Cairo.

"The Tablet Case?" repeated Tim Brocken dimly. "Dear man, ain't it dead as a doornail?"

"I've sublet her my flat," said Sherrard, who never wasted imagination. "I'd just like to know why Miss Brown still strings along."

Tim Brocken looked into his whisky. "Live and let live . . . Though wouldn't we all? You read about it, I suppose?"

"Yes, I've read about it," agreed Sherrard.

"Well, the Brown, a really very unpleasant little creature, has been living with her ever since. Or *on* her? I wouldn't know," sighed Tim Brocken. "It's a bit odd, d'you see. They weren't friends. They were neighbors, all right—which in London means that they wouldn't know each other on the street. On the face of it they haven't a thing in common. Mrs. Tablet, as I recall, comes of rather nice quiet countryfolk. Miss Brown ran a bankrupt flower shop, with a side line as hostess in a night club. So they weren't friends, they hadn't a thing in common. Since the case, they've been inseparable. Where Mrs. Tablet goes, there goes Miss Brown also.

"Mrs. Tablet has money of her own. And as a result, all her nice friends and all her nice quiet folk have quite nicely and quietly dropped her. They don't like Miss Brown. They think Cecilia made a great mistake in taking Miss Brown up. So do I, for that matter. So would anyone with a grain of sense. It looks too like—"

"Well?" said Sherrard.

Tim Brocken hesitated. When it comes to pronouncing the word "blackmail" a good journalist is as wary as a good lawyer. And so Tim Brocken hesitated, while Sherrard accurately read his mind.

"Mightn't it, on the other hand," Sherrard suggested, "be gratitude?"

"Why not? Work it out for yourself," sighed Tim Brocken. "If you've simply sublet her your flat, I don't see what you're worrying about. You're on velvet. She'd stand you a new roof sooner than come into court again."

Sherrard, feeling rather a dislike for his informant, paid their joint bill and left.

He found it difficult to reach a conclusion. What he'd heard, he now realized, was what, subconsciously, he'd expected to hear—the unpronounceable word as if it were whispered . . . Blackmail, or gratitude? Like Tim Brocken, he didn't know, and he couldn't make up his mind.

But did he need to?

The boredom of years came to a head: with sudden irritation Sherrard saw his old friend Malcolm a finally intolerable nuisance. It struck him, in fact, that this would be an excellent moment to stop feeling protective. The sentiment was in itself ridiculous. Sherrard therefore left all Malcolm's letters unanswered and put the whole affair from his mind. . . .

Unfortunately, as a result of certain political changes in the Middle East, he wasn't left abroad as long as he expected. A week later, London recalled him. He was away not six months, but three; Mrs. Tablet still occupied his flat. Sherrard felt it only fair—her phrase was beginning to haunt him—to take on his return a room at his club. But he needed more clothes, and since it was absurd to order two new suits rather than call at his own flat, he paid a visit there next day.

Mrs. Tablet wasn't in, but Miss Brown was.

Her appearance didn't engage him: Miss Brown proved a small, dried-to-the-bone blonde with wide, pussy-kitten eyes. But she purred about Sherrard at once, offering him, besides his suits, a Martini. It was four in the afternoon—just too early, but not scandalously so. Sherrard felt certain Mrs. Tablet would have offered tea, probably with bread and butter. Politeness impelled him to inquire where she was.

"Out with Malcolm, of *course,*" purred Miss Brown.

HER first name was Elfin. Sherrard learned it at once—she told it him at once—while he was still half inside the closet Mrs. Tablet had allowed him to reserve: such a fairylike little thing Miss Brown had been, her parents christened her Elfin. Sherrard didn't respond with his own baptismal "William." He had taken a dislike to Miss Brown and wished to get away as soon as possible.

Miss Brown appeared equally anxious that he shouldn't.

She fluttered about him impedingly. Her vivacity increased—the vivacity of a night-club hostess a little past her work, which in another woman Sherrard could have found touching; he rebuked himself for lack of charity, but continued to dislike Miss Brown. When she began to inquire about his friend Malcolm's financial standing, he disliked her even more.

"Because import-export can mean *anything,* can't it?" fluted Miss Brown. "And I do feel, in a way, *responsible* for Cecilia." She dropped her voice confidentially. "You know, of course, how we're—*linked?"*

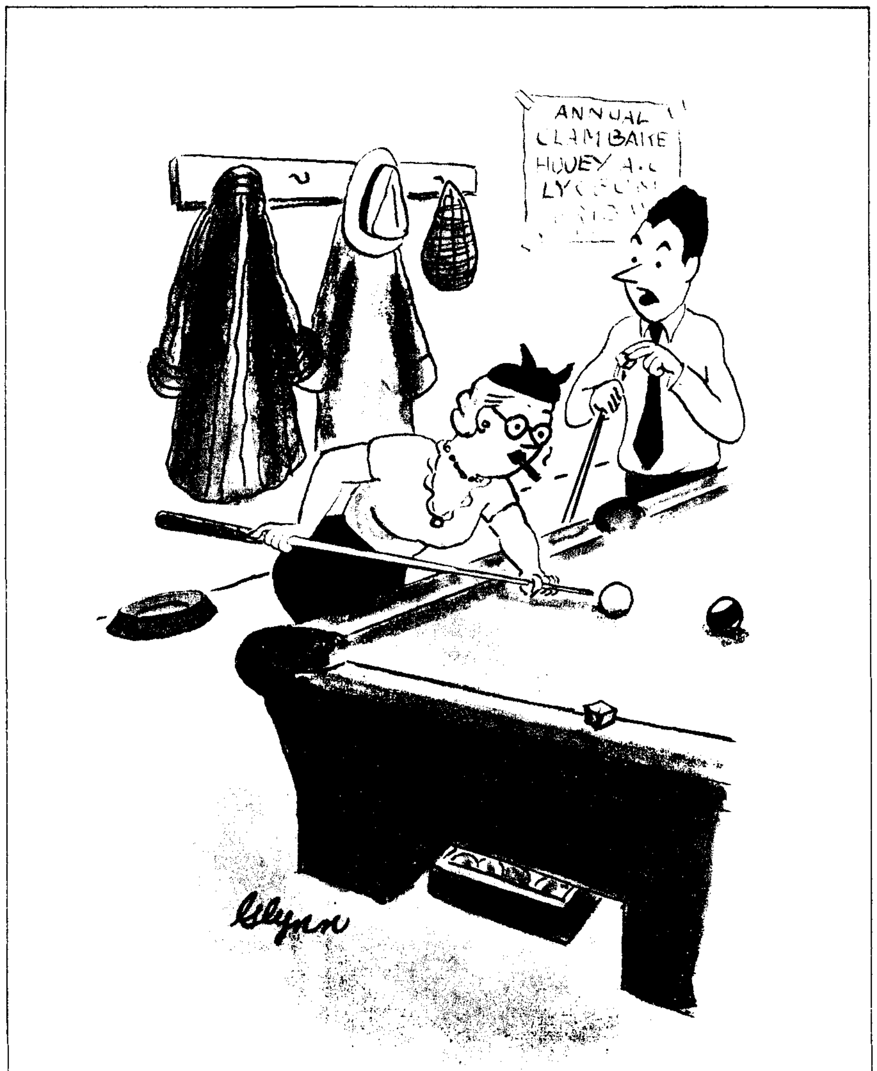
To prevent her telling him, Sherrard admitted that he did. But evidently his tone wasn't quite satisfactory; perhaps it wasn't quite sympathetic enough. Miss Brown laid a small, fairylike hand on his sleeve. *"Some* people, I know, say Cecilia feels responsible for *me.* And that's true too in a way, though not in the way they mean. It's just Cecilia's sweet, grateful heart." The big, kitten eyes widened. "We're just like two sisters; and how her relatives can be so *horrid* passes comprehension."

Sherrard felt this was carrying kitten-innocence too far altogether; irritation loosed his tongue. "Possibly they would prefer Mrs. Tablet to cut loose from the past more completely."

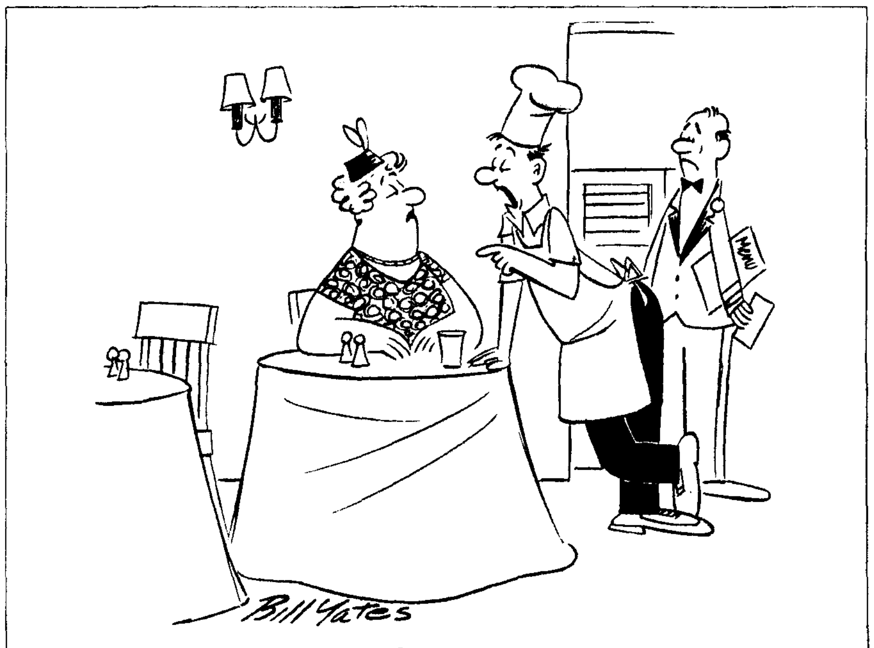
Poor little Elfin flinched, but only for a moment.

"If you mean *me,"* she said bravely, "don't think I can't see the point. And if you think *I* haven't suggested it to Cecilia, you're quite, quite wrong. I have. But she says it's only fair; after what I did for her, she should do all she can for me. And as she hasn't so *very* much money we can only manage *together.* But of course if she marries again, and marries *well,* things will be quite different," said Miss Brown, much more brightly.

Sherrard got the point without difficulty. A millionaire's wife's pin money might well keep a Miss Brown in affluence. He found the whole matter extremely distasteful; he would still have



COLLIER'S **"Aw, please, Ma, I'm sure there are other ways to be a pal to me"** MIKE L. GLYNN



"Now, let me get this straight. You want alphabet soup, but take out the M's and W's because they're too fattening"

COLLIER'S BILL YATES

let it drop, got out and got away, had not Elfin at that last moment invited him to complicity.

"Malcolm talks about you all the time," murmured she. "He's such a respect for your judgment, if he knew *you* admired Cecilia too, I believe it would really *influence* him!"

"Miss Brown," said Sherrard. "You are going out of your way to convince me you committed perjury. There can be no other reason for your apparent—hold over Mrs. Tablet. I advise you for the sake of your own reputation, and reputation might be the least of it, to get out of this flat tomorrow and never come back."

In the twinkling of an eye, the pussy-kitten turned cat. "And *I* advise *you*," spat Elfin Brown, "to mind your own damned business! *You* get out, and don't come back! This isn't *your* flat, let me remind you, just for the moment! It's Mrs. Tablet's—and mine!"

SHERRARD was only too glad to be ejected. He already regretted his impulsive interference. But he wasn't to escape so easily: there entered, just as he made for the lobby, Cecilia Tablet and his old friend Malcolm.

And with them a complete change of atmosphere. Calm, and idyllic airs, entered with them. They looked exactly as though they had been doing what in fact they had: that is, driving out to Richmond Park, and there strolling to admire the view.

Mrs. Tablet looked particularly nice; she had on her good tweed suit, sensible shoes and a becoming hat. Malcolm, also in tweeds, looked healthy, good-humored and delighted with himself. At the sight of Sherrard he looked more delighted still, and after the first ejaculations of happy surprise, he at once said what about dinner?

Sherrard said he was sorry, he had to see his editor; he'd just come in to pick up some clothes.

"Does the flat look nice?" demanded Mrs. Tablet urgently.

Sherrard, who until then had scarcely glanced round, cast an eye over the sitting room and said splendid. It did.

"Malcolm's dining *here,*" pressed Mrs. Tablet. "Can't you possibly dine here too? Can't you possibly put your editor off? I've made a beautiful casserole!"

She would have, thought Sherrard. He still refused. But he couldn't prevent Malcolm coming along and walking back to the club with him. As Mrs. Tablet helpfully pointed out, there was heaps of time. . . .

Sherrard's old friend Malcolm was very grateful indeed for having been, however unwittingly, introduced by Sherrard to Mrs. Tablet. He said she was just the sort of woman he liked but never met. He described her as domesticated but not dull, feminine but not foolish, well dressed but not a clotheshorse, well bred but not high-hat. He'd never known anyone like her; hitherto, indeed, he hadn't had much time for women at all. As Malcolm listed Cecilia's virtues, Sherrard glimpsed how few, and almost pathetic, had been his friend's encounters with the opposite sex: women too fashionable, who alarmed Malcolm's simple tastes; women too sophisticated, who made him feel stupid; women too vulgar, who made him prim. . . .

"And but for you, we'd never have met!" repeated Malcolm more than once.

"You must realize," said Sherrard, "she's simply my tenant. I didn't know her personally."

"What I find so particularly—well, endearing about her is her straightforwardness."

"She simply agreed to the rent, and that was that."

"Her sense of—well, fair play," pursued Malcolm, unheeding. "I don't mind telling *you* this, but the first time I took her to a show, we had a really jolly evening, and then supper afterward, and when I took her home—well, like the oaf that I am I tried to kiss her good night. In a perfectly respectful way, of course. But she wouldn't let me. She said she didn't feel it was fair."

"Yes, I can hear her saying it," Sherrard agreed.

"You know her better than you admit," beamed Malcolm. "But I suppose a woman like Cecilia carries her aura with her."

"Why wasn't it fair?" asked Sherrard crudely. "After such a jolly evening?"

"She said"—Malcolm's voice took on a solemn, almost reverential note—"she said she never kissed people, or let them kiss *her,* unless she was really fond of them. But she knew a lot of men expected it, and if she let me once I'd expect it again, and take her out again; and then, if she did draw the line, it wouldn't be fair."

Sherrard really could hear her saying it. Malcolm was by this time looking fatuous, and Sherrard asked what *he* said.

"I said I was—well, honored that she felt she could be so frank with me. And of course, I've been taking her out ever since."

"And still having jolly evenings?" Sherrard suggested.

MALCOLM beamed again. "That's another thing—she enjoys herself. She tells me so. Just as when I bring her flowers, she likes them—and tells me so. She teaches *me* to enjoy myself too," pursued the infatuated Malcolm. "All sorts of things I've never thought of trying. Like concerts. Have you anything on your mind?"

Sherrard hastily altered his expression, and lied. Malcolm still scrutinized him narrowly.

"I suppose—" said he, and paused. The question he was about to put was evidently one of importance to him. "I suppose," he asked, "there's no doubt of Mrs. Tablet's being a widow?"

This time, at least, Sherrard didn't have to lie.

He didn't like the situation at all. In Cairo resolved to let Malcolm go hang, now that they were actually face to face again Sherrard found the old, absurd bond strong as ever. To make matters worse, Malcolm's current scrape was absolutely the most serious he could fall into. For it wasn't a question of an affair, of a month or two's cultured fling: Malcolm—the signs were only too obvious—was plodding steadily on toward matrimony. And while it is one thing to let one's flat to a woman one doesn't think shot her husband, it is quite another to see her marry one's oldest friend.

Especially when but for oneself they would never have met.

Even more especially when there hung about the background the peculiarly unattractive figure of Elfin Brown.

Sherrard forced himself to consider this figure dispassionately. He had no ground for believing she had committed perjury, except that she struck him as a liar.

But if she *had* perjured herself, Malcolm wouldn't be paying her simply a pension; he would be paying blackmail.

As Mrs. Tablet was.

Moreover, they must have been in it, the two women, together. The hastily, brilliantly concocted lie, even if it originated with Elfin (which Sherrard could believe), must have been accepted by Cecilia. Could one blame her, lying to save her neck? And could one be sure, in such circumstances, of one's own virtue?

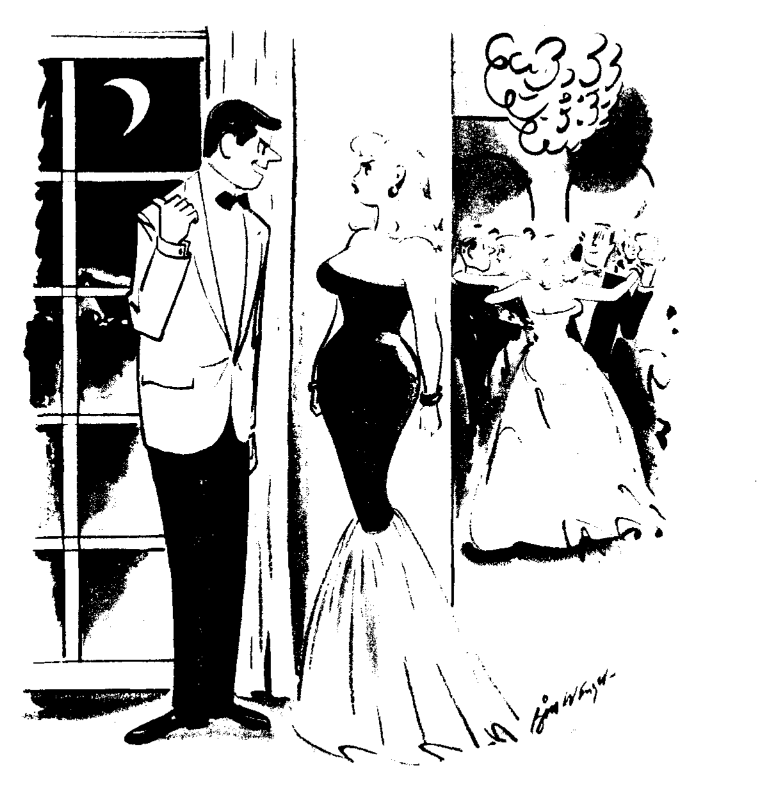
Oddly enough, by this time Sherrard didn't much mind whether Cecilia had shot her husband or hadn't; what he did mind was whether she was or wasn't a liar.

Because if she had lied before the coroner—from behind a mask of such ingenuous, self-accusing simplicity as Sherrard could by now well visualize—and if she had been lying ever since, then she really was untrustworthy. Sherrard examined this mild adjective with some attention; it was not, in the context, so inadequate as it seemed. His mind, perhaps improperly, drew a strong distinction between an accidental homicide and such expert skill in perjury as spoke lifelong habit. He himself once fired a shot he disliked remembering—from ambush, upon a turned back; but it had been necessary, it saved an escaping comrade, and he knew his essential character unaffected. Had he stood up to lie before the majesty of his country's law—and got away with it—that, thought Sherrard, would not only have smirched his integrity of the moment but would have shown all previous, all future, integrity no more than skin-deep.

IT ALL turned on Cecilia Tablet's integrity. And he couldn't make up his mind about it—not even after she'd been, next morning, to see him.

"This is awful of me, isn't it?" said Cecilia at once. "I mean, it isn't fair, is it, coming after a man in his club? But I had to, because I had to see you alone."

Sherrard offered her a sherry, which



COLLIER'S "Step outside and say that" BILL WENZEL

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she refused. Sitting on the extreme edge of a small, hard chair in the small, cold waiting room in which females were allowed existence, Mrs. Tablet immediately continued: "Darling Malcolm's asked me to marry him."

"How obvious it was that he would!" said Sherrard.

"Oh, do you think so?" said Mrs. Tablet. "*I* was surprised."

"Yours is a modest nature," said Sherrard.

Mrs. Tablet appeared to reflect. "They didn't think so at school," said she. "In fact, I'm almost sure they thought me rather bossy. Of course I always tried to be fair."

"I'm sure you did," said Sherrard.

"As I want to be fair now," said Mrs. Tablet. "Because I don't *think* Malcolm knows about poor Matthew."

"I don't either," said Sherrard.

"Well, will you tell him?" asked Mrs. Tablet.

SHERRARD brought down his fist on the cold, hard, marble mantelpiece. "Why am I involved in this at all?" he demanded loudly. "Why don't you tell him yourself? What the deuce has it got to do with me?"

"Oh, dear, I hope you haven't hurt yourself," said Mrs. Tablet. "And I suppose it hasn't anything to do with you, really—except that but for you we'd never have met. And as for *my* telling him, though I don't pretend I wouldn't hate it, that really wouldn't be fair. I mean," explained Mrs. Tablet honestly, "he'll just believe *anything* I say. . . ."

Sherrard stared at her. He had a wide knowledge of human nature (see Profile of a Correspondent in one of the Sunday papers), he had been used all his life to backing his judgment, and successfully, of whatever fellow creatures crossed his path. He still couldn't make up his mind about Mrs. Tablet. For one thing, it was so obviously sensible of her not to risk anything coming to light later.

"Will you please tell me," he asked abruptly, "why you house that odious creature Miss Brown?"

"Oh, don't you like her either?" said Mrs. Tablet. "Of course it's because she saved my life. She did, you know, just as much as if I'd been stuck on a cliff and she came over for me on a rope." (Sherrard absolutely started. A rope! What a simile!) "So naturally," continued Mrs. Tablet, "I'm grateful. And as just then her shop went bankrupt quite finally, and as they didn't seem to want her much in night clubs, of course it was only fair I should look after her. It's a pity *no* one likes her," added Mrs. Tablet, "because she really isn't so awful if one's firm; and that's another thing, if you don't mind, to tell Malcolm."

"Very well—how much?" asked Sherrard crudely.

"Well, she'd *like*," said Mrs. Tablet, "five thousand."

"I'll tell him," said Sherrard.

And he only hoped Malcolm would be able to make up *his* mind.

Sherrard telephoned his friend Malcolm that same day, and over dinner told him all. By a fortunate accident he had found both clippings and typescript of the Tablet Case crumpled but still legible in his baggage; he gave them to Malcolm to read. It irritated him extremely (Sherrard was by this time irritated perpetually) to see the latter's eyes fill with tears. "The poor little woman!"

"Quite so," agreed Sherrard. "It would be an unpleasant experience for any of us."

"What she must have suffered! And what a blessing there was a sensible jury!"

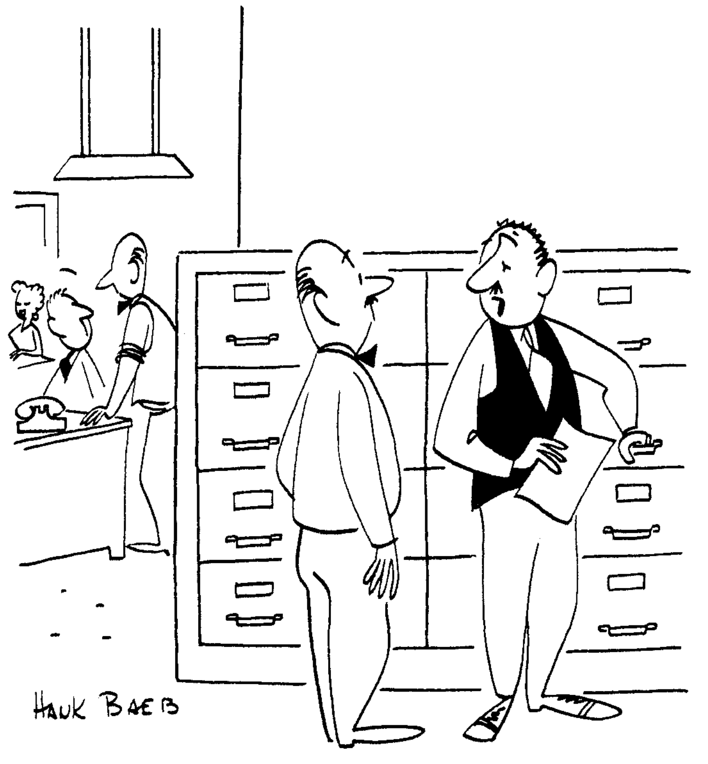
"She had good witnesses," said Sherrard. "She had Miss Brown."

"So *that's* why— Of course," said Malcolm warmly. "Of course I understand *now* Cecilia's attitude. Is five thousand enough, do you think, to look after her?"

"I'm glad you don't say 'to keep her quiet,' " interjected Sherrard.

Malcolm laid a big, fat hand over Sherrard's drumming fingers.

"*I* know my Cecilia," he said. "The soul of truth, as the soul of loyalty! And what simplicity as well—seeing,



"Sorry, Fred, I still can't pay back that ten dollars I borrowed. I could loan you ten, if that would help"

COLLIER'S HANK BAEB

don't you know, no evil! What a happy chap I'll be if she'll only say she'll have me!"

Okay, thought Sherrard, he's decided; and he put a proper warmth into his voice. "I'm sure she'll have you," he promised. "Go ahead; propose at once."

What Malcolm next said was quite appalling. For a moment he hesitated; then out it came: "I suppose you advise me to, old man?"

Sherrard really would not have minded, at that moment, if Mrs. Tablet not only married his old friend Malcolm but also shot him.

For there is an end to all things, and this was the end of all protective feeling. Sherrard had determined so once before, in Cairo, and then reneged from that most sensible resolve and landed in nothing but trouble. It wasn't, therefore, from a wide knowledge of human nature, nor from old affection, nor from any opinion of Cecilia Tablet, that he now gave his verdict. He gave it out of intense irritation.

"The sooner the better," said Sherrard.

IT TOOK place, the wedding, at least as soon as possible, Sherrard performing the offices of best man. Immediately after, Cecilia and Malcolm drove to the airport, there to embark on the first leg of their honeymoon, in Buenos Aires, and Sherrard returned to his flat. It was uncommonly pleasant to be home: he felt grateful at least to Cecilia not only for the obvious care she had lavished on his possessions but also for her ruthless ejection of Elfin Brown. (One had only to be firm. "You always *said* you liked living in Torquay," pointed out Cecilia, "and it's only fair to let Mr. Sherrard come back . . .")

At last, after months—so he felt—he could relax. He hoped, hoped very much, that he wouldn't hear of any shooting accident in Buenos Aires.

He was half asleep, upon the sofa, when the clarion voice of Mrs. Bates assaulted his ear.

"Well, sir!" cried Mrs. Bates. "Didn't it all pass off lovely! If there's any little thing I can do for you, I'll take off me Sunday 'at."

His attention thus directed, Sherrard said everything necessary in praise of Mrs. Bates's appearance; he felt he must have been preoccupied indeed to overlook it at the ceremony. For Mrs. Bates had undoubtedly been there too (dodging about at the back, she explained modestly), and what she now wanted, what she'd really come for, was to talk it all over.

"Mrs. Tablet—though we mustn't call 'er that now, must we, sir?—looked to my mind quite 'eavenly," stated Mrs. Bates. "The blue fox was a gift from Mr. Malcolm, likewise 'er posh diamond spray; all the rest, barring 'at, was from a little shop in Bond Street. The 'at—"

"I thought myself she looked extremely nice," said Sherrard. "I gather you approve?"

"Certainly I approve," said Mrs. Bates. "I consider it a marriage made in 'eaven."

Sherrard hesitated. The die was cast, what was done was done, and he accepted responsibility; he still felt, on one point, curious. "And I gather that you—knew, all along?"

Mrs. Bates made no pretense at not understanding him. "Certainly I knew. Let alone the papers, wasn't my Cousin Edie *there?"*

Sherrard gaped. He remembered now, vaguely, Mrs. Bates saying something of the sort before, about her Cousin Edie working for Mrs. Tablet. The present reference seemed somehow more precise. "*When* was your Cousin Edie there?"

"At the awful moment," said Mrs. Bates, casually.

"When Mrs. Tablet's husband—?"

"That's right," agreed Mrs. Bates. "She goes in, my Cousin Edie does, for cocktail parties. 'Ands round, and all that. When poor Mr. Tablet made away with 'imself, she'd just finished washing up."

"There was nothing of that in the evidence," said Sherrard.

"Well, no, there wasn't," admitted Mrs. Bates. "Seeing as all Edie saw and 'eard was just the same as Miss Brown saw and 'eard, where was the sense? An 'orrible quarrel, enough to bring 'er to the door, and Mr. Tablet whipping out this gun, and poor Mrs. Tablet trying to get it off of 'im, then '*im* knocking 'er for six, and bang! the mortal shot. It upset my Cousin Edie you wouldn't believe. So she nipped back in the kitchen, and put on 'er fur, and went 'ome."

"I'm damned," said Sherrard.

"Well, 'oo does want to get mixed up with the police?" inquired Mrs. Bates reasonably. "It was on 'er mind nonetheless—and I do assure you, sir, if it 'adn't been for Miss Brown, able to tell all just as it passed, Edie I stake my word would've been up giving evidence with the best."

"Mrs. Bates," said Sherrard, "you relieve my mind. Kindly convey to your Cousin Edie my warm regards. There's a chap in Oxford Street selling what he alleges to be nylons: I hope this note may buy you, and her, a pair apiece."

"Thank you very much I'm sure," said Mrs. Bates.

SHERRARD was more conscientious than he liked to admit; though he assured himself there was now no further action he need take, it was in vain; old friendships, however outworn, die hard. Remembering the radiant faces of Cecilia and Malcolm, and reflecting that even millionaires sometimes come to grief, and finally perceiving Elfin Brown still able to make a thundering nuisance of herself—as a result of all these considerations, Sherrard morosely engineered a personal interview with Cousin Edie.

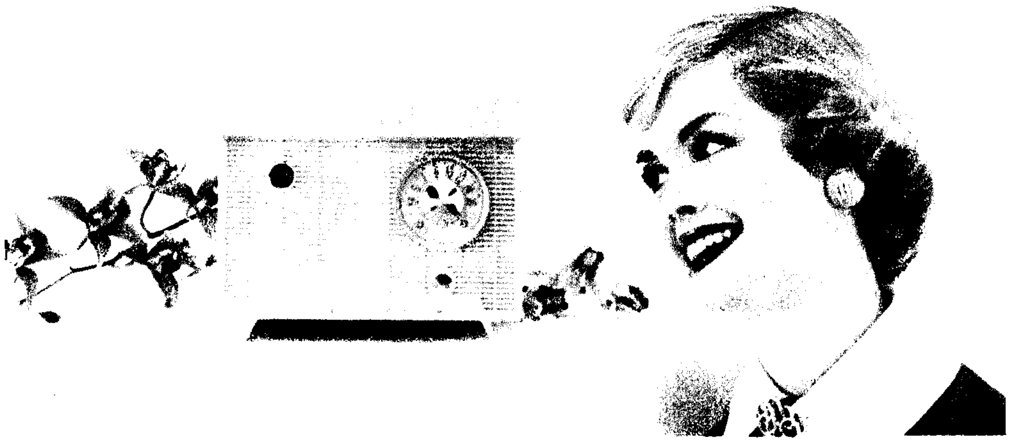
Her tale convinced at every point. His temper improved by dispatching to Buenos Aires a full account of the facts, together with Edie's name and address.

As a final gesture of friendship, it was a worthy one. It was also more final than Sherrard anticipated. For Malcolm's reply was less grateful than indignant: Had Sherrard actually still been harboring doubts, demanded Malcolm, of the sweetest little woman who ever breathed? And as for Elfin Brown, if Sherrard didn't yet understand Cecilia's pure, innocent attitude toward her, that was probably, if regrettably, the fault of Sherrard's own ungenerous mind. . . .

Sherrard read the letter through and grinned a trifle wryly. At least, he thought, he's got Edie's address. Providence, by the hand of Sherrard, had at least armed Malcolm with that. Sherrard hoped nonetheless that the Providence of simple millionaires and of thoroughly nice women would in future choose another instrument than himself.

—MARGERY SHARP

Eyes open or closed...
you can tell it's an RCA Victor



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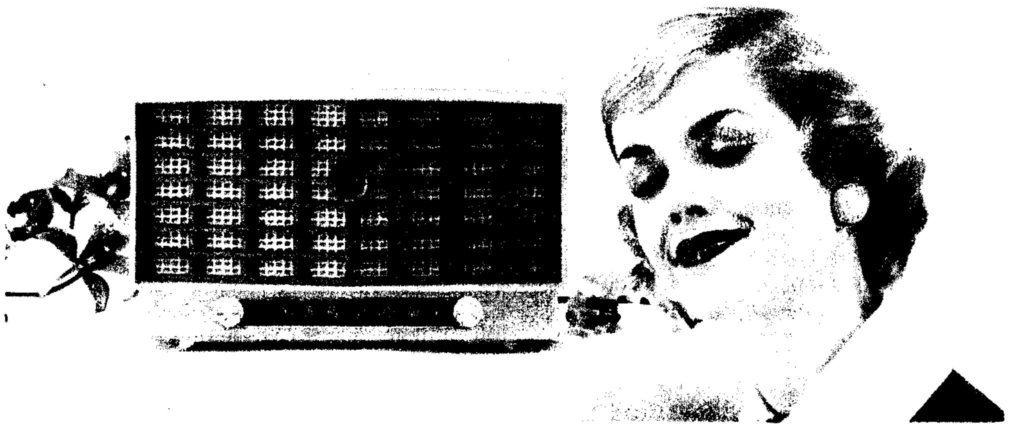

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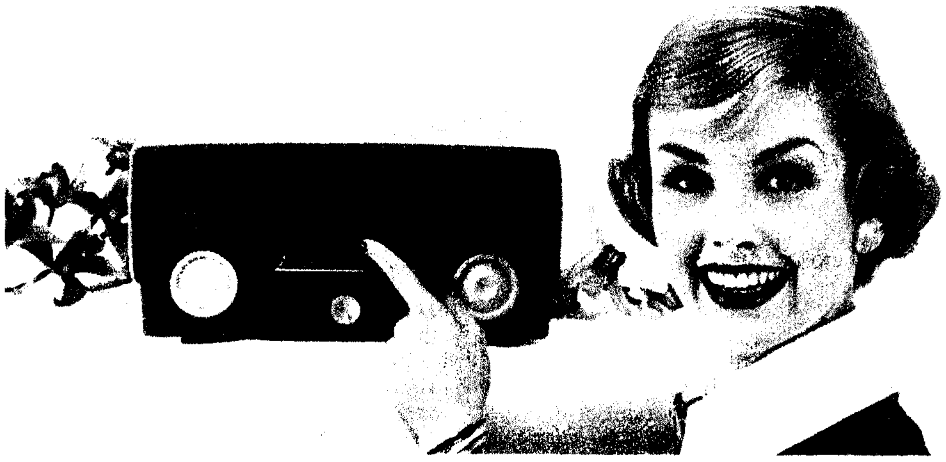

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Try the *Slide-O-Matic* "Victrola" 45 radio-phonograph combination. Slip in record, flip "Play Bar," out comes music. Powerful radio, too! Black with gray or antique white with turquoise. Model 6XY5. **$44.95.**

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WANTED: The man without a face

continued from page 23

that this isn't their job but trying not to be too obvious about it. There are the usual pleasantries about the pity of breaking up a rummy game and the Bomb Squad is left with the problem.

"One trouble is," said Schmitt, "every problem is a new one. Every infernal machine is different. The ones that work on acid, the ones that work on a watch, the ones that work on position. We get the people away and then figure what we're going to do."

"Getting the people away" may mean anything from pushing aside a few bystanders to getting 5,000 people out of Radio City Music Hall or evacuating 100 families from five fair-sized apartment houses.

"It helps if you have an anonymous phone call giving you the explosion time, sort of," Schmitt explains, dubiously; "then you know you can't fiddle around. You've got to kill the bomb or get it out of there."

POINT ONE is to find out if it is a position contact. One detective goes up to the bomb, listens for a ticking within (there seldom is one), gently hooks a 150-foot line to the top, retreats the length of the line, and gently pulls. (Or he may use the bulletproof glass and the grocery grippers, depending on the circumstances.)

Nothing happens. So it's not a position bomb.

If the bomb is in an area where there is no effective way of removing people —and Manhattan has many such places, such as railroad stations and bus terminals—and the Bomb Squad is working against time, there are two possible further steps.

The bomb, in its container, can be pulled apart, if it does not look too formidable.

The station wagon carries a set of "bomb tongs" somewhat like those used by icemen. To each handle is attached a 150-foot length of rope. One tong is gently hooked around one end of the package, and its length of rope is paid out and tied to an immovable object. The other is hooked gently around the other end of the object and fixed—frequently—to the bumper of the station wagon. As the station wagon is moved slowly away, the jaws of the tongs close and the infernal machine is torn apart.

"One thing you can't do," Schmitt warns, "is open a package the way it's supposed to be opened. Say you have a package address-side up. Some detonators are set so the tied-down pressure of the lid of the container holds them open. You open them right side up, the detonator snaps over and they explode.

"Or a suitcase—never open the side with the lock on it. Go around back and take the pins out of the hinges. And you have to make sure the guy who made it hasn't thought of that too, so you check to see that he hasn't set the detonator around back."

How do you check? That's a hard question to answer, which is why not everyone applies for Bomb Squad duty.

If the bomb tongs won't do, there is a device called a "time-bomb detector," which is something like a doctor's stethoscope. The unexploded bomb is placed in an oil bath (oil will forestall both electrical and chemical reaction). The earphone of the time-bomb detector, which works under oil and is so sensitive it will pick up the tick of "silent" watches, is placed against the package. If it is a time bomb, the detective simply listens until it stops ticking. Then he knows the oil has got into the works and clogged them. Once the ticking stops, the bomb can be fluoroscoped.

"If we have to," said Schmitt, "we can get in and cut the wires with a glass knife we carry—glass is a nonconductor of electricity. Sometimes we take a bomb out in the van to an isolated area and detonate it by shooting at it."

The van he referred to is one of two big 14-ton closed trucks with several inner linings of heavy steel woven-cable mats. If a bomb did go off as the van was trundling through the city streets (an exercise carried out when traffic is lightest) the mesh would—presumably —confine the blast to the van itself. This, the Bomb Squad is happy to report, has never been proved by experience.

The squad has a manual carrier, made on a similar principle, for moving small pipe bombs such as those the infernal machinist likes to leave in theaters. A bomb can be placed in this woven steel cable bag, which looks like a giant purse, and carried with some degree of safety by running a 15-foot pole through the handle and having one man in front, another in the rear.

"You have to watch out," Schmitt explained, "that you don't turn the carrier itself into a bigger and more lethal bomb. The carrier is tested for three ounces of powder. If you put a bomb in there loaded with eight ounces, say, and it went off, the carrier would become a bomb itself and blow metal all over the place. But we haven't made any mistakes like that yet."

Having deactivated or exploded the bomb, the Bomb Squad starts on its familiar routine—gathering together the component parts, having them analyzed, trying to trace them.

It is at this point that the Bomb Squad detective wearily shakes his head and tells how the components of the average homemade bomb—like the bombs made by the infernal machinist —can be bought in any plumbing-supply store, any cheap jewelry store.

THE MACHINIST'S BOMBS, the police note with some dismay, are steadily getting more professional over the years. They generally consist, now, of a three-inch length of ordinary pipe an inch in diameter, neatly stopped at each end with a pipe cap, available in any plumbing-supply shop, the thread neatly turned on a lathe. Each bomb contains almost two ounces of the sort of smokeless powder that can be obtained from shotgun shells (an Army hand grenade contains less than two ounces of explosive) and has a cheap wrist-watch works as a timing mechanism. The very ordinariness of the material drives the cops daffy.

Says Schmitt, "I personally have taken the watch-timing mechanism from one of the bombs this clown has made to 75 stores around Times Square. Every one stocked that watch."

"And I," said Detective Rothengast, "once spent a solid day going to plumbing-supply stores. Every one stocked the kind of pipe I had. And every one looked at me as if I had holes in my head when I asked if there was any way to trace this particular piece."

You get an eerie feeling about this case, once you have dealt with it long enough. You are dealing with a man who can be described in such detail that at times you feel he is sitting in the room with you, just across from you. Except for one thing. He has no face. His face remains a blank no matter how you try to visualize it. And this juxtaposition of feelings, knowing so much yet nothing at all, can suddenly give you the sensation, after hours and days of talking with detectives and thumbing through records, that you are walking down streets crowded with gray and faceless men, looking for a man you wouldn't recognize.

More than one detective on the case has had this feeling.

For much is known about the infernal machinist. The picture of him that has slowly been blocked in over the years almost comes alive before your eyes—except for the face. Good detectives have an eye and a memory for faces, and most of them say that when they envision a known criminal they think of him as coming toward them. But the detectives on the case of the infernal machinist always think of him as a figure walking away from them.

The very sound, the intonation of this man's voice is known, for he has more than once telephoned a high-ranking police official to crow over his latest exploit. His handwriting is known. And once he was seen—this is the most tantalizing clue of all—by someone who saw him only from the back and who didn't know who he was until afterward.

EVERY SCRAP OF EVIDENCE about this man's identity has been examined again and again by police, by psychiatrists, by psychologists, by handwriting experts, by experts on language—by everyone the police think might help. Here is what they know about the infernal machinist:

He is today a man of about forty-eight, probably a bachelor and probably born and educated in Germany. He is of ordinary height and inconspicuous in appearance. He has a facial defect. He probably works nights, either in a machine shop or someplace else where he has access to machine tools. He is, say the psychiatrists, an egomaniac who delights in the feeling that he has the power of life and death over others, and he loves publicity.

This description of the machinist was built up logically, and there's no secret about the way it was done (except for the facial defect, which the police absolutely refuse to talk about).

That he was born and educated in Germany is the conclusion of the handwriting experts and language scholars, who found Teutonic characteristics in the way he formed his letters and constructed his sentences. That he works nights follows from the fact that he plants his bombs in the daytime, judging from the times of his telephone calls, the postmarks on the letters and the explosions themselves.

That he loves publicity is obvious. Here's a typical letter of his, received by the night editor of the New York Herald Tribune at 10:15 P.M. October 18, 1951, six weeks before the 14th Street subway bombing: "Bombs will continue until the Consolidated Edison Co. is brought to justice for their dastardly acts to me. I have exhausted all other means. I intend with bombs to cause others to cry out for justice to me. If I don't get justice I will continue but with bigger bombs."

What an unhinged mind might consider "dastardly acts" is open to endless speculation, and poses a question the bedeviled Edison Company would dearly love to be able to answer.

Not only do the police have a pretty good description of the machinist; his technique in a theater has been reconstructed in great detail.

He buys an admission ticket shortly after the theater opens in the morning, about 10:00 A.M., possibly the fiftieth patron. He has nothing in his hands, for his bomb is in one pocket of his coat and an ordinary cheap jackknife in another.

This shadowy figure sits in an empty section of the orchestra, away from other persons. In the darkness of the show, he reaches to the seat next to him, slits the bottom with his knife, and slides in both the bomb and the knife (presumably so if anything goes wrong and he is searched before he leaves the theater, the knife will not be found on him).

Then he moves to another section of the theater and watches the show. As the theater fills up, and the early customers begin to leave—and the time for the explosion draws near—the machinist gets up, tags along behind someone who is leaving, and vanishes.

It is extraordinary that so far only one person has been injured by all his bombs, though there have been some near misses. This remarkable statistic is partly explained by the speed with which the police act on any call about a bomb, and particularly one of his.

The madman may not have killed anyone, but he has posed a threat to thousands.

At 6:30 P.M. last May 1st, for example, he called police with the news that he had put one of his products in Radio City Music Hall.

At that moment, 4,500 persons were enjoying Leslie Caron in The Glass Slipper. Police conducted their search quietly, without disturbing the audience. Few of them even knew anything unusual was happening. The bomb, a dud, wasn't found until 4:45 A.M. the following day, when it was picked up by a cleaner. The timer, a cheap watch, had failed the machinist: it had stopped.

ONE DAY the madman installed his bomb in a dime package locker in the Port Authority Bus Terminal. This bomb exploded, and the police rounded up every person they could lay their hands on who might conceivably contribute one gleam of information.

One of the witnesses was a balloon peddler. His contribution was meager enough, but he occupies a unique position in the eyes of the New York Police Department. The balloon peddler is the only living man known to have actually *seen* the infernal machinist.

The peddler, who sold mammoth souvenir balloons in the Times Square area, had fallen into the habit of storing his reserve stock for the day in a favorite locker in the bus terminal. As he approached the locker that day, he told police, he saw an inconspicuous man of ordinary height, dressed in ordinary clothes, just closing it. The man walked off, losing himself in the crowd, and the peddler took another locker. The peddler never saw his face.

To the police, this was fascinating information—and useless. The infernal machinist remains without a face.

THE END

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THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
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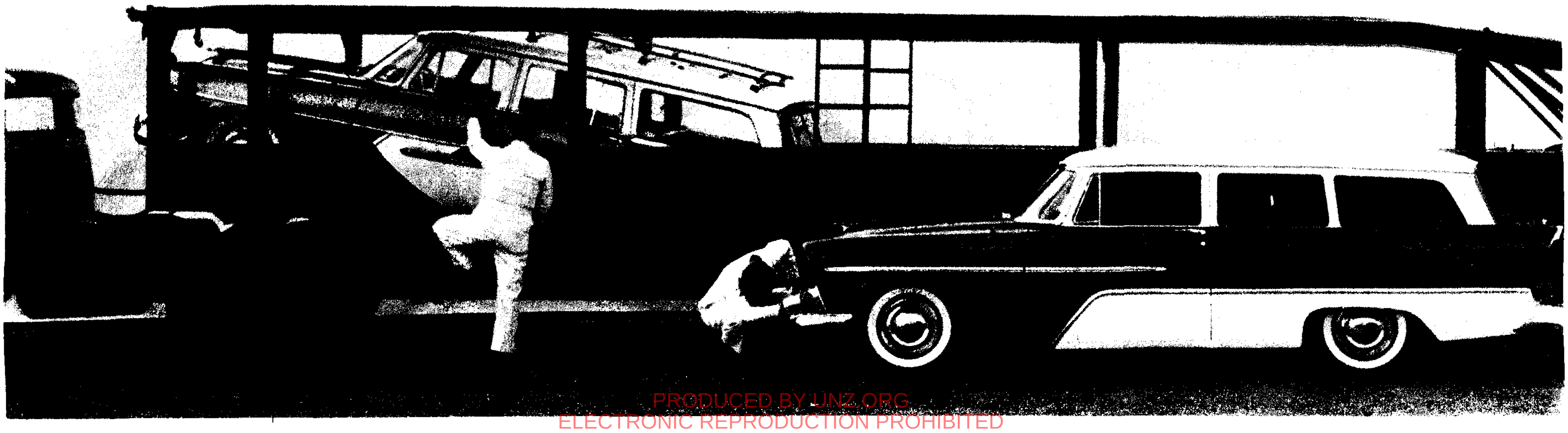

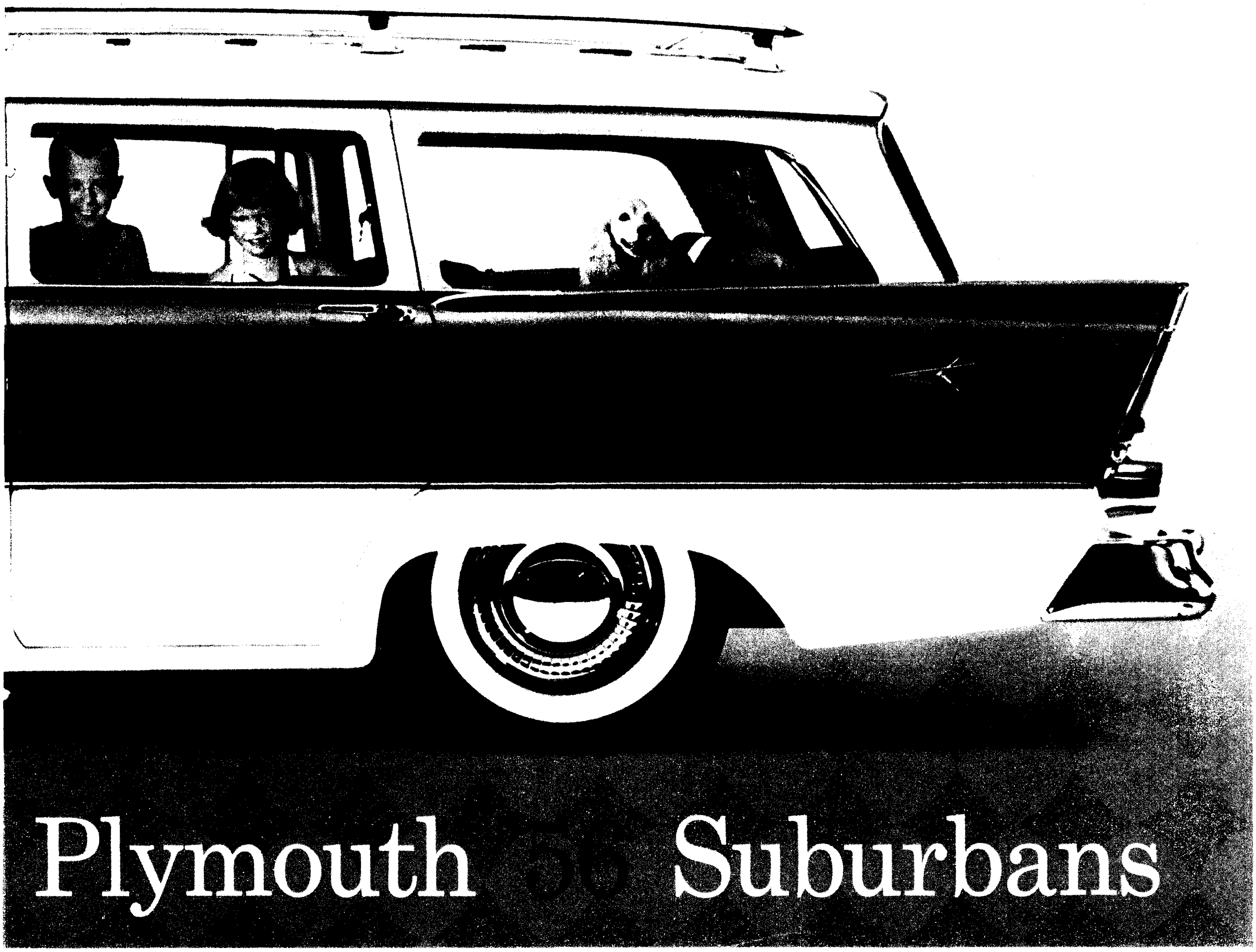

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Get the news: "PLYMOUTH NEWS CARAVAN" with John Cameron Swayze, NBC-TV. "SHOWER OF STARS" and "CLIMAX!" CBS-TV.

The car that's going places with the Young in Heart

Belgian Congo, comprising one twelfth of Africa (left), contains some of the world's richest and most critical minerals, shown by symbols on map of colony at right. Proposed Inga power project would multiply area's great wealth, backers say

INGA

At this point along a violent 15 miles of the swirling Congo River lies the potential site of the greatest power project on earth. Its development could change all Africa's future. But progress is stymied by a smoldering controversy

By JOHN NEWHOUSE

John Newhouse, a member of Collier's Washington staff, spent six weeks in the Belgian Congo and a week in Brussels gathering material for this revealing report on what may become the world's greatest hydroelectric-power project.

BETWEEN Léopoldville, capital of the Belgian Congo, and Matadi, the chief port, there is a savage stretch of the Congo River through which the water plunges 300 feet in only 15 miles. It is an awesome span of sustained violence—of currents endlessly crashing against huge rocks, of water swirling so wildly that at times it seems to be surging backward.

At one point, the cascading river widens out, then turns sharply and spills down through the narrow rapids known as Inga. The water pouring through Inga each day is four times the amount which flows over Niagara Falls in the same period.

Although few people have seen or even heard of this stupendous work of nature, Inga may soon become a familiar name—and an explosive one—because potentially it is the greatest hydroelectric-power site on earth. Already a vital debate smolders around it in both Belgium and the Congo. In this controversy—up to now unheard of by most Americans—the United States looms as a silent but crucial factor.

Africa's mightiest river pours down these narrow rapids which are the proposed site of huge Inga power project

Put to work, Inga could serve the world's cheapest power to an industrial concentration 30 times the size of Detroit and Pittsburgh combined. Its potential, 20,000,000 kilowatts, is three times more electricity than Great Britain uses, one fifth the total U.S. consumption. The men who dream of developing Inga see in it a key to the economic future not only of the Congo, but of all Central Africa and possibly the entire seething continent.

On the face of it, the vast promise of this spectacular natural phenomenon on the lower reaches of Africa's mightiest river should have sparked action long since. Yet there is serious doubt as to when Inga will be harnessed. Foes of its immediate development are as powerful as its friends are zealous.

In favor of full speed ahead on Inga are certain key members of Belgium's coalition government and a number of long-range thinkers who believe that, aside from the economic benefits, a harnessed Inga could change the present strong anti-European tide in Africa; not to develop Inga, they feel, would be the surest way for Belgium to lose the Congo, the world's richest colonial prize.

Others take a dim view of such talk. On the contrary, they feel that Inga's development, unless pursued cautiously and with proper safeguards, might even speed the day when Belgium would have to give up the Congo. Among the stanchest exponents of this theme are Belgium's opposition party, the Social Christians (P.S.C.), and, more potent, certain of the Big Five Belgian cartels which dominate the Congo and which see in an Inga developed on any but their own terms a threat to their grip on the colony.

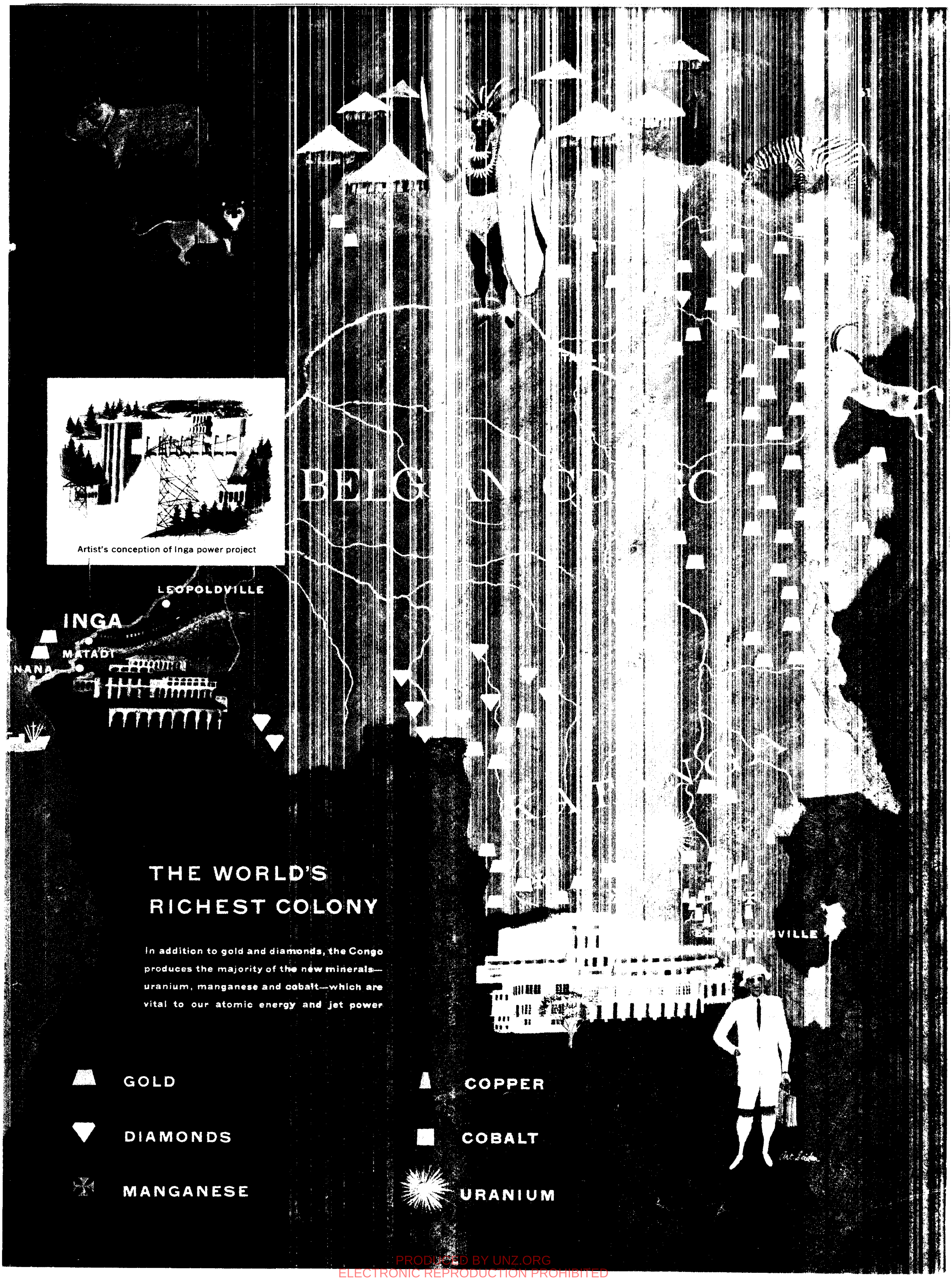
Athwart this conflict is the reluctant but important figure of Uncle Sam. The kind of capital needed to develop a project of Inga's size is hard to come by these days except from Americans. Those who want to push Inga hard view the prospect of American participation enthusiastically. Their critics fear it; on the heels of U.S. investment, they predict, would come America's anticolonial influence and its disturbing effect on the comfortable *status quo*. Having controlled the fabulously wealthy Congo for most of this century, the cartels have no wish to share one of its greatest resources—the Congo River—with outsiders.

The Inga controversy was officially kicked off last April in a press conference held by Auguste Buisseret, Belgium's Minister of Colonies. Besides predicting that Inga would become "the greatest industrial project in the world," he dealt with its two biggest problems: where to get the $1,000,000,000 to $1,500,000,000 (his estimate) that development of Inga would require, and who or what would consume all that power. To both questions he had the same answer: outside investment.

"We must inevitably face the creation of large combines which alone are capable of solving these problems," Buisseret declared. "This poses the problem of foreign-capital participation." What followed was a virtual invitation to outsiders to come into Inga, and a guarantee that they would receive fair if not preferred treatment if they did. This proposal, rather astonishing in itself, generated some high voltage still crackling through Belgian business and government circles.

Certain cartels moved quietly but quickly to line up opposition. They found formidable support in the P.S.C., out of power for the first time in recent years and eager to club Buisseret, a bitter political enemy. Buisseret, his foes charged, was pushing an impractical scheme that could cost Belgium its control of the Congo.

Before the minister's press conference, even most Belgians hadn't heard of Inga. A few engineers and economists had known of it since a technical report was first made in 1926, but no Belgian government had ever shown serious interest in it. That this one has is due chiefly to one man, Valère Darchambeau, economic adviser to Buisseret, and even more controversial than his boss. His enemies include some of the most influential businessmen and politicians in Belgium. To them he is at best a misty-eyed dreamer, at worst a "madman who



BELG AN CO C
LEOPOLDVILLE
INGA
MATADI
NANA
VILLE
GOLD
DIAMONDS
MANGANESE
COPPER
COBALT
URANIUM

Artist's conception of Inga power project

THE WORLD'S RICHEST COLONY

In addition to gold and diamonds, the Congo produces the majority of the new minerals—uranium, manganese and cobalt—which are vital to our atomic energy and jet power

INGA *continued*

Sons of cannibals now run IBM machines in this colony of fabulous progress and wealth

would trade the Congo for a project."

His friends, and they include the Americans who know him best, view Darchambeau as bold and imaginative. Normally affable, he is deadly serious when discussing Inga. He told me: "If I were gone, and the minister, too, this project would still go forward. It's too big to identify with individuals." Obsessed with the future, he argues that the surest way to lose the Congo would be *not* to develop Inga's potential.

TO UNDERSTAND the Inga conflict, it is important to understand the Belgian Congo and its special place in Africa. The Congo is often called the world's most successful colonial enterprise. If so, the credit belongs, first, to the Belgians' intelligent application of a policy whose very name—paternalism—is distasteful to much of the rest of the world; and second, to nature itself, which endowed the Congo with the huge mineral reserves that have enabled paternalism to work.

From a single Congo province, Katanga, the free world now gets 75 per cent of its cobalt, a vital ingredient in jet engines; more than half of its uranium (from one mine, Shinkolobwe); and 220,000 tons a year of the richest copper ore anywhere. North of Katanga, the Bakwanga mines produce 75 per cent of the world's industrial diamonds. From the east comes 8 per cent of its tin.

As if this were not enough, current Congo reports, unverified but substantial, have it that between Léopoldville and the sea—in the region known as the Bas (Lower) Congo—exist mineral deposits of even greater purity and size than Katanga's. The minerals mentioned are copper, uranium, manganese, iron and tin. The significance of all this is obvious, not only for the free world, whose ore requirements become ever more urgent, but for Inga, which is also in the Bas Congo. Whatever groups exploit these minerals would automatically need nearby hydro power, thus partly solving one of Inga's toughest problems—finding customers.

Whether the Bas Congo's development, let alone Inga's, will take place soon is another matter. The Congo brand of paternalism is geared for gradual progress, not rapid growth. Almost every Belgian I met there told me that to go too fast in the Congo would be to risk losing it all.

The colony's population is 12,000,000 Bantu Africans and 80,000 Europeans. Nobody forgets the disproportion for very long.

Despite this go-slow attitude, however, the benefits of paternalism are reaching more Bantus all the time. More than 1,000,000 children attend 26,500 schools, most run by Catholic or Protestant missions and heavily subsidized by both government and industry. More than 2,000 hospitals and dispensaries guard the Bantu's health against myriad tropical diseases. There are more hospital beds in the Congo than anywhere else in Africa.

Africans whose fathers ate their enemies and mutilated themselves in obedience to ceremonial rites are now employed as bank tellers, teachers, cartographers, insurance salesmen and toolmakers; they captain the Congo River barges and operate the Congo's locomotives, heavy mine machinery and factory precision instruments. They even run the government's IBM machines.

At present, there is no serious unrest in the colony, even though no Congolese can vote (nor can any white man living in the Congo). All political power flows from Brussels. "We've been here less than 50 years," almost any Belgian will tell you. "When we arrived, these people were still in the Bronze Age. Twenty-five years ago, if you gave one of them a wheelbarrow, he would remove the wheel and substitute a pair of sticks. It's too soon to talk about political rights."

Physically, the Congo is a country of bigness, extremes and contrasts. Its size is about equal to the entire U.S. east of the Mississippi. Almost half of it is equatorial rain forest—gloomy and almost impenetrable. In the east and south, the huge saucer-like basin of the giant Congo River gives way to hills, mountain ranges and a temperate climate. In the southwest are the wooded savannas and low plains of the Bas Congo, which provide the colony with a narrow corridor to the Atlantic. On the coast, just above the mouth of the Congo River, are the small towns of Banana and Moanda, divided and nearly encircled by a big, flat plateau, the probable site for the industry that Inga would attract. Little Banana, about 100 miles from Inga, would be the vital port city for the whole huge complex.

IN MANY RESPECTS the Congo has not changed since Henry M. Stanley, famed as the British journalist who found the missing missionary, Dr. Livingstone, first explored its rugged terrain more than three quarters of a century ago; anyone seeking adventure there today would probably find it. There are still plenty of "old African hands" around to chill the blood with stories of a disgruntled elephant which has stopped and demolished a passing car, of a crocodile which has slithered into a native village and made off with a sleeping child, of a district surgeon who, badly gored by a buffalo, refused an anesthetic and supervised the sewing-up operation himself.

But in the cities the sense of timelessness has been eclipsed by a whir of activity reflecting the Congo's fantastic wealth. Because the pressures of the cold war have quickened demand for its raw minerals, the Congo today boasts a gross national product of $1,000,000,000—more than twice what it was ten years ago. The amount of Congolese currency has more than doubled since 1948. It is the hardest currency in all of Africa, and the Belgian franc is one of the hardest in the world.

CONGO CITIES hum to a tune called by the "Big Five," a quintet of huge, monopolistic companies which began to be entrenched in the colony early in the 1900s. These cartels have the Congo's economy sewed up tight. Obviously, their views of Inga's development are crucial.

Cominière (Société Commerciale et Minière du Congo) has sizable interests in rail and truck transportation and in agriculture. Through a subsidiary, Agrifor, which is now in partnership in the Bas Congo with the U.S. Plywood Corporation (largest of the few American interests in the country), it is also the Congo's biggest lumber producer. Cominière's president, Martin Thèves, is stanchly pro-American, and is known to believe that the presence of American capital in the Congo would be good insurance for Belgium. He favors a gradual development of Inga—but he doesn't expect to be around to see it.

The *Baron Empain Group* is a banking syndicate whose major interest in the Congo is a railroad, the CFL. It also holds vast and largely undeveloped concessions in the eastern part of the colony. The Inga project does not directly affect the group, and thus it is likely to stay out of the controversy unless the need arises for all Big Five cartels to close ranks.

Huilever is a Belgian subsidiary of the British-Dutch-owned Unilever, and is the chief dealer in palm oil, the Congo's most important nonmineral product. Holding no mineral concessions, Huilever parallels the Baron Empain Group in its views on Inga.

Brufina (Société de Bruxelles pour la Finance et l'Industrie) is the Congo's biggest tin producer. It is also tied in closely with the powerful Banque de Bruxelles and has profitable holdings in Congo real estate. Inga's supporters regard Brufina's strong man, Henri Depage, as one of the bitterest foes of the project, but he stoutly denies it. Rather, he says, he opposes any plan to put Inga's development into the hands of a government agency; the issue, in his view, is a conflict of "private initiative against Socialism."

Société Générale de Belgique, or "General Company," is aptly named, for this holding company is the real heavyweight of the Big Five. It controls from 60 to 65 per cent of all Congo investment, and bulks nearly as large in Belgium, too. It owns banks, refineries, and transport and shipping companies. It has major interests, shared in many cases by the Belgian government itself, in scores of industrial enterprises, both heavy and light.

A subsidiary of the Société called Forminière mines 62 per cent of the world's diamonds. The richest prize in the company's portfolio, however, is the Union Minière du Haut Katanga (UMHK), itself one of the world's biggest corporations. As the producer of more than half of the Western World's uranium (the U.S. gets nearly all of it), three fourths of its cobalt and the richest copper ore found anywhere, UMHK is regarded with special respect by every big government in the world.

The value of UMHK's exports—excluding the figures for uranium, which are secret—amounts to 45 per cent of the Congo's total; its taxes pay a third of the colony's expenses. Like its parent company, UMHK's interests spread into many other areas, and it is not above buying up secondary industries which tend to proliferate wherever it sinks a shaft. It is both the Congo's biggest power producer and biggest consumer. It has built three hydro-electric-power plants in Katanga and is at work on a fourth.

Fabulously rich, successful, confident and very conservative, UMHK bestrides the colony with its influence and manages Katanga like a feudal fief. Its executive director and strong man, Herman Robilliart, told me that he favored "some sort" of power development in the Inga area. Yet one of his closest associates embellished this comment significantly: "Of course the power is there. But nobody will ever eat it."

Inga's boosters feel that both UMHK and its monolithic parent are too big to risk open hostility to so vast an idea but might well instigate all sorts of delaying actions until they are assured of control of the Inga program. In both Brussels and Léopoldville, one hears that the men of the Société Générale and UMHK plan to save both Inga and the Bas Congo minerals for their grandchildren. UMHK does not yet own these mines, but it does have some Bas Congo concessions, and will have more. It has spent $3,000,000 just looking around the area.

WHY WOULD Société Générale-UMHK want to keep the lid on the Bas Congo's development? One reason is that its officials would simply prefer not sharing either the power or the minerals, except on their own terms. An American who has dealt for years with them describes their attitude this way: "Société Générale is too smart an outfit ever to be caught publicly on the wrong side of an issue that represents the kind of progress this one does. Instead, its people will try to cut the thing to a smaller size and handle it themselves."

"Suppose that doesn't work?" I asked.

"Then they'll go in on the ground floor and control as much as they can."

At present, the Big Five control 90 per cent of all Congo investment, and the United States accounts for less than half of one per cent of what's left. But if the Inga project goes forward on its proponents' terms, there seems little doubt that American investors would have a big part in it. Last year, at Buisseret's request, an American study mission, appointed by our Foreign Operations Administration and headed by William M. Rand, former president of the Monsanto Chemical Company, looked into the Inga scheme. After a brief survey, the mission recommended detailed research into the cost of the project, the engineering problems and the potential market for the power. It concluded that "given favorable results of the proposed research we are of the opinion that additional capital, Belgian and foreign . . . can be found to finance appropriate industries."

The Rand group also commented cautiously that an inspection of the geology of the area indicated "the possibility of important mineral deposits," and recommended that survey work "be intensified and extended." A member of the mission explained privately that this suggestion was aimed "at anyone with ideas of sitting on these minerals for two or three generations."

The Rand report, though a handy reference for interested American industrialists, is not often quoted in Brussels. One of Inga's most articulate promoters paradoxically feels that the best way to kill the Inga development plan would be to stress the prospect of American participation. His own solution would be to keep America out—to rely on English, Dutch, Swiss and French capital, thus "keeping the syndicate European" and free of anticolonial influence.

Fear of the Americans coming in on the Bas Congo's development is certainly one reason for the opposition of the Big Five. Another is the fear of what such development, combined with the influence of American ideas and methods, would do to the Congolese themselves.

A striking example of how far the Congolese can go under the stimulus of economic prosperity is already evident in Léopoldville. Though not typical of the rest of the country, the capital might well reflect the shape of things to come. A boom town, with its population of 325,000 Negroes and 20,000 whites six times that of 1940, it is also the setting for one of paternalism's most dramatic consequences: the emergence of an African middle class.

Nobody was more astonished than the Belgian authorities when they found that several Congolese owed as much as $2,000 in taxes on their 1953 earnings. In Léopoldville, fully 100 Congolese had declared earnings ranging from $14,000 to $20,000. Previously, native tax statements had received scant attention on the assumption that they didn't amount to much.

Nor is this the only sign of the burgeoning middle class. There is volume selling of sewing machines and radios, and installment buying of refrigerators and other appliances has begun. About 7,000 Bantu entrepreneurs, mostly tradesmen, are banded together in several associations, and their influence is certain to grow.

THERE IS A MOUNTING demand for land; thousands of Congolese are building and financing their own homes. A bank in the capital has 1,500 native depositors. One sees Africans in double-breasted suits, shaking hands on the streets in the Continental manner and addressing one another as "Monsieur." This last amuses many Belgians, but at the same time the implications disturb them.

Many realistic Belgians believe that the Congolese will someday be in a position to reclaim their country, and hope that when the time comes there will be a plebiscite in which the Congolese will vote to link their future with Belgium's. They talk of a Congo-Belgian federation with close economic ties.

Not all Belgian businessmen are opposed to this goal; quite a few regard it as simple justice. But more view with distaste the prospect of doing business—if they can do business at all—in a country administered by Africans.

"They aren't ready," I was told. "They won't be ready for 50 years—100 years."

Such remarks pinpoint Belgium's basic dilemma. To go too slowly is to risk losing the Congo in a Bantu upheaval. To go faster might mean releasing the Bantus from the snug chrysalis of paternalism and allowing them to penetrate the colonial government and the professions.

A conservative Bantu businessman, a builder in Léopoldville, told me that to talk about breaking away from Belgium was silly. "What could we do?" he asked. "We have skilled workers, but no engineers, lawyers or scientists. We need the Belgians."

"Yes, but all signs point to your having professional people in a few years," I said. "In ten or fifteen years, you should have many of them."

"Ah," he smiled. "By then, perhaps we'll be ready." The fact is, however, that to younger and more impatient *evolués*—those Congolese who have "evolved"—15 years is a conservative estimate.

Caught in the middle of Belgium's fundamental dilemma about its prize colony is the Inga project. To go forward with it immediately, using outside capital, would commit the Congo to the world's biggest industrial scheme. To dally about it would gamble the colony's future on the world market price for raw materials—admittedly a good gamble at the moment—and perhaps sacrifice a tremendous opportunity.

WHEN INGA'S FATE will be decided is unpredictable. A Royal Commission, a high-level catchall composed of both go-slow and go-fast schools of thought, has been studying the problem for months. At least one proposal it weighed, put forth by Buisseret and Darchambeau, was to create a separate governmental authority which would supervise the Bas Congo's development and raise the foreign capital to build Inga and grant concessions to incoming industries.

More recently signs of a compromise with the cartel viewpoint have appeared; Darchambeau now believes that the type of Inga plan which may win ultimate acceptance by the Belgian Parliament will be a sort of TVA—but with "more or less" scope permitted to private industry. However, he fears that if the plan finally adopted is too favorable to the Big Five, foreign investors will be reluctant to come in.

Almost as uncertain as who will control Inga is its eventual physical setup. Tentative plans drafted by a Belgian-government study group call for construction of three dams below Sikila Island, some 165 miles down the Congo from Léopoldville. One would direct the water into Matamba Valley, a huge natural basin alongside the river course, and the other two would pen it there. At the lower end of the valley, three power stations would be built. At this stage, however, all such planning is nebulous.

Moreover, no attempt will be made at first to produce all 20,000,000 kilowatts; just finding the generators and turbines for that much power would take years. The Ministry of Colonies expects to begin with a 2,000,000-kilowatt plant, which would still be the biggest in the world. When it is finished, the ministry would expand gradually toward the 20,000,000 target. It would take perhaps five years to finish comprehensive technical studies and plans, and at least ten years would elapse before Inga could actually make power.

Labor would also be a problem. There is a shortage of manpower in the Congo now. But the planners say the industries that would gravitate to Inga would be of the highly mechanized variety which do not require large labor forces. Moreover, they assert, Africans from the neighboring colonies would be attracted to Inga by wages, and skilled technicians would be imported from Europe and America.

The planners really get enthusiastic when they discuss the potential consumers of Inga's power. There are huge bauxite deposits on the Gold Coast and in French West Africa, and pro-Inga forces think it would all be converted into aluminum at Inga. Some talk about refining the raw ore of all Africa. Others go further and predict that the tin and other minerals from the Far East would be shipped to Inga's cheap power. South America's bauxite is also on their list of probables, and indeed, there is talk of making most of the world's aluminum right at Inga.

Against the argument that, initially, there would be no one to consume the power, Inga people argue that the electrometal and electrochemical industries would be so eager for this cheap power that they would compete to come in.

"The alarm button, Foster! Step on the alarm button!"

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

Darchambeau estimates that Inga's power would be from 30 to 50 per cent cheaper than the cheapest power in the United States. "And don't forget," add Inga's friends, "industry gravitates to power, not power to industry."

A few talk passionately about what Inga could do for some of the Congo's poorer neighbors, countries which have natural resources but little incentive to develop them. They point out that in all of Africa there are less than 6,500,000 installed kilowatts of power, that the economic future of the whole continent may hinge on what happens to Inga.

"But," say Inga's opponents, "you would need 100,000 new workers—maybe even 500,000 with all that industry—plus an entire new city for them."

"All right," comes the reply. "We'll import the workers and build the city."

"Yes, and you'd need a railroad from Inga to Matadi."

"Still all right. That's only 35 miles."

SO THE ARGUMENT RAGES. Our own government, deeply interested in both Inga's power and the Bas Congo's minerals, watches closely but discreetly. The Belgian government watches the American reaction just as closely and somewhat nervously. And the Société Générale and UMHK, which work closely with both governments, affect a majestic indifference.

In Léopoldville, people seem aware that a huge force is stirring, but there is one group, oddly enough, whose views are neither sought nor discussed—the Congolese. And in the long run, a developed Inga would mean more to them than to any of the rest. It would mean a more durable economy and less dependence on mineral prices. It would mean less reliance on expensive imports. Fertilizer figures prominently in the Inga plan, and one fertilizer factory could vastly benefit Congolese agriculture.

When Belgium's King Baudouin arrived in Léopoldville last May on a state visit, he was greeted by this editorial in a Congolese newspaper:

". . . We do not wish to involve ourselves in the argument which surrounds economic plans of the Minister of Colonies. But we would like, Sire, to clarify our attitude on this subject . . .

"Each day our people evolve and soon we will have our doctors, our lawyers, our engineers. It is not enough to form this elite of tomorrow. It is necessary also to create jobs for them. Of what use is an engineer if he is employed as a foreman? To create superior titles, but not the responsibilities that go with them, would cause the birth of a bitter class, with all the dangers that this comports for our country. . . .

"It is necessary to industrialize the country further. After 60 years, everything proves that industrialization is synonymous with prosperity and well-being.

"We Congolese go on record, therefore, as endorsing any industrial project, whatever its cost, whatever the source of its investment. We can't but applaud, for example, the project that would create a force of 20,000,000 kilowatts.

"And very frankly, Sire, we say to you that the origin of the capital that brings such wealth to our country is of very little importance."

There is, in this editorial, a plea to go forward. There is also a clear warning to Belgium. THE END

The Surly Sea Monster

By HANNIBAL COONS

As usual, the man in Hollywood was mixed up. He thought Dear George was St. George, and said, "Get me a dragon!"

HARMONY PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity
January 6, 1956
Airmail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Harmony Pictures
Algonquin Hotel
New York, New York

Dear George:

George, what do you suppose Uncle Dick's got all planned for you? Five or six glorious days in sunny Florida. Take your swimming trunks, your tennis racket, sunglasses—you know, cruise stuff. Also, since there's one little thing I want you to do while you're down there, take along some hip boots, a lasso and a tremendous gunny sack. Because what I really want you to do is to capture a sea monster.

George, you're just nobody in Hollywood any more without your own sea monster. Ever since Mr. Disney scared people out of their wits with that giant squid, everybody's been going in for larger and larger monsters of the deep. Mr. John Huston, in his forthcoming epic, Moby Dick, features a mechanical-whale rodeo that would shame the citizens of Cheyenne.

And if we're going to top that Huston boy, we've got to get going. As you know, we're shortly going to release our own sea-monster picture—the one where we destroy Miami—and I have been searching frantically for some sort of gimmick to help sell tickets to same. What with the atomic bomb and all, it's getting increasingly hard to scare people. Fiddledeedee, they say, another sea monster—what else is new?

This situation we just can't have. With our own scale-and-claw epic about to come out, people have got to be scared once more, and that's that. And I intend to scare 'em—by as lucky a coincidence as a boy ever had happen.

George, I am holding in my hand this very instant a letter just in from Ad Breen down at Everglades, Florida, who was my guide last year when I went on that ridiculous tour of Big Cypress Swamp. Ad is *(Continued on page 68)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VARADY

HEAD OF THE
BOURBON FAMILY
OLD
GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOV'T
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

It stands alone

There is one whiskey that stands alone in the hearts and minds of millions. Each passing year serves to increase its reputation as the finest of all bourbons.

Old Grand-Dad

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY·100 PROOF·BOTTLED IN BOND·THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.·DIV. OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.

PRODUCT OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

Guide lights the way to...

NEW SAFETY FOR

1
2
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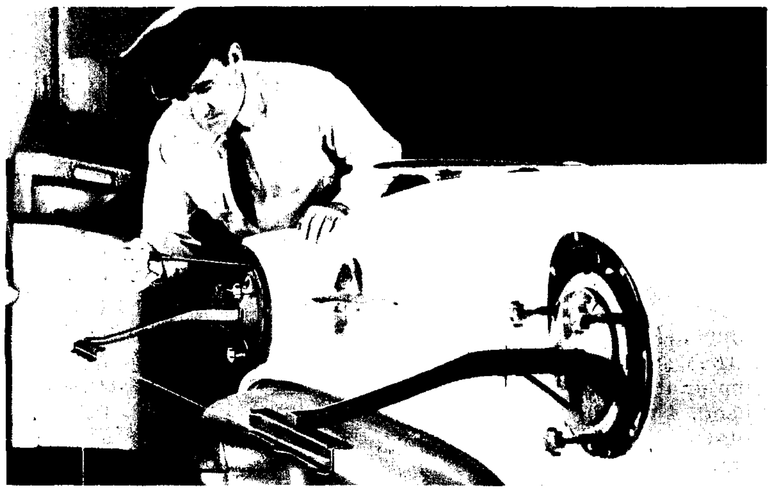
SEALED BEAM
GUIDE
MADE
3
T-3
More light... aimed right!

Three "Guide Points" are built into the face of each Guide T-3 Headlamp to form an accurate plane for safety-aiming.

NIGHT DRIVERS!

Guide Lamp Division of General Motors makes an outstanding contribution to safer night driving with T-3 – the only system that permits perfect headlamp aiming in minutes . . . in daylight!



Safety *so often* depends on how far and how well you can see. And after dark this problem is doubly serious for drivers. That's why every General Motors car and truck for 1956 is equipped with Guide T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamps. That's why motorists everywhere are having *their* headlamps changed to the *new* Guide T-3 Safety-Aim type. That's why *you* ought to change to these lights that are quickly, easily, correctly aimed, for safer night driving.

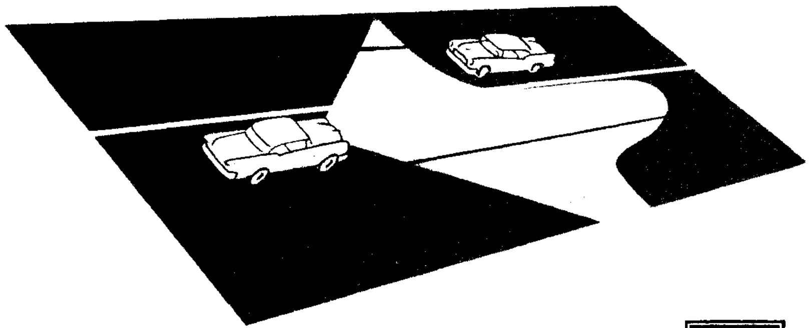
When thus properly aimed, these Guide Headlamps assure you, on the lower beam, as much as 80 feet more seeing distance along the right side of the road. A cap on the filament reduces the stray upward light, giving better visibility in fog, rain or snow. For safety's sake have Guide T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamps installed on your car.

Safety-Aim Headlamps

When on the lower or "traffic" beam, new Guide T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamps provide more light forward and on the *right* shoulder of the road, where it is needed most. At the same time glare is reduced for oncoming drivers and for you, too, when you are driving in fog, rain or snow.

At any authorized T-3 Safety-Aiming Station you can have new Guide T-3 Headlamps installed and safety-aimed on your car or truck in only a few minutes. This can be done in daylight—so drive in any time.

Watch WIDE WIDE WORLD and BIG TOWN • NBC-TV



Typifying the new pattern of safety for night driving is this diagram illustrating how you can have more light low and ahead and on the right road edge, and on the lower beam.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

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authorized
GUIDE
T-3
HEADLAMP
SAFETY-AIM STATION

BUY IN PAIRS . . .

WHERE YOU SEE THESE SIGNS . . . .

(Continued from page 64*)* no fool when it comes to reporting the whims of nature, and he maintains that last Wednesday night, when he was up at deserted Lake Okalahoochee, he saw an actual, living, breathing, fire-snorting sea monster. About a hundred feet long, Ad said, and seemingly in fine condition. Cruising around the lake as though it owned the place, and snorting fire at every pore. It had evidently swum up the Okalahoochee Canal out of the Everglades.

Well, George, need I say more? Get a sack and get down there. Ordinarily I wouldn't pursue any such wild report, but at the moment I am desperate. And if Ad hasn't just been hitting the swamp juice, I intend to capture this character, build a tremendous motorized natatorium of some sort for it, and tour it around the fool country along with our sea-monster picture. People don't believe there's any such thing as a sea monster, eh? Well, drive down to the Bijou, folks, and have a look.

George, if this thing's real, we can stop traffic from one end of this country to the other. It'll be the biggest publicity smash since the last cross-country tour of Sousa's Band.

So hop down there at once. If this is a genuine fire-snorting sea monster and looks as though it would like to travel, get it into a cage without delay—working alone just as much as possible, naturally.

Love,
Dick

P. S. There's one other little thing I want you to do. When I was down there last year, I saw a girl I simply can't forget. She came into Ad's bait store one day to buy a box of shells—rifle, not conch. She had a .22 rifle cradled in one arm and she was wearing a pair of old dungaree shorts, and even in that getup she was as beautiful a blonde as I've ever seen. She looked like Marilyn Monroe on her way to summer camp. Ad told me not to waste my time; she lives with a mean hermit uncle of hers up at Lake Okalahoochee, and either one of them can shoot the ear off an alligator at a quarter of a mile, Ad said.

Anyway, look her up while you're there and get some pictures of her. I have a hunch we might do something with her.

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

LAKE OKALA WHATCHEE?
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
ALGONQUIN HOTEL
NEW YORK NY

HOOCHEE, YOU IDIOT, HOOCHEE. LAKE OKALAHOOCHEE. IT'S SOUTHWEST OF LAKE OKEECHOBEE, DOWN TOWARD THE OKLOACOOCHEE SLOUGH. SOUTH OF THE CALOOSAHATCHEE RIVER. NEAR IMMOKALEE. GET GOING.
DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WE MUST HAVE A BAD CONNECTION. BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER, BECAUSE WHATEVER YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY, I HAVE NO INTENTION OF GOING ANYWHERE TO LOOK FOR ANY SEA MONSTER.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
ALGONQUIN HOTEL
NEW YORK NY

GEORGE, IT CAN'T POSSIBLY HURT YOU. JUST DON'T GET NEAR ITS HEAD.
DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEAN, AND YOU KNOW IT. THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A SEA MONSTER. BUT I SUPPOSE I WILL HAVE TO HUMOR YOU. I WILL GO SHOW YOU THAT THERE ISN'T A BOGEYMAN THERE. AND THEN, RICHARD, YOU WILL JUST HAVE TO STOP BOTHERING DADDY AND GO TO SLEEP.
GEORGE

ROD & GUN CLUB
Everglades, Florida
January 11, 1956
Airmail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I am here. And all I can say is that a most terrible mistake has been made. Meaning that there's a sea monster here all right. Yes, sir.

I got into Everglades late yesterday afternoon, and I found Mr. Ad Breen in a state of great excitement. I saw it again! he cried, I saw it again! Pooh, I said, let's let Uncle George see it.

And he did. Last night we drove up to Lake Okalahoochee—as lonely and deserted a spot as I've ever seen on this earth—and we sat there in the bulrushes along the bank for two hours.

And around midnight the sea monster came by—cruising along like the Queen Mary, its huge head eight or ten feet above the water, belching flame like a steel mill with indigestion. I will never again doubt all those people who have seen flying saucers. Those things are probably big as streetcars, if we knew the truth.

Anyway, after it had gone by, Ad said, "Well?" And I said, "Wh-which way is the railroad station?" And we got into the car and drove back down here to Everglades, in what I might call a thick silence.

And I have only one question: After I get back to New York, will it be all right to wire some local photographer to get the snapshots of your Miss Daisy Crockett? The way I'm shaking, I just don't think I could hold the camera.

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
ROD & GUN CLUB EVERGLADES FLA

DON'T THINK OF LEAVING THERE! PRESS ON. FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GET THAT THING INTO A CAGE. AND FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE KEEP SECRECY IN MIND. DON'T GET ANY GREAT CROWD TOGETHER.
DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WOULD IT BE ALL RIGHT TO TAKE ALONG ONE FELLOW TO HOLD THE SACK?
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
ROD & GUN CLUB EVERGLADES FLA

I DON'T CARE WHO HOLDS IT JUST SO I DON'T. GET GOING.
RICHARD L. REED

ROD & GUN CLUB
Everglades, Florida
January 13, 1956
Airmail

"If you'd care to go a little higher, we have the same thing in your size"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, things are looking up.

When I got your telegram this morning, bravely crying *Forward* from your rear-command post, I first thought that the only solution was to resign while I was still uneaten. That monster, Richard, is no fit playmate.

But then I got to thinking. Ringling Brothers' winter quarters are at Sarasota, just a small jump up the road, so perhaps aid was at hand. I would hop up there and, without divulging any of the facts, I would have a chat with some of their sea-monster men and find out how to capture mine.

Anyway, I flew up to Sarasota this afternoon. And they just laughed me out of the place. Ho ho ho, they said, slapping their thighs. "If you ever find a real fire-breathing sea monster, you just slip a regular dog leash on it and lead it up here to the gate and we'll give you one million dollars cash for it." Oh ho ho ho. How brave people can be when they haven't seen it.

"That is all very funny," I said. "But suppose you *did* know where there was a sea monster, swimming around in a lake somewhere, how would you go about capturing it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," the head monster man finally said. "You say he's about a hundred feet long? Probably pretty strong? Head eight or ten feet above the water, snorting fire? Well, I'll tell you. First I'd build me a pier a couple of hundred feet out into the lake. Then I'd get about a half mile of good inch-thick Manila line; I'd anchor one end of this to the pier, and in the free end I'd tie a choke slipknot. Then at the end of the pier I'd build a high stockade anchored on pilings, with a gate to open and close from the pier.

"Then on the first dark night I'd get about two hundred strong men together, and I'd dump off the end of the pier a couple of barrels of dragon bait consisting of old garbage, fish heads, and maybe a hundred pounds of good-quality Liederkranz cheese. Then I'd wait. And when the sea monster came sailing over to see what the smell was, I'd toss the lasso over its neck and have everybody hold on for dear life till we choked it half dead; and then I'd haul it in through the gate into the stockade, slam the gate and flip the lasso off its head so it could breathe again. And then I'd relax. I'd have it captured, and I could get it into a traveling cage any time I wanted to. Now—does that answer your question?"

"It certainly does," I said. "Thank you very much." And I shook hands all around and left—definitely cheered up.

Because, Dick, now that I know how to go about it, the job's as good as done. Right there at the lake somebody has already built a fine brand-new pier. Ad says it's going to be a new duck club or something.

Anyway, all I have to do is rent their new pier for a couple of weeks, build the stockade, get the rope, hire the two hundred men, mix up the dragon bait and we're in. Good old Ringling Brothers. Those guys can do anything.

I'll wire you the minute the monster's in the corral.

And then, since I won't be shaking any more, I'll get right at the snapshots. Would you like them in color?

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
ROD & GUN CLUB EVERGLADES FLA

YOU SAY SOMEBODY HAS BUILT A BIG NEW PIER THERE? CLEAR OUT IN THE WILDERNESS? MAYBE YOU BETTER LAY OFF A DAY OR TWO TILL I CAN SCOUT AROUND. I'M AFRAID I'M BEGINNING TO SMELL THAT DRAGON BAIT OF YOURS CLEAR OUT HERE.
DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK, I HAVE THOROUGHLY CHECKED THAT PIER. IT'S NOTHING BUT A PLAIN FISHING PIER, WITH A BLOCK AND TACKLE FOR LOWERING BOATS INTO THE WATER. SO FAR THERE'S NOTHING ELSE BUILT EXCEPT A BIG SORT OF STOREROOM, BUT IT'S DEFINITELY GOING TO BE A DUCK CLUB. EVERYBODY SAYS SO. THE REASON THE WORKMEN HAVE NEVER SEEN THE SEA MONSTER IS BECAUSE THEY'RE NEVER AROUND AT NIGHT, WHEN IT OPERATES. BELIEVE ME, THERE'S NO CHICANERY HERE. JUST US SEA MONSTERS. AND ONE OF US IS ABOUT TO CAPTURE THE OTHER. I'M OFF.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
ROD & GUN CLUB EVERGLADES FLA

I'LL SAY YOU'RE OFF. JUST AS I FEARED, THAT INFERNAL SEA MONSTER WAS MADE RIGHT HERE IN HOLLYWOOD. AN M-G-M CREW LEFT WITH IT THREE WEEKS AGO FOR FINAL TESTS PRIOR TO STARTING THEIR OWN SEA-MONSTER PICTURE DOWN THERE IN DECEMBER. THE THING IS RIGHT IN THAT BIG STOREROOM, NATURALLY. THEY EVIDENTLY TEST IT LATE AT NIGHT, BECAUSE THEY DON'T WANT ANY ADVANCE PUBLICITY. AND THE REASON IT LOOKS SO REAL, YOU IDIOT, IS BECAUSE THEY HAVE SPENT A HALF MILLION DOLLARS ON IT, AND IT CONTAINS 722—COUNT 'EM—ELECTRIC MOTORS. THEY SAY IT'S A MARVEL OF ENGINEERING. ANYWAY, FORGET THE WHOLE THING. GET SOME PICTURES OF THAT GIRL AND GET ON BACK UP TO NEW YORK. I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT A WHOLE NEW APPROACH. AS USUAL. DICK

MR. RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

I AM NO DOUBT BOTHERING YOU UNNECESSARILY, BUT I HAVE BEEN GETTING WORRIED OVER YOUR MR. GEORGE SEIBERT WHO IS VACATIONING WITH US HERE AT THE ROD & GUN CLUB. HE HAS BEEN ACTING VERY STRANGE AND SECRETIVE, AND SHORTLY AFTER NOON TODAY HE STARTED UP THE ROAD TOWARD LAKE OKALAHOOCHEE AT THE HEAD OF A TREMENDOUS COLUMN OF MEN AND EQUIPMENT: TEN OR TWELVE LARGE TRUCKS FULL OF ROPES AND TIMBERS, A PILE DRIVER, AND HUNDREDS OF MEN, SOME ARMED. HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO CAPTURE A SEA MONSTER. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

LEWIS A. SMITH, MGR.
ROD & GUN CLUB
EVERGLADES FLA

LEWIS A. SMITH
ROD & GUN CLUB EVERGLADES FLA

WHY, DON'T DO ANYTHING, OF COURSE. GEORGE IS ALL RIGHT. HE JUST WORKS HARD AND LIKES UNUSUAL VACATIONS. BUT THANKS ANYWAY. RICHARD L. REED

MIKE HARRIS
HARMONY PICTURES
DIST CORP
MIAMI FLA

QUICK, QUICK, QUICK, BEFORE THE PAPERS GET ONTO IT. GEORGE HAS JUST LEFT EVERGLADES FOR LAKE OKALAHOOCHEE WITH A COLUMN OF HORSE CAVALRY TO CAPTURE M-G-M'S NEW SEA MONSTER. HE THINKS IT'S REAL. AND DON'T LAUGH. IF HE SHOULD SOMEHOW LEAP ON THAT THING AT NIGHT, AND DESTROY IT, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME STAGGERS THE MIND. M-G-M WOULD SUE US FOR HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT IN PRODUCTION-DELAY COSTS. MILLIONS. GET OVER THERE THIS INSTANT AND GET THAT IDIOT UNDER CONTROL. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? M-G-M'S MONSTER ISN'T AT LAKE OKALAHOOCHEE. THEY'RE TESTING IT DOWN AT KEY WEST. MIKE

MIKE HARRIS
HARMONY PICTURES DIST CORP
MIAMI FLA

THEN WHAT THE DEVIL IS GEORGE CHASING? DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WHO KNOWS? MIKE

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WELL, I CAPTURED HIM! AND HE'S RIGHT IN MY LITTLE OLD STOCKADE. LETTER FOLLOWS. GEORGE

HOTEL LIDO BILTMORE
Sarasota, Florida
January 16, 1956
Airmail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

It's no doubt been terribly dull for you just waiting for word.

Anyway, we took off for the scene of action early yesterday afternoon. I located a man who used to be with the Seabees during the war, and he organized the whole expedition. Shortly after 1:00 P.M. I sounded a few stirring notes on the bugle and led my men north. And by nightfall we had the big stockade built, had the rope laid out and anchored, and we were waiting on the end of the pier with the fish heads. On the stroke of eleven, we dumped them in. I positioned my men along the rope—took the noose end myself, naturally—and we settled down for a tense wait.

And about midnight, there it came, several hundred feet long and snorting fire. We waited, hardly breathing. Then at exactly the right instant I made my cast, and we all hauled back with might and main as the water was churned to a froth. As the beast's struggles lessened, we hauled it in to the stockade and slammed the gate. I loosened the rope so the monster could resume breathing. "LIGHTS!" I cried, and the big floodlights we had rigged came on. The job was done.

And there the beast was, swimming around in the stockade—my own personal sea monster.

How to Get a Head

Though it be pure delight
Tonight—
Partying is such sweet sorrow
Tomorrow!

—ROD MACLEAN

There was only one trouble. It wasn't quite as big as I'd expected. For a wild instant I thought we must have slammed the gate before we got all of it in. But no, it seemed to be all there, all right, what there was of it. In other words, since there's no use delaying the truth, what it actually appeared to be was a kindly-looking water snake around fifteen feet long, and the only visible fire about it was the moonlight reflecting off its poor old bony head. It looked about as fearsome as a bald-headed flute player.

"I guess we been seein' too many sea-monster movies," said Ad.

Anyway, the thing just isn't worth a darn to us. So I came on up here to Sarasota to see if I could sell it to Ringling Brothers.

Do you have any better idea of what to do with it?

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL LIDO BILTMORE
SARASOTA FLA

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO WITH IT. FIRST WIRE ME THE NAME OF ANY ABLE-BODIED FLORIDA PHOTOGRAPHER. THEN PAY OFF THE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OF EXPENSES YOU'VE INCURRED AROUND THERE. THEN PUT A SADDLE ON YOUR SEA MONSTER, MOUNT, AND HEAD UP THE OKALAHOOCHEE CANAL INTO THE EVERGLADES. GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH. RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW—YOUR ADVICE WORKED OUT JUST FINE. LETTER FOLLOWS. WARM PERSONAL REGARDS. GEORGE

ROD & GUN CLUB
Everglades, Florida
January 18, 1956
Airmail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, that last wire of yours just couldn't have come in handier. Your asking about the expenses turned out to be the key to the whole thing. Up to then, I'd really been too busy to give the expenses much thought.

But you were absolutely right: there was one item here that had to be settled. The men and their trucks of course didn't cost us anything. It was the weekend and they all said they'd be going fishing anyway; they might as well go with me and try for a sea monster. That was why I took such an army; it was an army of volunteers. Also, one of the men runs the dock here and he was more than glad to lend us the old rope and pilings. And, Heaven knows, fish heads are inexpensive.

There was, however, the matter of rental for the pier. Which up to now I'd just had no chance whatever to arrange. I could never find anybody around the place. Even when I'd arrived up there with my whole noisy group I could still arouse no one at all. So, since I had to do something, I finally just went ahead and made what you might call free use of the premises—directing the sinking of pilings, the nailing of large timbers to other large timbers, and in general making myself thoroughly at home. I knew that if we succeeded in capturing your sea monster, any rental fee the duck-club people might ask would be a bargain.

But when you mentioned expenses, I saw at once that it was time to get something settled about the pier rental. Since all we had captured was this fifteen-foot minnow, I knew that you wouldn't want any large rental just running on from day to day.

So forgetting Ringling Brothers, I flew back down to Everglades and, borrowing Ad's car, motored up to Lake Okalahoochee. Still not one soul around. I looked over the stockade and said hello to Junior, but he didn't even answer. Just looked unhappy.

So I did the only thing I could think of. I walked up to the big deserted storeroom, made a ladder out of several of my timbers, and climbed up and looked in one of the high windows.

And *there* was the sea monster! The real one, I mean. Sitting there on a bunch of wheeled dollies like a boat in drydock.

And at that instant a rifle cracked behind me, and a bullet just missed my left ear. *Pzzzzzz!*

I looked around, and there was your new film discovery—.22 rifle, dungaree shorts and all. "Miss L-Livingstone, I presume," I said.

"Git down," she said. Which I did.

And in two seconds I had the situation completely under control. As soon as I told her the salient facts—that you considered her one of the country's leading beauties, and that I'd been searching all over Florida for her to arrange a screen test—she lowered the fowling piece and smiled in a most friendly manner.

"Why, Mr. Seibert," she said, "don't that beat all? Imagine li'l ole me in Hollywood."

And in a trice the mission was accomplished. She is to meet me here in Everglades in an hour for the pictures, and I can only agree that she is an astoundingly beautiful girl and one of the screen finds of the century. She'll set the country on its ear.

And as to your sea monster, that worked out fine too. The one sitting here in the big storeroom is of course the one Ad and I saw. It's to be used in Colossal's forthcoming epic The Bottom Beast, and they've been testing it here late at night in great secrecy. They finished the tests last Thursday and headed on down the coast to ready the site where the picture's to be shot.

And since Miss Livingstone's uncle—believe it or not, that's her name, Liz Livingstone—had been hanging around, rifle in hand and looking ferocious, they hired him to guard the premises, with orders to shoot to kill. However, they had hardly driven off before he was taken down with pneumonia from having sat out in the damp bulrushes night after night to watch the test runs, which is why there was no one at all on hand during our weekend foray. Today he was enough better so that faithful Liz could leave him and take up the guard duties herself.

"And just what," I asked, "is so all-fired secret about the thing?"

"I wouldn't know," she said. "But since you're in the picture business too, I guess it'd be all right to let you in to look 'er over."

"Why, you're so right," I said. "In Hollywood it's a case of one for all and all for one."

So she unlocked the door. And after one look into the jaws of the beast I saw what all the hush-hush was about. Somebody finally had a good idea, and they've made a sea monster with a regular Army flame thrower mounted in its throat—I *knew* we'd seen that thing snort actual flame. Why, the night scenes of that monster, in color, will be positively terrific. They'll make millions.

That is, they would have made millions; now we will of course beat them to the punch. All we have to do is make one new night sequence for our picture, adding a war-surplus flame thrower to our own sea monster, and we'll be out six months ahead of them with the same gimmick. Giving us a great artistic triumph, consisting of a hogshead of cash.

The moral of the story being, never have a girl guard your goods. Particularly a beautiful girl who is apt to be offered a screen test by a rival firm.

Which leaves only Junior, our elderly flute player. I had to do something with him, so I finally just opened the gate and let him go. He looked so miserable I thought maybe he wanted to get home and spawn, or something. He swam off very gratefully, with a look that said he would never, never again touch any dragon bait.

And if I have anything to say about it, neither will I.

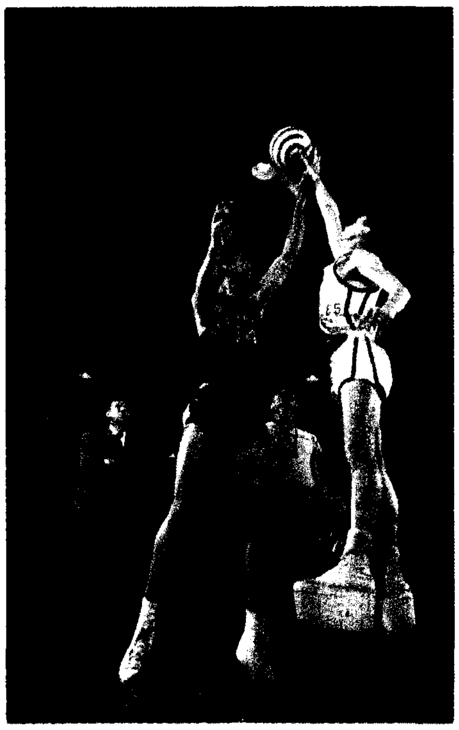
As ever,
George

—HANNIBAL COONS

PO KA DOT BASKETBALLS ?

By MELVIN DURSLAG

There's no rule against them, mused coach Sax Elliot. So into the game they went as part of his continuing campaign to zip up the court sport



For added height in a sport where altitude is vital, Elliot (l.) equipped team with six-inch soles like the pair on right. They still lost but there's now a rule banning platform shoes

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE TRINDL

During a basketball game last season between Los Angeles State College and Loyola University of Los Angeles, a gym full of flabbergasted spectators blinked in disbelief. Instead of the conventional brown basketballs, the air was filled, as the game progressed, with a procession of balls of flaming red, bright orange, yellow ocher and even candy stripes and black and white polka dots.

Neither players nor fans had taken leave of their senses. It was merely Los Angeles State's irrepressible inventor-coach, Saxon C. Elliot, at it again—this time testing colored basketballs to see if they could be followed more easily on the court than the old-fashioned brown kind.

Coach Elliot, a former forward and team captain at Southern California, is basketball's most unusual scientist. A scholarly man with a quietly sharp wit, Elliot runs a sort of laboratory designed to improve the sport, keep it abreast of the times and, above all, to keep rival coaches honest.

"I might add parenthetically," Sax says, "that it also provides me with my laughs. We haven't by a long shot made basketball the perfect game yet. There's still too much stalling, too much domination by oversized characters and too much finagling with the rules. There's also too much whistle blowing. In an average 40-minute game, you can count on the action being stopped at least 100 times."

In his day, Elliot has come up with such eyebrow-raising innovations as earplugs for officials to avoid influence by partisan crowds, tape-recorded cheering and music to inspire his team on the road, and tape-recorded observations which he has made from the bench during the first half and played back to his athletes at intermission. All of Elliot's experiments—and he admits that some are pretty goofy—are made under playing conditions. Some have actually resulted in changes beneficial to the sport.

For example, there was the matter of the elevator shoes. Elliot, who studies the rulebook prodigiously, discovered one day that there was nothing to prevent a coach from using artificial methods for fielding a team of seven-foot goons.

"Under the rules," he says, "you could have sent five guys out on the floor with Pogo sticks."

In a game against nationally ranked Utah last season, Elliot decided to dramatize this point so ludicrously that the rules committee would have to do something about it. Utah players were astonished when L.A. State trotted out in platform shoes, custom-made with six-inch foam-rubber soles, giving them a noticeable height advantage.

"We lost the game, anyway," says Elliot, "but we did accomplish our purpose. A clause was written into the rulebook to the effect that platform shoes and the like are prohibited."

No phase of basketball escapes the attention of Elliot, a darkly handsome man of forty-four to whom coaching is only a part-time activity. (He is first of all a faculty member of L.A. State, where he teaches education courses. In his leisure time, he is working for his Ph.D.) When he decided that stalling was hurting basketball, he invented a remedy—a 72-point game, with half time called when the first team hit 36 points. To improve officiating, he once stationed referees on platforms above each basket, with a third man working on the floor. Only officials on the platforms called fouls. "I felt that one could watch the players better from an elevation," says Elliot. "Both officials on the platforms agreed."

Like most basketball fans, Elliot has an aversion to whistle tooting, which he tried to minimize one day by staging a game in which the only fouls called were those committed where the ball was in action. Elliot concluded, "Spectators liked it, but players objected to shenanigans downcourt."

For all his tinkering and high jinks, Elliot still has a creditable record as a coach, considering that L.A. State engages in no proselyting and from time to time schedules such man-sized opponents as Michigan, Utah, Loyola and Southern Cal. Although he usually loses these games, Elliot does better in his own league. In the five years he has coached at L.A. State he has won 71 games and lost 60. "That might not be good enough for a school with a nervous alumni," he says, "but here it's okay."

Basketball followers haven't by a long way seen the last of Elliot's inventions, though some say frankly they wish they had. If the school budget will stand it, L.A. State fans can look sometime this season for a moving backboard, propelled by a small electric motor, sliding horizontally across the end of the court.

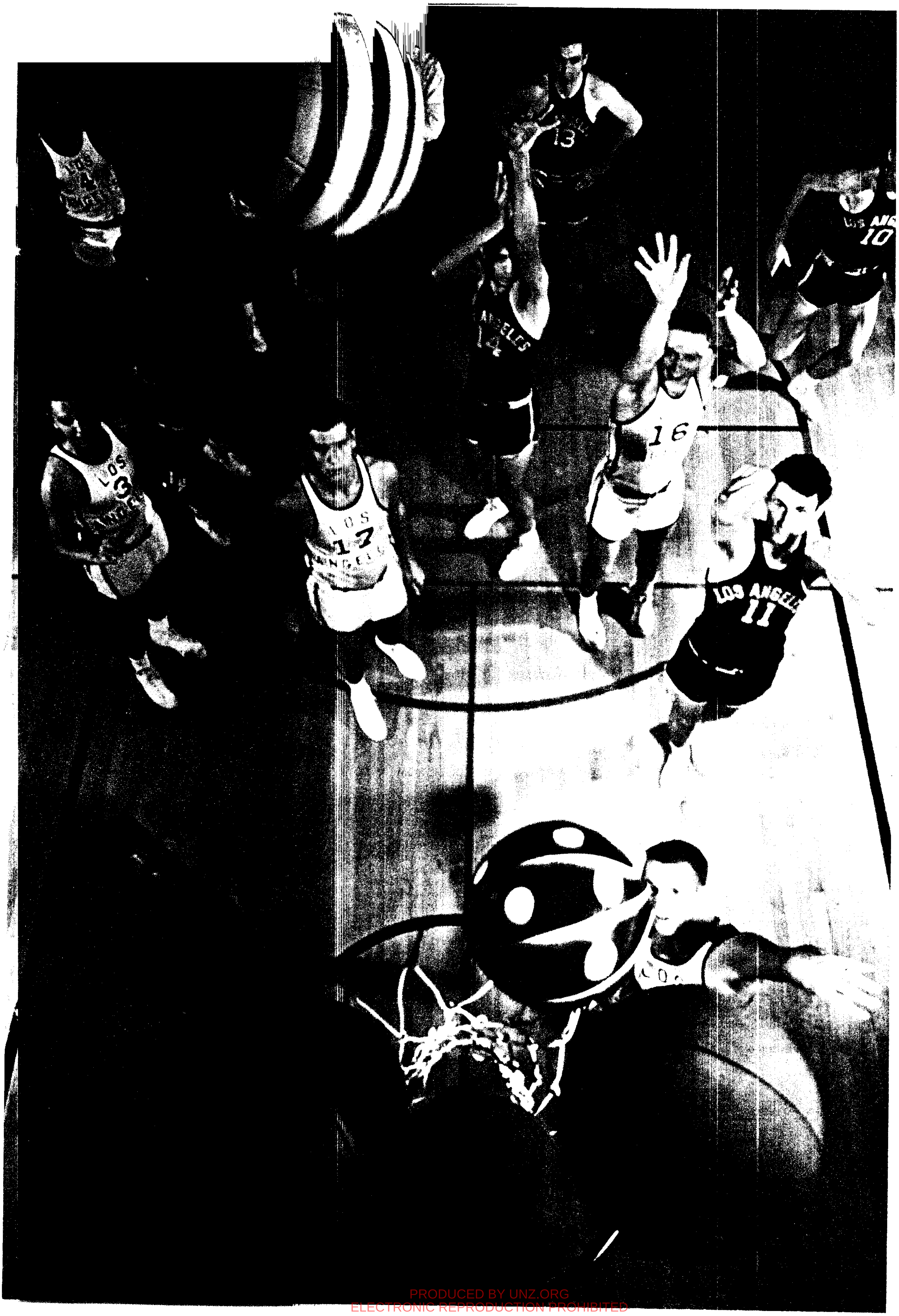
"Players are getting too good these days at hitting stationary targets," says Elliot. "A big man can keep stuffing the basket. A target that moves will make it more like skeet shooting." A variation of his skeet-shooting plan is a basket that rotates on its axis. "The team would have to concentrate on ball control until the hole on the revolving basket was exposed."

Not contingent on finances but specifically on Elliot's agenda this year is his experiment with a smaller hoop, just slightly wider than the ball, which makes it tougher for big guys on tip-ins. And, finally, to aid the small man who is gradually getting lost in a game of monsters, Elliot plans to try out two baskets fastened to each backboard, one at 10 feet and the other at 14.

"Shooters under six feet two will go for the low basket," he explains soberly, "and those over six feet two for the high one. Basketball is being ruined today by tall people. I may yet invent something to shorten them."

Oh, yes, about those brightly colored basketballs. During the game, the orange one turned out to be easiest to see, followed by yellow ocher and the polka dots. THE END

Multicolored balls mix with orthodox ones as Los Angeles State players loft shots for coach. Elliot was testing balls' visibility. Next he'd like to try sliding backboards so teams would shoot at moving targets



LOS ANGELES
13
LOS ANGELES 10
ANGELES 14
16
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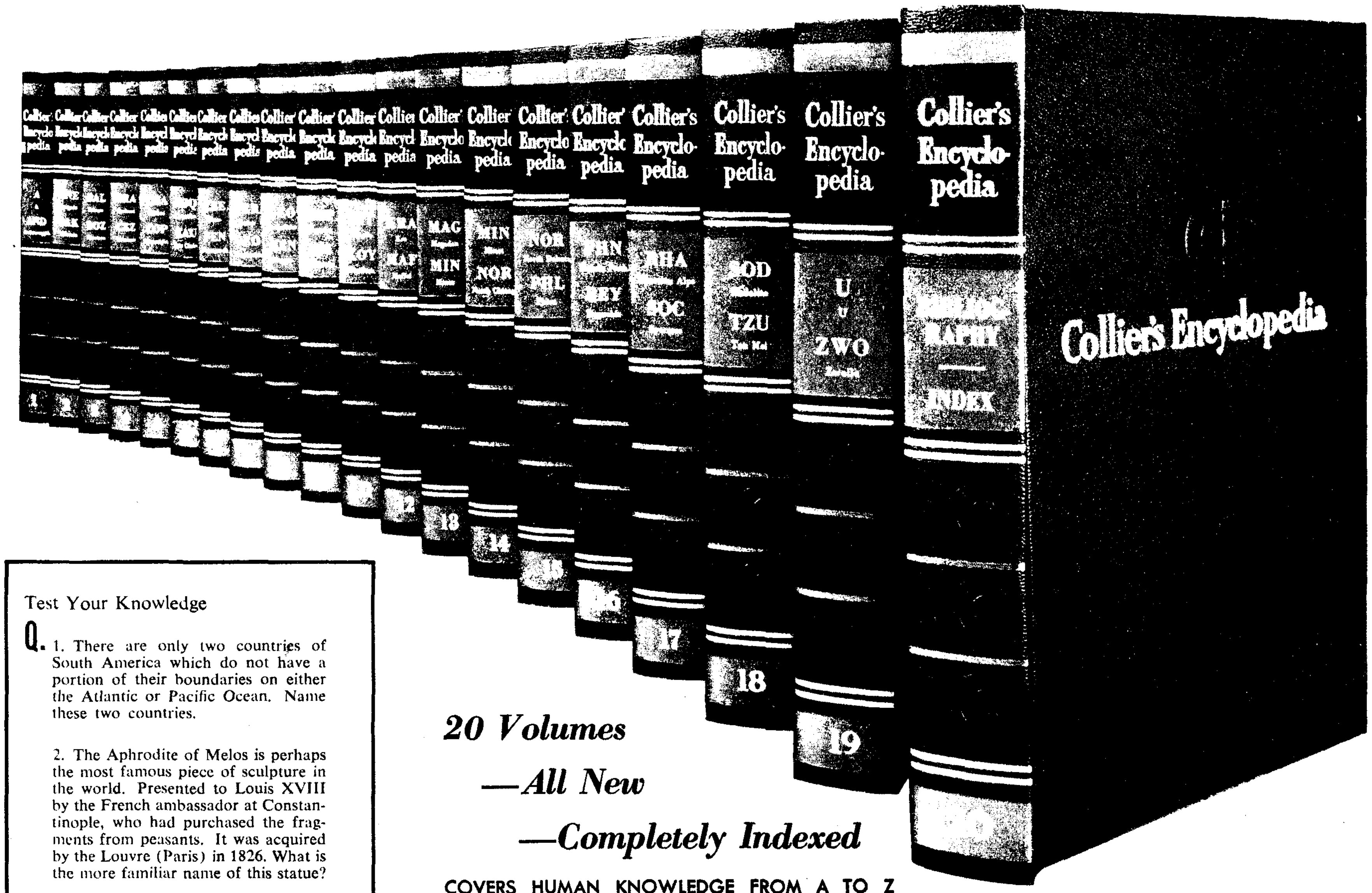

Test Your Knowledge

Q. 1. There are only two countries of South America which do not have a portion of their boundaries on either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. Name these two countries.

2. The Aphrodite of Melos is perhaps the most famous piece of sculpture in the world. Presented to Louis XVIII by the French ambassador at Constantinople, who had purchased the fragments from peasants. It was acquired by the Louvre (Paris) in 1826. What is the more familiar name of this statue?

3. While a student of Oberlin College, Charles Martin Hall formulated an electrolytic method of producing large amounts of a now vital material. It is used in cooking utensils, furniture, shingles, and building facings. It is essential in airplanes, and automobiles. It is a fine insulating material and a useful wrapper for foods. It is used in paints and incendiary bombs. It is used for a great variety of purposes where lightness, strength, and durability are desired. Name this material.

4. What is the name of the largest of sea birds? Its wing span has been measured at over eleven feet. This bird is mentioned often in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

A. 1. Bolivia and Paraguay. 2. Venus de Milo. 3. Aluminum. 4. Albatross.

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Mad River

By DONALD HAMILTON

Cohoon and the girl were trapped in the canyon, caught between a murderous posse and the man-killing rapids of Mad River

The Story: Boyd Cohoon confessed to a stagecoach robbery and went to prison for five years—solely to protect Francis Paradine, brother of his sweetheart, Claire. But when Cohoon returned to Sombrero, in the Arizona Territory, he found Claire engaged to Paul Westerman, owner of the local mining company. Also, during Cohoon's absence his father and brother had been murdered; Cohoon thought Westerman might have done it—in revenge for his son, who had been killed in the robbery for which Cohoon had taken the blame. Claire's father, Colonel Paradine, the town banker, embezzled $10,000 of his depositors' money and gave it to Cohoon—thinking he could pay Cohoon for having saved the Paradines a scandal. Disillusioned, Cohoon gave the money to Nan Montoya, a young widow who sang at a local saloon. But when Westerman's mining office was robbed by a notorious masked bandit known only as the General, the town marshal, Bill Black, suspected Cohoon of being a member of the gang, since Cohoon would not say where he had got the $10,000. One night, on a fake message from Nan, Cohoon went to the saloon where she worked and was ambushed by the General's men. Cohoon set out that same night for the Grant, his family's land, to make plans for starting up his ranch again. The next morning the General robbed Colonel Paradine's bank. Claire was there at the time and saw who the General was—but in her fear and shame she identified him to Bill Black as Cohoon, since Cohoon's knife, lost the previous night, was found at the scene. Marshal Black and a posse left at once for the Grant, to find Cohoon and hang him. Claire was full of remorse, and at Nan's urging she rode off to warn Cohoon.

The Last of Three Parts

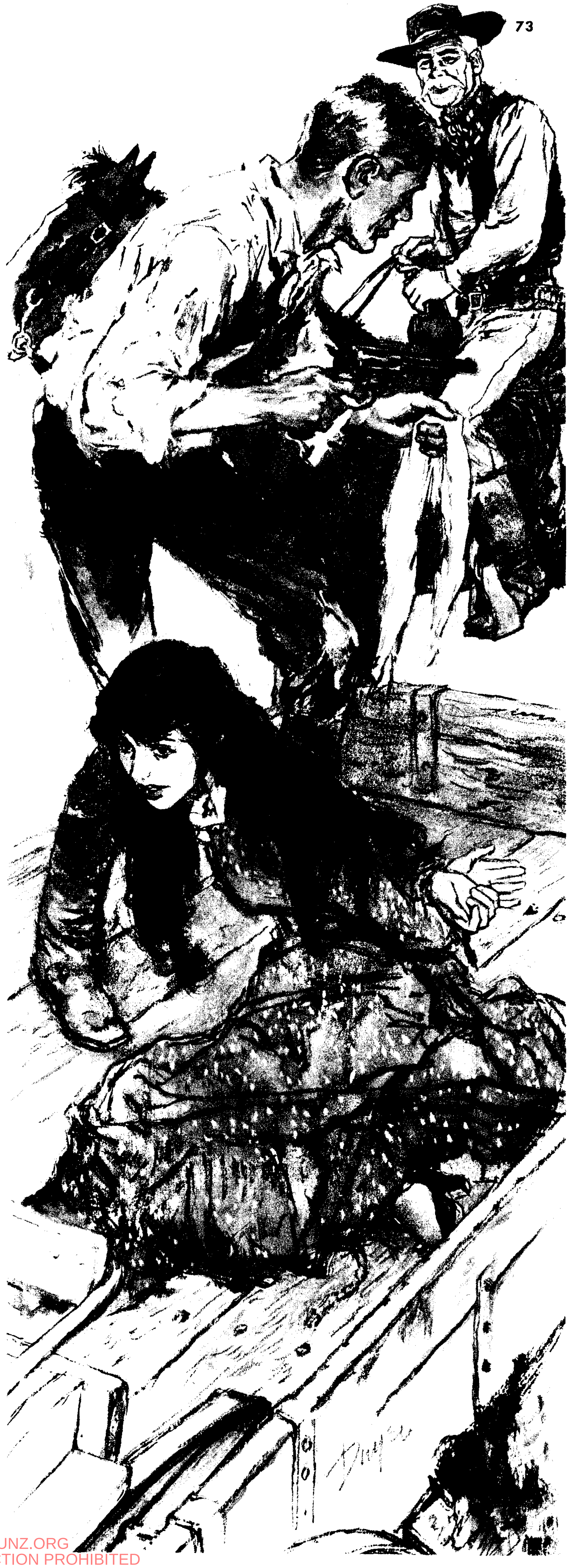
AFTER setting out for the Grant, Cohoon had followed the road for a while, but he had pulled off it a distance to make camp and had not bothered to pick it up again in the morning. He found it more pleasant to choose his own way through the hills, aided by instinct and memory.

Riding along at an easy pace, he thought about the various attempts that had been made on his life in the last several days. The only enemy whose motives seemed simple and comprehensible was Paul Westerman, an ambitious and ruthless man. Then there was Bill Black, who had never liked Cohoon and was jealous of him because of Claire Paradine. Then—but Cohoon carried the analysis no further. He did not want to spoil a pleasant morning by thinking of the Paradines as possible enemies, too.

The morning was a fine one; there were clouds and perhaps rain over the mountains to the south, but here the sun was shining brightly. He let his mind wander over the work to be done at the ranch. First, the wild stock would have to be routed out of the breaks and canyons.

His father had never paid much attention to cattle breeding, Cohoon reflected—to Ward Cohoon, a cow had been a cow. But even before he had gone to prison, Cohoon had heard and read of new strains being introduced farther east. Well, if his father's estate left money enough to experiment, he thought, it would be interesting to see just what kind of beef could be raised in this territory.

It was close to noon when a rise of *(Continued on page 76)*



Cohoon had just removed the gag from Nan's mouth when the sound of approaching riders made him turn around quickly, the revolver ready

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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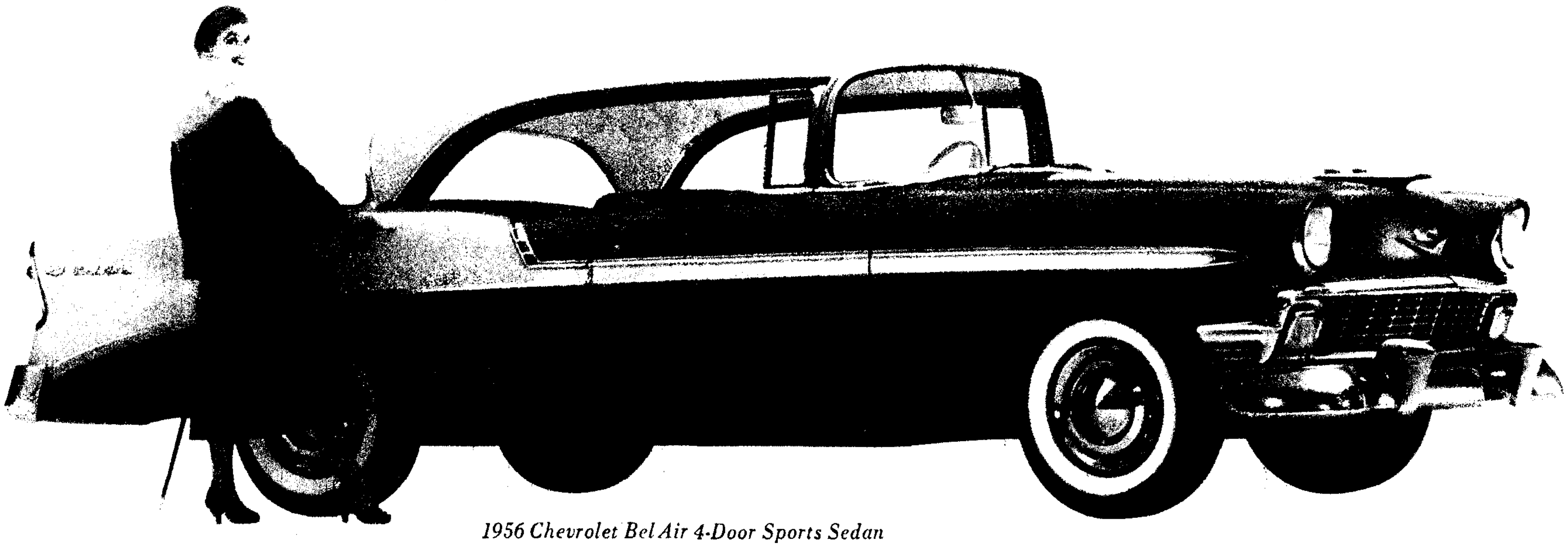
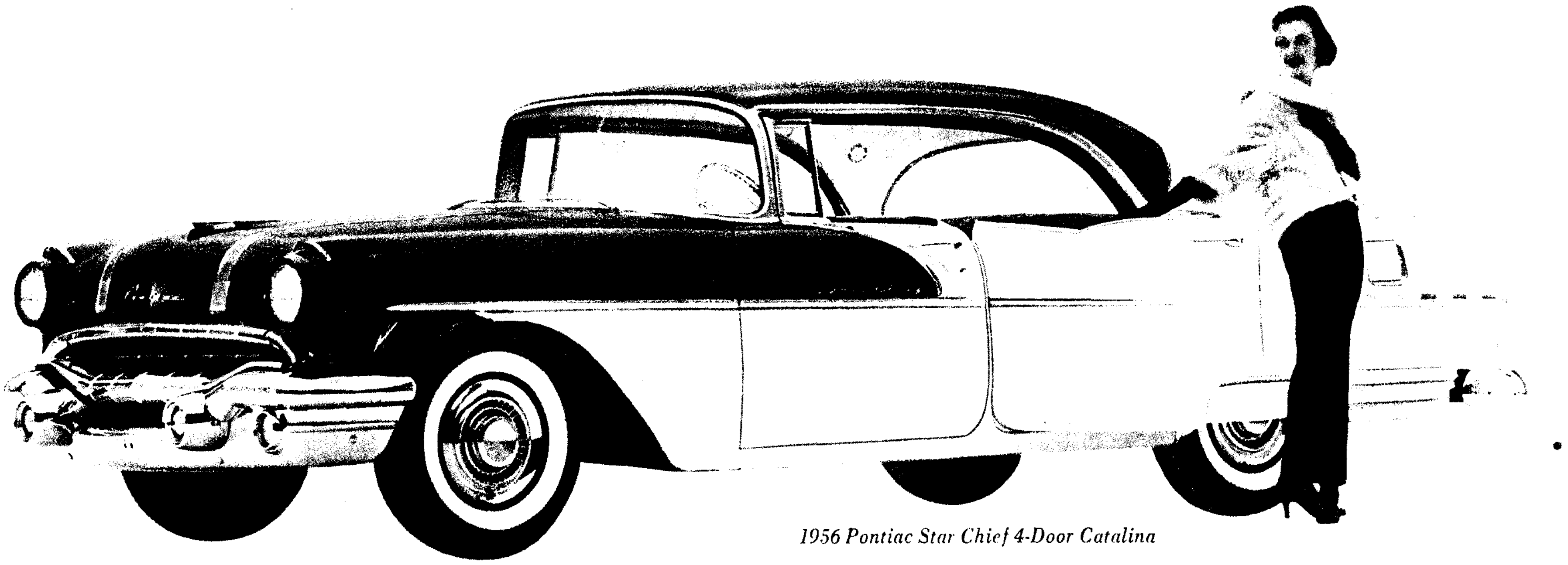


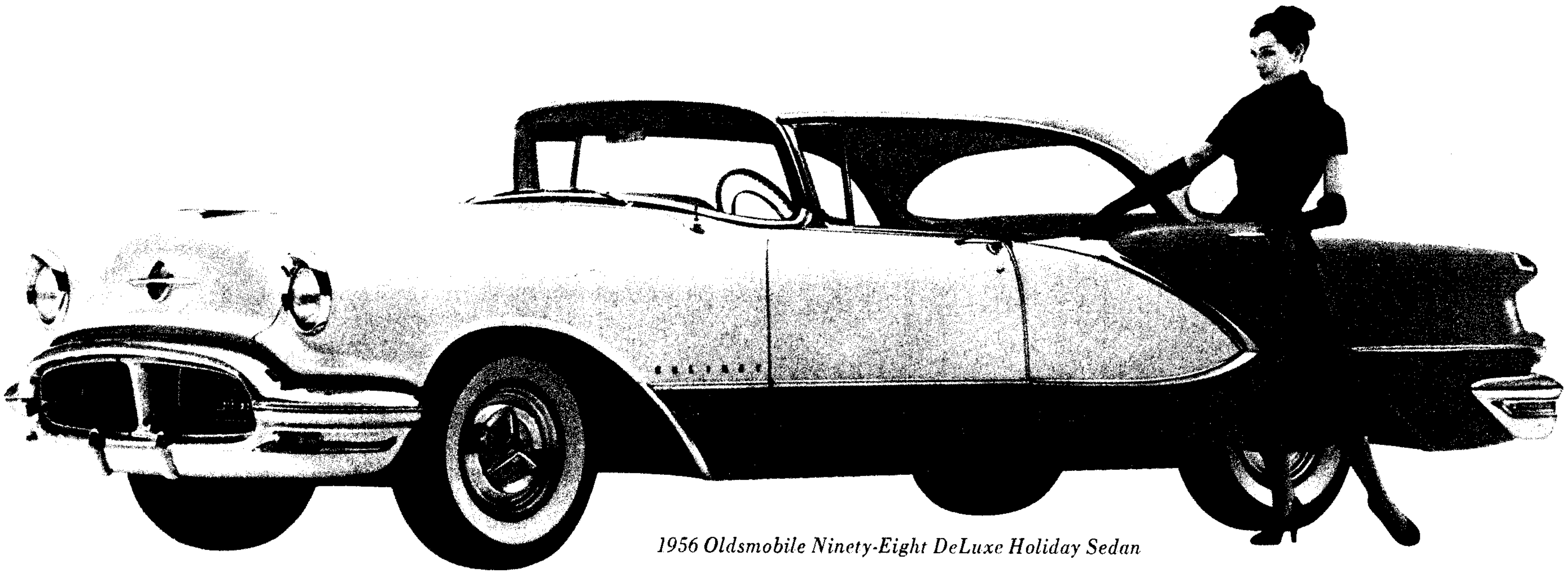
1956 Chevrolet Bel Air 4-Door Sports Sedan



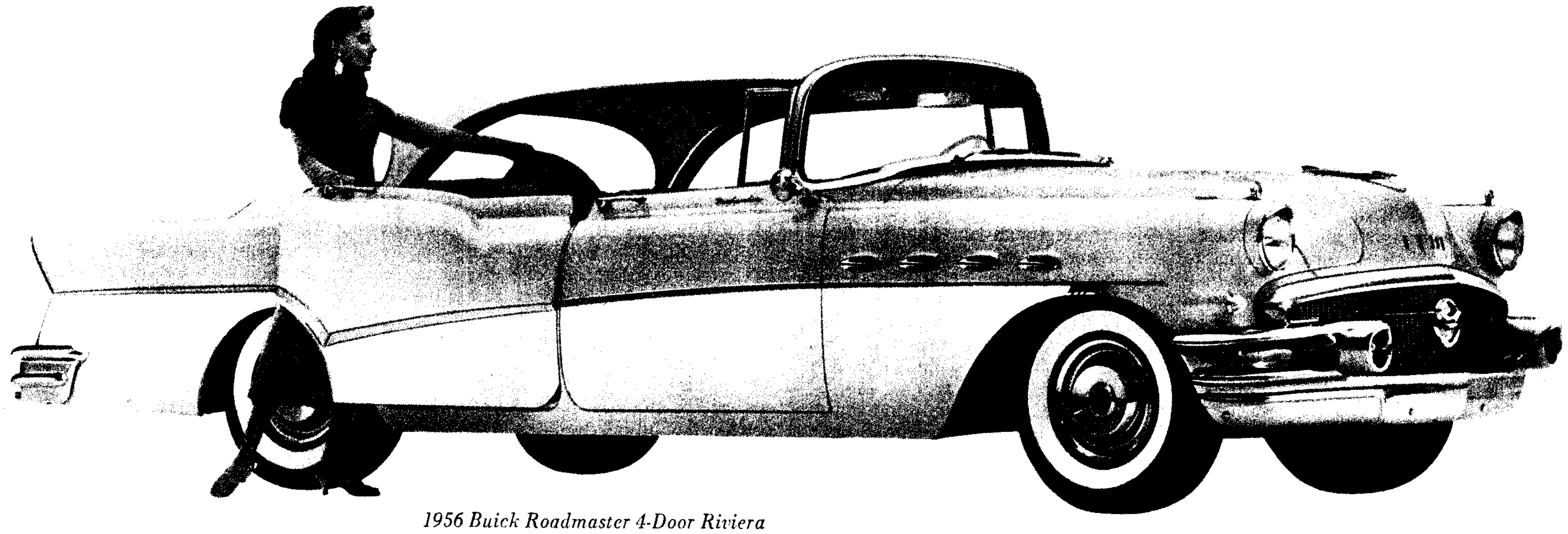
1956 Pontiac Star Chief 4-Door Catalina

GENERAL M

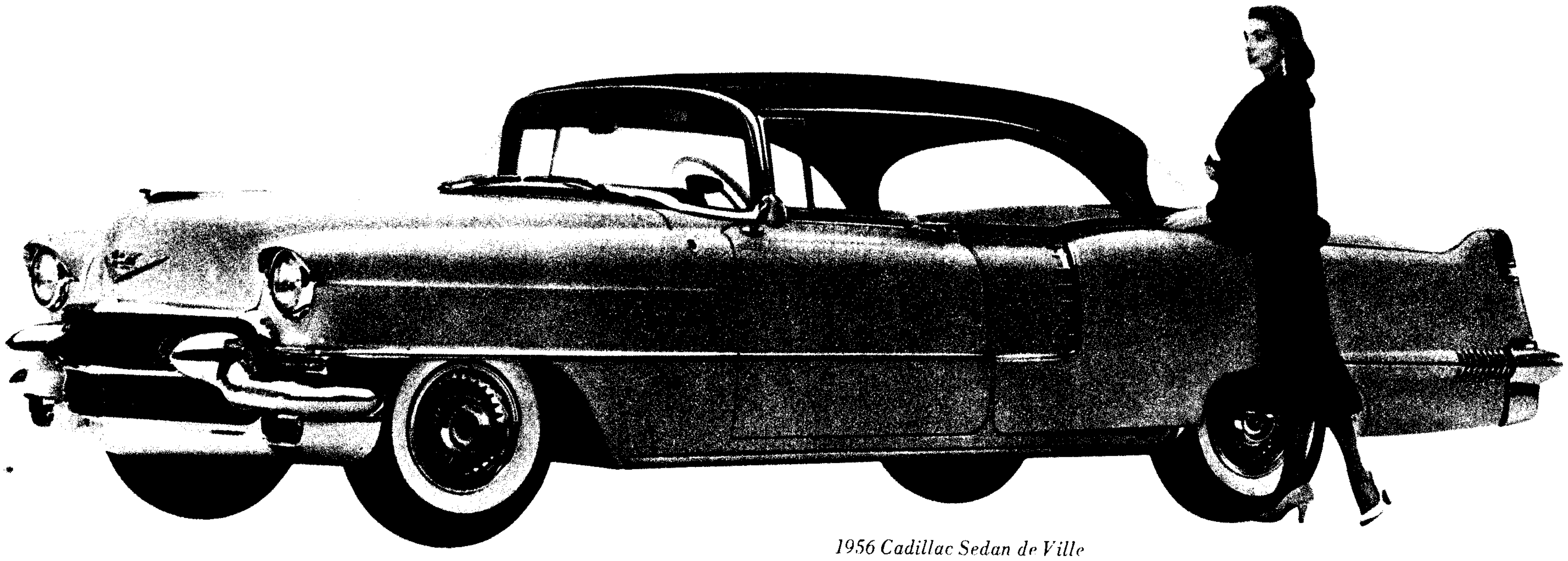
GM Motorama of 1956: New York, Jan. 19-24: Miami, Feb. 4-12: Los Angeles, Mar. 3-11; San Francisco, Mar. 24-Apr. 1; Boston, Apr. 19-29



1956 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight DeLuxe Holiday Sedan



1956 Buick Roadmaster 4-Door Riviera



1956 Cadillac Sedan de Ville

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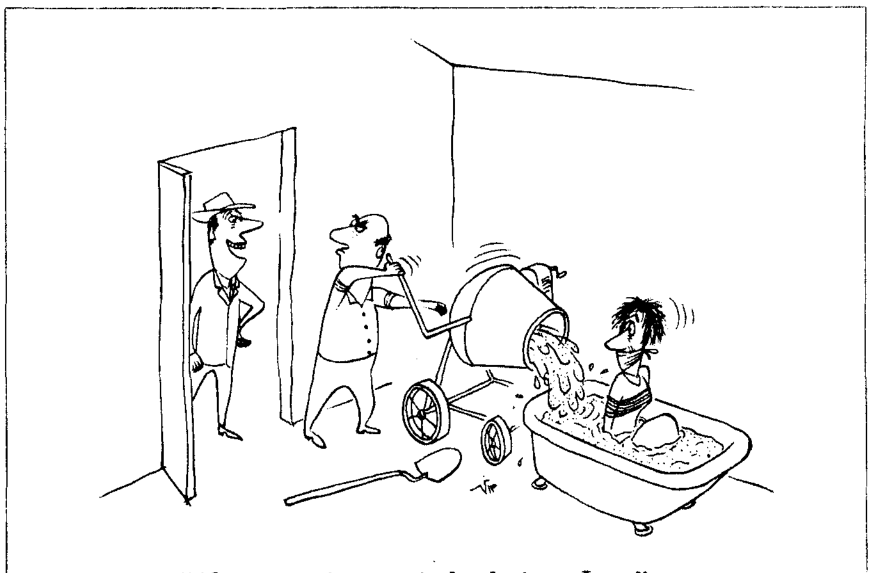


COLLIER'S **"Ah, cementing marital relations, I see"** VIRGIL PARTCH

(Continued from page 73*)* ground gave him a glimpse of the bridge ahead. He debated stopping for lunch, but his eagerness to reach Willow Spring, where there was shade and water, was suddenly strong; another hour and a half would bring him there. And so he rode on, making his way down toward the bridge. The long, narrow span looked untrustworthy to him—he thought he could see it sway in the breeze. Then he laughed at his fears; if it would bear a stagecoach, it would certainly take a horse and rider. Nevertheless, as he rode out onto it, he had to admit it made him more uneasy than he'd ever been on John Black's old ferry—still anchored there at the foot of the abandoned switchback road that twisted down the south canyon wall.

The river below, gliding slick and yellow past the deserted ferry and its decaying landings, looked small and far away. The old ferry cable looked like a string down there, and the thunder of the rapids downstream was muted.

SUDDENLY Cohoon heard a sound in back of him, and he turned in the saddle to look back. The end of the bridge behind him was blocked by a dozen riders.

At the head of them was old John Black's son, Marshal Bill Black, conspicuous in his neat, dark suit.

"You're under arrest, Cohoon!" Black shouted. "Give yourself up quietly and I'll guarantee you a fair trial."

Another voice shouted, "Yeah, a fair trial and a good stout rope!"

Cohoon lifted his reins. The marshal saw the gesture and raised his gun to fire once into the air. "You can't get away," he called to Cohoon. "We've got you boxed."

He pointed ahead, and Cohoon turned to see another group of riders come around the bend in the road a quarter of a mile ahead, riding in to block the south end of the bridge. There was no time to waste in wondering what these men thought he had done that deserved hanging; and it was clear they were in no mood to listen to denials. Cohoon drove the spurs in hard. At least he could reach a better place to make a stand than the middle of the bridge, suspended over five hundred feet of empty air.

The men ahead, seeing his action, raised a yell and came rushing down the road, racing him for the end of the bridge. But he had much the shorter distance to go, and the hollow thunder of his horse's hoofs changed to a hard chopping sound as he reached solid ground. A bullet went whining past him from the men ahead, and he heard more gunfire behind him, but did not look back, keeping his attention on the group charging down on him from ahead.

There were too many for him to have a chance of breaking through, and the men from behind were coming up fast. He felt a sense of rage and hatred more bitter than he had ever experienced. The impulse to stop, dismount and, shooting carefully, pick off as many of the riders as he could was very strong. With his father's old Henry rifle he could make a shambles of that heedlessly charging mob before one of their bullets found him. But into his mind came the sound of his father's voice, saying, "A man can always find a place to die; the trick is to find a place to keep on living."

He reined the horse around sharply and spurred hard; the animal shuddered and lunged desperately up the steep bank to the right. A bullet grazed Cohoon's sleeve and another kicked up dust beside him as he crouched over the saddle horn. Behind him, the two halves of the posse came together and began milling in confusion. They had expected him to make his try toward the open country to the east. Cohoon heard Black ordering a handful of men to cut south and keep him penned in the open area formed by the bluff, the canyon and the road.

He was still boxed, Cohoon reflected grimly, but there was a hole in the box—although no sane man would try to use it. Well, a man who would spend five years in prison on the strength of a girl's smile could hardly be considered to have full possession of his senses. Bullets were still pecking at the ground around him when his tiring horse lurched over the crest of the slope, and Cohoon sent it forward at a run, angling back toward the river. Seeing him riding deeper into the trap in which they held him, the half-dozen riders behind him reined in and took time to organize the next phase of the campaign, allowing Cohoon to reach the canyon rim unhindered.

He followed the rim downstream, sparing the horse now that he had a little time; presently, in the shadow of the bluff, he came upon the old road that had carried traffic down to the river during the years John Black's Ferry had been in operation. Cohoon heard Bill Black's voice shouting crisp orders behind him. They were drawing up a cordon now across the angle formed by the river and the bluff. Cohoon turned the horse along the deep old tracks and rode over the edge onto the first of the switchbacks leading down to the water.

From here he could again see the bridge. It held a handful of men, dismounted. Seeing him come into sight, they began to shoot at him, but their weapons and marksmanship left something to be desired at five hundred yards. Cohoon was halfway down the precipitous road when a rider came out of the hills to the north and charged across the bridge at a gallop. He had a moment's hope that this might be a messenger from town to tell the posse they were making a mistake, but the shooting did not stop.

HE NEGOTIATED a washout, and then the road became easier. He reached the bottom without further incident, dismounted, and got his rifle and his rope. Then he approached the deserted ferry. He had to wade to reach it, which was all to the good; high and dry it would have been useless to him. He threw his belongings aboard and, after a moment's study, put his shoulder against the sloping front of the scow and pushed. He was aware that some of the men had reached the canyon rim above him now. There seemed to be some sort of an argument in progress since they were all gathered in a group talking instead of shooting or coming down to get him.

He pushed hard, feeling his muscles strain and his boots drive into the yellow mud of the riverbank. But it seemed that John Black's Ferry, having long ago made its last official trip, was not eager to come out of retirement. There were men riding back across the bridge now, heading for the old road leading down the north wall to the other landing, to meet him if he should succeed in making the crossing.

Cohoon drew a deep breath and called upon all his strength. Above the ever-present sound of the river, he heard a small sucking noise; somewhere the mud was losing its grip on the waterlogged boards.

A bullet hit the water beside Cohoon. Shouts and the sound of gunfire reached him from above—apparently the argument up there had ended. Then running feet splashed through the water nearby and he looked around quickly, reaching for the revolver at his belt. His hand stopped in mid-air, and he stared in shocked surprise: Claire Paradine was wading toward him heedlessly.

"They wouldn't believe me!" she cried. "I told them that I'd lied, but they laughed at me. Boyd, what can I do?"

He came out of his momentary paralysis. "Go back," he said. "This is no place for you."

"Don't send me away," she gasped. "Please! Let me help."

He hesitated, glancing up at the road down which she had come; Black's men were already following her down. He had protected her once, and remembering the payment it had earned him, he could not see doing it again. "If you wish," he said. "Let's see if we can get this thing afloat."

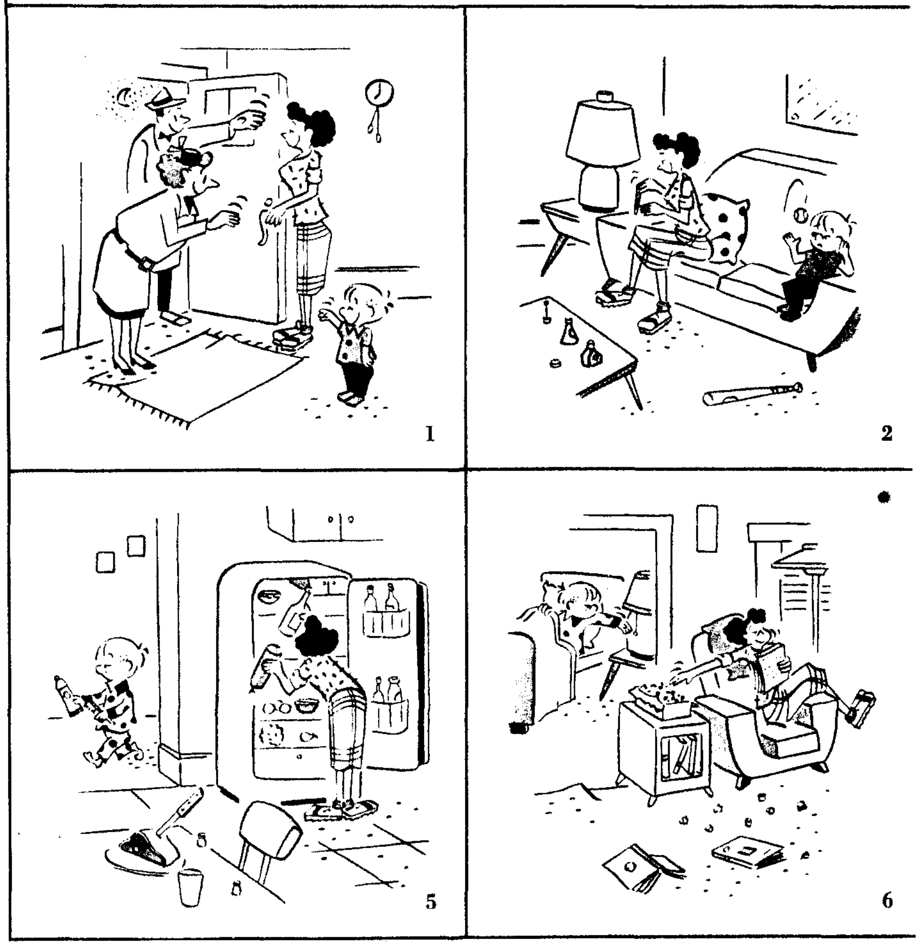
"But—"

"Did you come to help or talk?" he asked harshly. He threw himself against the weathered ferry with sudden anger, and she came to push beside him. It was nothing like the picture he had carried of her through the years—he could never have imagined Claire Paradine knee-deep in muddy water, laboring like a squaw beside him—yet it gave him strength, and the scow began to slide as they pushed together. Suddenly it was riding free, swinging slightly to the current.

Cohoon caught the girl by the arm. "Last chance," he said. "Go back, Claire."

She looked up at him, and shook her

The Baby Sitter



head stubbornly. He hauled himself aboard and reached down for her, telling himself that he could not leave her to the mercy of the lynch mob—and knowing quite well that he wanted her with him.

Driven by the pressure of the current, the ferry was already sliding smoothly away from shore, down the curve of the cable that would guide them as far as midstream. Cohoon picked up the single, long, weather-beaten sweep that John Black had kept aboard against a possible emergency, but there was no need for it. The current kept them moving.

Claire tossed her disheveled hair back from her face and said, "I betrayed you twice, Boyd—once that you don't even know about. Does this make up for it?"

He grinned abruptly. "Honey, you shouldn't make it sound so damn' much like a duty."

She pulled at her wet skirts and glanced around. "Boyd, they're on the other shore waiting for us! What are we going to do?"

THE ferry came to a natural halt in the center of its arc; from here it was uphill work to the other shore, if you wanted to go there. Cohoon laid down the sweep and picked up the rifle. He levered a shell into the chamber and aimed carefully. Realizing his intention, Claire cried out in panic: "No, Boyd! We'll be killed!"

The gun fired. The bullet tore through the heart of John Black's ancient cable. For a moment nothing happened; then the wounded strands began to separate and unravel.

The lurch as the cable gave way threw both occupants of the ferry to the deck. Free for the first time in its long life, the ferry seemed to hesitate for an instant before it began to slide downstream toward the first of the roaring rapids that lay between this point and Yellow Ford. . . .

Colonel Paradine stood behind a desk in the main room of the bank, facing his questioners with what he hoped looked like calm assurance. "Yes, sir," he said to a worried man before him, "funds to cover the robbery will be here within the week; there's no cause for alarm, none at all. . . . Yes, indeed, Mrs. Purvis," he said, "all depositors will be paid in full if they so wish. . . . What is it, sir?"

A big man in dusty range clothing had pushed through the knot of people. "Your name's Paradine," he said curtly.

"I'm Colonel Paradine, yes. What can I do for you?"

"You owe me a horse," the stranger said. "I had him standing in the alley by McCordley's bar. A girl took him and rode off with him, a little while after the robbery—people tell me it was your daughter. I could make trouble, but I'll settle for the price of the horse and gear."

Colonel Paradine sensed a stir among the people surrounding him. His calm bearing had partially restored their confidence in him, but it had vanished again with this reminder of the part Claire had played in their common disaster. It still seemed incredible to the colonel that his daughter should have tried to shield Cohoon, refusing to identify him until shown the incontrovertible evidence of his guilt. And then to steal a horse and ride out of town in such a conspicuous manner—had the girl gone insane?

And where was Francis in this terrible hour? It seemed to the colonel as if the whole world had become afflicted with sudden madness, particularly his own family.

"I apologize for my daughter, sir," he said to the stranger. He reached into his pocket, counted out a sum of money and, with his inability to resist a fine gesture, added an equal amount to it. "There you are. I think you'll find this adequate."

The stranger took the money and made his own count with infuriating deliberation. "Three hundred," he said, and grinned. "It's a deal, Paradine. At that price, I'd sell you a dozen more, if I had them."

The man touched the brim of his hat in a mock salute and turned to leave; the crowd let him through and then closed in again, openly hostile now. The magnanimous gesture had been a mistake, the colonel realized; with their savings in jeopardy, these people did not like to see him casually pay out three hundred dollars. He said quickly, "As I was saying, your deposits will be repaid to the last cent. Now, if you'll excuse me—"

For a moment he thought they would refuse to let him go; then they opened a path for him. He heard the murmur of their voices behind him as he walked away, sullen and suspicious—that was the fault of Claire and her incomprehensible behavior, he thought bitterly. If she hadn't run away, no one would have thought of mistrusting him. He would have had time and privacy to alter the books—with so much money missing after the robbery, who could ever have found the discrepancies? But now, with everyone watching him suspiciously, it was out of the question. They would discover his embezzlements, and shortly they would learn that his promises of repayment were only empty words.

ONCE he was home, and no longer had to concentrate on appearing confident, a sense of exhaustion and despair came over the colonel. He went into the study and fell into his chair and covered his face with his hands. After a while he sat up slowly, as the thought came into his mind that there was only one honorable course for a man to take in such a situation.

He opened the desk drawer and took out his big, long-barreled revolver. He cocked it, raised it, and then lowered it again; a shudder went through him. He laid the weapon aside, rose, and walked quickly to the safe in the corner. Opening it, he took out a small packet similar to the one that had contained the $10,000 he had given to Cohoon. Looking at it, he regretted that generosity. Even more, he regretted that Paul Westerman, at the point of making him a loan when the bank robbery had occurred, had then refused the loan, pointing out that, under the circumstances, it would be inadvisable for the colonel to make his appearance at the bank carrying a bag full of money. Colonel Paradine, being a realist, had no hope of getting that money now; Westerman was not the type to show generosity to a disgraced and broken man who could be of no further use to him. There would be no further loans from Westerman, and no marriage to Claire.

The colonel laid the packet of money gently on the desk. It was not a drop to what he owed, yet it was enough to take him away from this miserable place, west to California perhaps, where an enterprising and intelligent man—

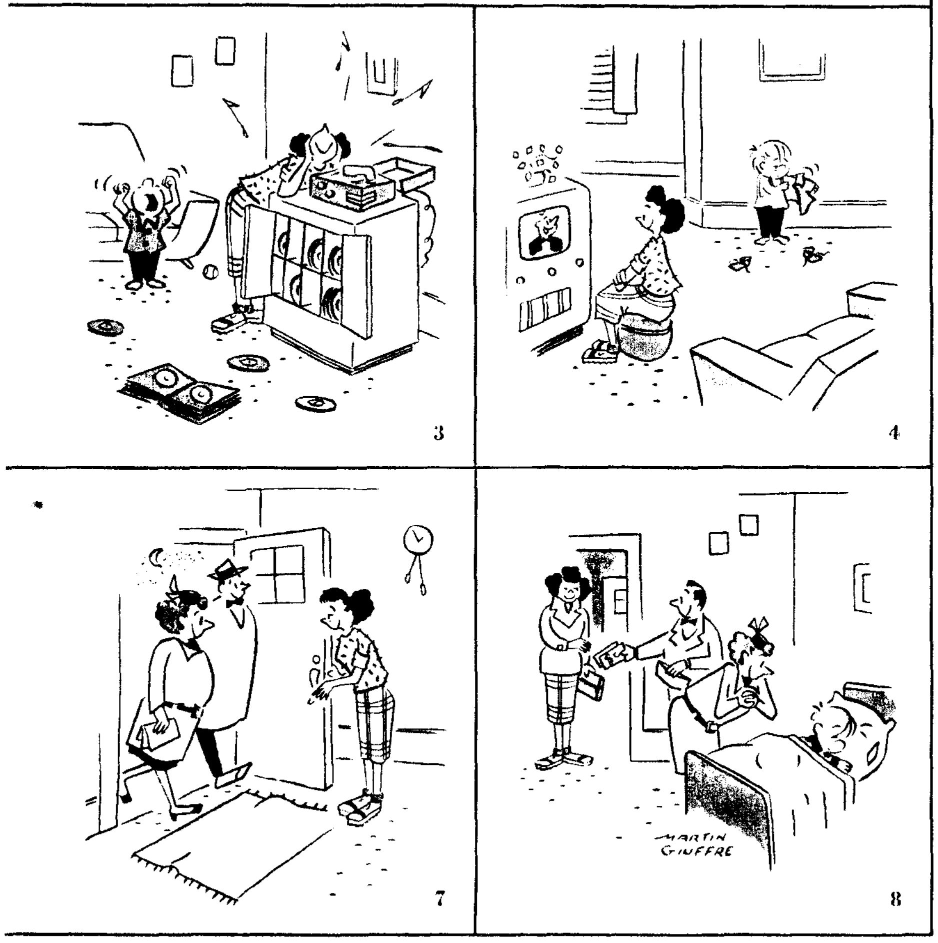
"Where are we going this time?"

He looked up, startled by his wife's voice. She was standing on the far side of the desk, watching him.

"Elinor—"

She said quietly, "You're in trouble again, aren't you, Roger? Twenty years

By MARTIN GIUFFRE



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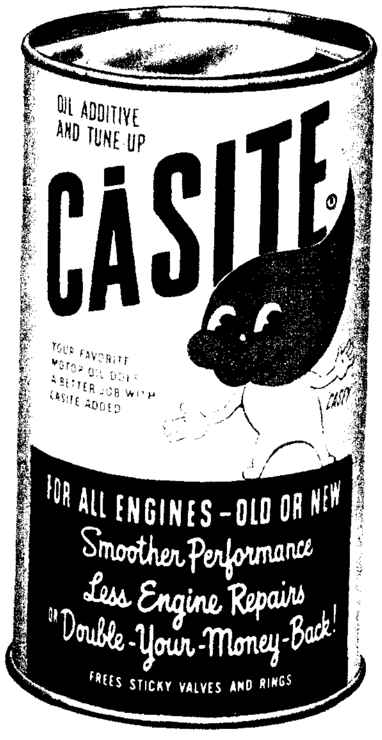
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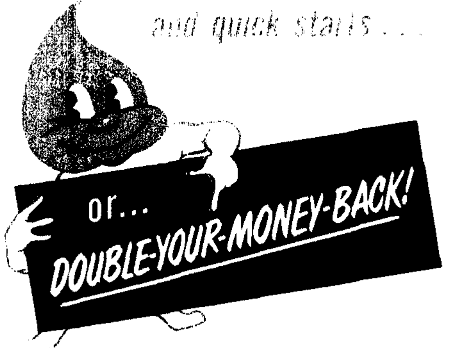

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ago we had to get out of Virginia because of your love for other people's money. Well, which direction do we flee this time? Have you someplace in mind where we can spend the *next* twenty years?" She looked at the packet of bank notes. "How much are you stealing this time, Roger? Whose trust are you betraying this time—besides mine?"

He waited there, held by the deathly calm of her voice. He did not move until she reached for the gun on the desk, and then it was too late.

The servants came running at the sound of the shot, but they had not reached the door before a second shot revived the echoes of the first.

NAN MONTOYA got out her riding habit and began to put it on. She still did not know exactly what she planned to do, only that she could not sit here, inactive and helpless, after the news she had just heard.

"He took the damn' old scow into the middle of the river," the man had said, pausing on his way into one of the saloons to make the announcement. "Took her right out into the middle and shot the cable in two. The Paradine girl went with him. Well, if they'd rather have the river than a rope, I reckon the choice was theirs."

Now, suddenly, Nan stopped, took off the riding habit and put on her gingham dress again. Pausing briefly to rearrange her hair, she hurried out of the house. It had been a fantastic idea, she told herself, born of despair. What could she accomplish down by the river by herself?

The sun was hot on her shoulders, and she could feel the heat of the ground through her shoes. The wind scorched her face and the dust stung her eyes. It was a grim and merciless country, she thought. There had been a time when it had interested and challenged her, but that time was gone. After Montoya died, I should have gone home to Boston, she thought bleakly. It would have been better than this, better than being alone.

A murmur of voices caught her attention. She heard the clatter of many horses coming up Main Street and realized that the posse was returning, and that the town had come out to meet it. When she reached the corner of Creek Lane, there were fifty people gathered around the riders as they dismounted. She saw that some did not stop here but rode on, meeting nobody's eyes; they would be the ones who felt the death of a woman on their consciences. The rest, however, were ready enough to share their experiences with anyone who would pay for their drinks.

For a moment Nan felt an impulse to empty her late husband's little gun into any one of those gloating, triumphant faces. She turned sharply away, and heard someone say, "Miss Montoya."

She recognized the voice and swung around. "*Mrs.* Montoya, Marshal," she said, looking into the face of Bill Black. The thought of the gun she carried returned to her mind, and she was shocked to realize that she could kill this man without a qualm.

"I'm sorry," Black said evenly. "*Mrs.* Montoya. I would like to talk to you, ma'am."

"I have nothing to say to you, Marshal," she said harshly.

"Please, ma'am. There's something I'd like to ask . . ."

He was quite young, she realized in sudden surprise; he sounded like a polite schoolboy asking a favor, and she looked at him more closely. This was a different man from the arrogant officer of the law who had invaded her house that morning, demanding to know the whereabouts of Boyd Cohoon. Now Black's face was grim, and in his eyes was a puzzled, defeated look. "Mrs. Montoya," he said, "was I —was I wrong about Cohoon?"

After a moment, she said, "Yes. You were wrong."

Black said softly, "Miss Paradine retracted her identification. She denied that Cohoon was even in on the robbery, much less the General's trigger-man."

"What more proof do you need?"

"The money," Black said. "What happened to the money from the mining-office robbery? Where did Cohoon get that ten thousand dollars that you deposited in the bank the next day?"

She shook her head. "That was Cohoon's own money, Marshal," she said bitterly. "It was given to him by the Paradines, for services rendered. If you've heard the gossip of the town, you know what services I mean."

The marshal shook his head. "I heard some stories, but I never believed them." He hesitated a moment and then said dully, "She went with him. I tried to hold her back, but she broke away and rode down to join him."

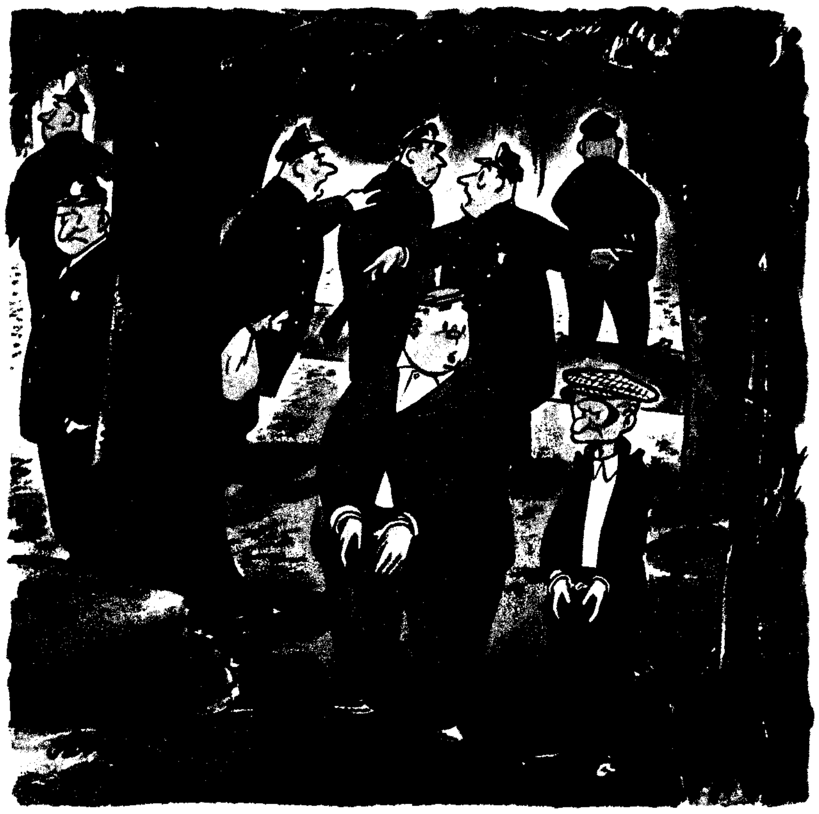
Nan did not need to ask who *she* was. "You're not interested in justice, Mr. Black," she said, "or in the fact that you've sent an innocent man to his death. All that bothers you is that Claire Paradine became involved too."

He looked up, startled, and then he nodded slowly. "Perhaps you're right, ma'am. In that case, I have no business wearing *this* any longer, have I?" With an abrupt gesture he ripped the badge from his shirt and hurled it into the dust, turning to stride away.

"Marshal," she called. "Mr. Black."

He paused. "What is it?"

BUTCH



"I was afraid of this when they kept on chasin' us deeper an' deeper into th' woods. We're *lost*"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

"Is there any hope?"

He looked back. "My father, John Black, used to boast about his exploits on the river, Mrs. Montoya. He'd rob passengers on his ferry and then shove them overboard. In all, he claimed to have sent eleven men down the river. Many were alive when they hit the water. None ever showed up at Yellow Ford, alive or dead." Black paused and then went on: "I sent some men to Yellow Ford this morning, though. If Cohoon and Miss Paradine get through, those men will be waiting."

"Yes," she said bitterly, "waiting with a rope."

Black gave her a strange, blank look and walked away. . . .

As she stood there, Nan became aware of a drunken man in front of the nearest saloon explaining in detail how the trap had been set at the bridge, and how Cohoon had ridden into it unsuspectingly. She shivered and turned away, but checked herself at the sight of a stocky, well-dressed, important-looking man who stood listening to the recital without expression.

She knew him by sight and reputation, of course: this was Paul Westerman who, once a Creek Lane gambler, was now rumored to own half the town. This was the man who hated Cohoon and was to have married Claire Paradine. His feelings, Nan reflected, must be divided at this moment; it was no wonder he chose to conceal them.

As she gazed at Westerman, a large bearded man came through the crowd. He paused briefly beside Westerman, as if by accident, and whispered something. A wicked light flared for an instant in Westerman's eyes.

The bearded man moved on—his name was Jack Rudy, Nan recalled. In a few moments Westerman too walked away. Nan hesitated and then found herself following him.

She was remembering her discussion with Cohoon the night before, and her own insistence that the outlaw who pretended to be a Mexican and called himself the General was someone well known in the town. Whoever he was, he had set the mob on Cohoon's trail to draw attention from himself—and it could easily be this short, self-assured man walking ahead of her. If this were true, it would explain how Westerman had so quickly grown in wealth and influence in the community.

The lengthening shadows of evening made concealment easy, and it apparently did not occur to Paul Westerman that he might be followed. He walked directly down Creek Lane to the arroyo, then made his way to the right some hundred yards to a deserted adobe hut.

Standing in the shadows, Nan watched Westerman go inside the hut. After waiting a moment to make sure he was not coming out again immediately, she darted across the open space and crouched beneath a window, listening to the sound of voices inside.

Westerman was saying sharply, "What are you doing here in that getup? Do you want to get yourself hanged?"

"Señor," said a sarcastic voice that was faintly familiar, "I am getting drunk, can't you see? For years I have pretended to be a worthless *borracho*. Who pays attention to the movements of a young man so obviously interested in nothing but whisky and women and more whisky? Today I'm celebrating; for a change, señor, I'm really getting drunk—"

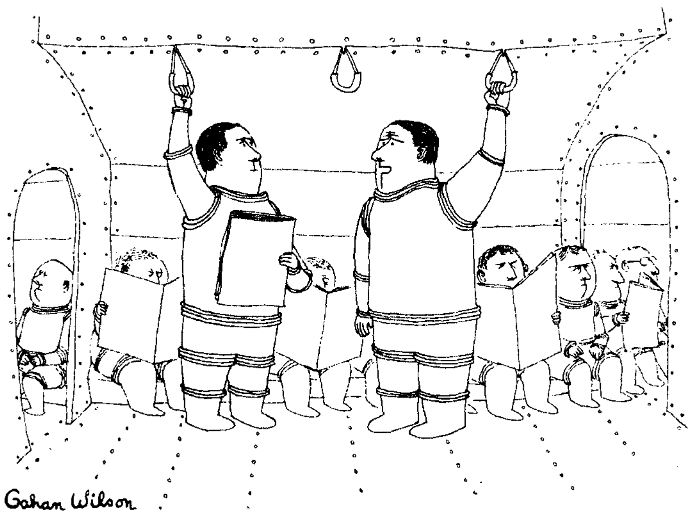
"Well, get out of that costume and get drunk somewhere else before you get us all in trouble!" Westerman snapped.

THE other man laughed. "It's too late for that, *amigo*. You *are* in trouble. You'll never be able to use my father's bank for your clever schemes, because I smashed it this morning, and him with it. And you'll never marry my sister for the respectability she would bring you. You wanted to marry into the fine Paradine family and move into the fine Paradine house, but it was a house of cards. Well, I blew it over today, *amigo*—poof, like that. So much for the Paradines, and so much for you, Westerman.

"You've been playing a game with me for years," the voice went on, "ever since you learned the General's identity, using me as a weapon to terrorize this country, and taking half the profits for yourself. You were waiting, weren't you, for the right moment to take your revenge for Harry's death—oh, you've known the truth about that robbery for years, and I know it. But let me tell you this: your son Harry was a yellow rat, a trigger-happy little coward—"

There was a rustle of movement and the sound of a blow. Nan started to go for help—and stopped, seeing Jack Rudy, Westerman's bearded henchman, watching her from the corner of the hut, a sly grin on his lips. He stepped forward. She ducked and reached for the gun she carried, but his powerful arms clamped about her. She kicked hard, driving backward with her heel; Rudy swore, and with his fist hit her behind the ear. Through the mists of receding consciousness she became aware that there was a struggle going on inside the hut, too. Someone else was fighting for life against odds. . . .

The ferry had struck once in the first rapids—struck and hung on a submerged rock for an interminable



"All the romance has gone out of space travel"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

time, while the roaring water beat against it and washed over it. Then it had pivoted and pulled free, to be flung out by the current into the smooth run of the water below. It was moving now with frightening speed, rotating slowly.

Cohoon released the girl and stood up, aware that the craft beneath them, already waterlogged at the start of the journey, was settling rapidly now.

"Give me your shoes," he said to Claire.

SHE looked at him blankly through the matted hair that had washed over her face. He felt a sense of guilt and of regret; whatever she had done to him, she was paying for it now in fear and despair and discomfort. He had his revenge in full, and it was tasteless. He crouched beside her and removed her shoes and his own boots; he lashed these, with the rifle, to the weatherbeaten sweep lying on deck, leaving two loops of rope lying free. Claire watched numbly; all hope and interest seemed to have been knocked out of her by her conviction that they were doomed.

He tried to encourage her, shouting over the roar of the next rapids, now close at hand, "If we can just get down to where the canyon opens up a bit—Hang on, now. Here we go again."

The ancient ferry seemed to pause. Then it tilted and plunged down a foaming chute into black shadows. Here the canyon walls were perpendicular, and so high that they shut out the afternoon sun. The current was torn apart by hidden rocks, and they hit three times before they were borne out into sunlight again.

Cohoon, lying on the deck beside the girl, took advantage of the respite to drag the sweep closer; he slid one of the loops of rope about his own waist and the other about Claire's. They were thrown against the shore rocks with a splintering crash, and then carried away and hurled down a long incline of frothing water. Suddenly the scow, riding deep now, struck a rock with an impact that sent them sliding across the deck. The ferry hung there. Slowly the upstream side began to rise under the terrible pressure; boards and timbers cracked below. Then the deck began to come apart under them.

There was no need to jump; the lower side was already submerged, and the angle of the deck let them slide into the water merely by letting go. Then they were floating free, still in the shelter formed by the grounded ferry. A moment later the current snatched them away.

Cohoon could never clearly recall the rest of the journey. He remembered seeing, behind them, the ferry upended and overturned and hurled like a toy after them, only to strike again and disintegrate into a mass of broken lumber. He had a memory of releasing the revolver and gun belt that weighed him down. He remembered also, once, when an eddy threw them close to the shore, that Claire had come suddenly to life and tried to free herself from the ropes to swim to safety. He had to grab her and hold her. There was nothing to be gained by reaching shore here, only to die of starvation under these towering red cliffs.

Sunlight alternated with shade as they were carried along. Claire lost consciousness, and he did his best to keep her head above water. Then a run of swift water shot them out into sunlight again, and the canyon walls were not so close as they had been, and he knew that this was the place for which he had been waiting, saving his strength.

He changed his grip on the sweep and, kicking hard, tried to drive them toward the south bank that was sliding past with frightening speed. Ahead the canyon narrowed again to a dark gateway, beyond which more rapids roared. They had come less than a quarter of the way; they could never survive the rest. Even dead men had never made the full journey, Cohoon thought. He labored desperately, and an eddy flung them back; he had to rest for a moment, and another eddy bore them shoreward. He rode it in and fought blindly and furiously against the grip of it as it threatened to carry them out again. He broke free, and lay panting in quiet backwater. Straightening, he felt his feet touch bottom.

He dragged the girl, and the sweep with its attached bundle, up onto the clay beach. Claire was alive but still unconscious; he covered her with his jacket and decided to build a fire to warm her. But dizziness hit him suddenly and he had to lie down. In a moment he was asleep.

WHEN he awoke there was darkness all around him, but there was light in the sky upstream, which confused him, since it was his understanding that the sun set in the west. Then he laughed, realizing that he had slept the night through and this was morning.

He rose, limped back and forth a couple of times to loosen his muscles, and set to work to build the fire he had intended to make the evening before, using matches from his waterproof cache. As the flames grew, he became aware that Claire was awake. "What time is it?" she asked.

It seemed an odd question, but he said, "I don't rightly know. Morning, anyway."

She sat up, and cried out in pain. He went to her and helped her get up. "I feel as though I'd been broken into a thousand pieces!" she whimpered. "Boyd, what are we going to do? How are we going to get out of here?"

"Walk," he said.

She glanced at him quickly.

He said, "Don't you remember, Claire? We climbed down here once when we were kids."

She shrugged and turned away. After a moment she went to stand by the fire and spread her skirts. "Aren't you going to ask me any questions, Boyd?" she said. "Aren't you even curious why those men were trying to hang you?"

He grinned. "Right now, I'm just happy to be alive."

"It was my fault," she said. "But I've paid for it, haven't I? Boyd, tell me you don't hate me! Please!"

"I never did, Claire," he said, and added honestly, "except maybe a little, now and then. After dreaming for five years, a man kind of hates to wake up and find he has nothing but the dream for his pains."

"I know," she said, "I know! It was unforgivable of me, but I was afraid of what Paul might do. . . ." Her voice trailed off. She raised her head to look at him across the fire. "I'm not afraid any longer, Boyd."

He gazed back at her, and after a moment he circled the fire to go to her. She turned her face up for a kiss as she had once before, on his first night home, but this time her arms came tight about his neck.

After a time her arms dropped away and he stepped back, looking at her. "It's funny, isn't it?" she whispered. "We were so much in love and now there's nothing left. Did you know?"

He shook his head.

"Neither did I," she said. "I thought—when did it happen, Boyd? Was it during the years you were away, or did I kill it a few days ago? Never mind. It doesn't matter. Boyd—"

"Yes?" he said.

"I'm still a woman," she said, facing him. "I'm yours if you want me, even without love. I can be as much to you as that dance-hall singer on Creek Lane—the one who wouldn't lift a finger to help you yesterday. Then at least one Paradine will pay what is owed."

He said stiffly, "You're paying a debt, Claire? Is that why you came to warn me?"

She shrugged and said, "Maybe I thought there might be more, maybe I hoped— But it doesn't matter. I'll keep the bargain I made with you five years ago, Boyd—I'm yours for the taking. You can marry me or not, as you please. I can't be particular about that, can I—the sister of a murderous outlaw and the daughter of a thief?"

Cohoon did not understand the reference, but it was not the time to ask. He was shocked and embarrassed by what she was offering—and by the fact that he had no desire at all to accept the offer. "Claire," he said, "I—"

Suddenly she was in his arms, crying bitterly, and he held her until her sobs subsided. Then she dried her eyes and began to laugh, looking up at him. "Well, at least I tried, Boyd. The offer was made in good faith, and I don't withdraw it."

He said curtly, "It's getting light. We'd better be moving. It's going to be a hot day for climbing." . . .

Toward noon they stopped to rest for the fifth time in an hour. Shade was becoming hard to find, even in the crevice up which they were now climbing. Sitting in the shelter of a sandstone bluff, Cohoon inspected his rope carefully; it had served to help him pull the girl after him up the more difficult places. He laid the rope aside then and checked his rifle, which he had earlier cleaned and dried.

He turned to Claire Paradine, lying back against the sandstone wall with her eyes closed. Her face was dirty and her lips had a parched look. Her dress was stained from the sediment-laden waters of the river and it was wilted now from the heat and dust. She had the look, Cohoon thought, of a flower cruelly broken and trampled into the dirt. But behind his sympathy was a faint sense of irritation at her helplessness. It occurred to him that she had required—demanded, even—almost as much assistance the last time they had come this way, years ago when they were young and in love. But he had taken pleasure in being allowed to help her then, and had considered her brave just to make the venture.

"Come on, Claire," he said gently now. "It's only a little way to the top."

"You said that two hours ago." She opened her eyes. "Leave me here, Boyd. I'm only a burden to you. Just leave me—it's what I deserve."

THIS was the new and humble Claire Paradine, purged and purified by suffering, rather proud if it. Cohoon had no sympathy with her attitude. He lifted her to her feet, picked up rope and rifle, and led her away. An hour later he hauled himself over the crumbling edge of the rimrock, reached for the gun she passed up to him, and then pulled her up beside him. They stood there for a while, hearing the muted rumble of the river below and behind them. Ahead was the broad expanse of the Grant.

Cohoon said, "Well, we've still got about seven miles to water. Might as well start walking—"

"Boyd, look!"

He looked where she was pointing and saw three horsemen coming down the side of a small knoll that overlooked the surrounding country, heading directly for them. He said dryly, "You've got to hand it to Bill Black—he gets around. Looks as though we've had all our trouble for nothing."

"You think it's Marshal Black?"

"Or Westerman's outfit," Cohoon said. "Either way they're not apt to be friendly." He sighed and looked at the Henry rifle with the broken stock, which he had spliced. He levered a shell into the empty chamber. "Maybe I should have done my shooting yesterday," he said, "when I had dry cartridges to shoot with. I don't even know that these are going to fire. Walk off to the left a little, Claire."

"I won't leave you!"

He glanced at her. "Go on," he said. "I appreciate the sentiment, but it won't help now. We've got only one rifle, anyway—" He checked himself, suddenly frowning as he watched the approaching figures. "Why, that's just one rider and two horses!" he said. "Why do you reckon a man would bring two saddled horses . . . ?"

He saw the quick look of hope in Claire's eyes. He lowered the rifle and watched the horseman come closer, approaching at an easy trot. His neat and sober clothing was clearly visible now. Presently Cohoon said, "That's far enough, Black."

Fifty yards away, Bill Black reined in. "I've got water," he said, "and there's food in these packs." He took off his gun belt and hung it on the saddle horn. Then, slowly, he dismounted and stepped away from the horse. "I'm unarmed, Cohoon," he said. "No gun. And no badge. I owe you an apology. I made a bad mistake yesterday, because of my dislike for you. I—I was afraid it was irretrievable, but I made a search along the river anyway, in the hope of being able to make amends."

Cohoon studied him for a moment. Then he shrugged, walked forward, took the bottle from the saddle, and handed it to Claire, who drank greedily. Presently she looked up, almost guiltily, and passed the canteen back.

Cohoon said, "Hell of a country. One minute you're drowning, the next you're dying of thirst." He took a mouthful of water and swallowed it.

"I have some bad news for Miss Paradine, I'm afraid," Black said.

Cohoon nodded. "I'll go make a fire," he said, and walked away.

FROM a distance, gathering wood, he saw the two talking together; abruptly the girl buried her face in her hands. Black hesitated and then reached out to hold her as she cried.

Presently, when his fire was burning well, Cohoon got out food and utensils from the packs Black had brought. The meal had been ready for some time when Black and Claire Paradine at last came over to join him. They did not explain their conversation to him, and he did not ask.

When they had finished eating, Black put away the remains of the food and went back to reload the horses. When he was out of earshot, Claire said, "He wants me to go with him, Boyd."

"Where?"

"Anywhere. Away. He made a mistake trying to live down his father's reputation here. He's going somewhere where no one ever heard of John Black or Black's Ferry or the bodies slipped into the river in the dead of night. And I'm going with him, Boyd. I can't go back to Sombrero, either—you'll learn the reason as soon as you get back to town. I'd have to spend the rest of my life living down the fact that I was a Paradine." She frowned and looked toward Black, who was standing by the horses. "We're the same kind, and we have the same problem. We'll get along together. Besides, he loves me."

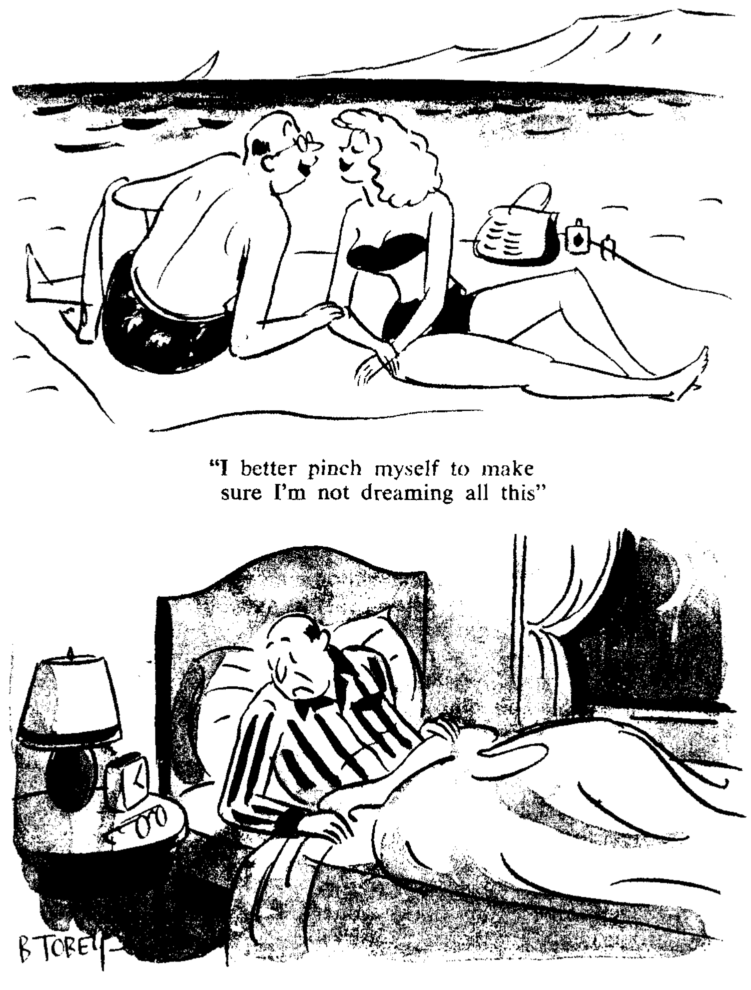
"I wish you luck," Cohoon said.

"I know you do," she said. "I hope I'll deserve it. Good-by, Boyd."

Bill Black came back carrying a paper-wrapped object, which he gave to Cohoon. "You'll have no trouble in town," he said. "I found enough evidence, asking around, to straighten things out for you. Your friend Van Houck is taking care of it."

Cohoon watched them mount and ride away. Then he unwrapped the object Black had given him—his father's knife, dull with dried blood. He cleaned it and replaced it in the sheath he still carried. The horse Black had provided looked adequate, but the saddle carried no rifle scabbard. Cohoon mounted, holding the gun, and balanced it across the pommel as he rode. There was no longer any sign of the pair ahead of him except hoofprints in the dirt. Presently the hoofprints turned left toward the main road. Rather than chance overtaking them, Cohoon turned west. He had said everything to those two that needed saying. . . .

Riding along, Cohoon felt a little lonely. He knew that even during the past few days he had been clinging desperately to the remnants of a dream, and now it was lost for good.


"I better pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming all this"

COLLIER'S
BARNEY TOBEY

He continued to ride westward until he reached the point where the old road came steeply up through the cliffs from Yellow Ford. Here he paused, studying the ground: a light wagon had come this way since his last visit to the ranch. Even from this height, he could see that someone had spent some time along the riverbank quite recently—men from Black's posse, no doubt. One fire still sent up a faint spiral of smoke, but the men were gone.

The ford was not quite deserted, however. A single horse grazed on the far bank, moving with the crabwise gait of an animal trailing its reins. There was a saddle on its back, but no sign of the rider.

Cohoon proceeded down the steep road cautiously, his rifle ready. The grazing horse made no effort to avoid him. It bore a fancy Mexican saddle and there was blood on the leather, some of it fresh enough to be tacky to the touch. Dismounting and leading both animals, Cohoon began backtracking on foot. The trail did not lead far. He quickly found the spot where the rider had fallen.

There was dried blood in the dust, and the marks left by a man crawling. He followed these and came upon the man, who had found shelter in a shallow draw. His gaudy costume, now soiled and torn, caught Cohoon's eye first. Then the man looked up and Cohoon saw his face.

"I want no help from you, Cohoon," Francis Paradine said.

Claire had told Cohoon enough of what had happened at the bank the previous day that his surprise was less than it might have been. Cohoon knelt without speaking. Francis had been badly beaten; there was a deep gash in his scalp, and his face was bruised.

"Leave me alone," Francis said petulantly. "They finished it with a knife in the back—I'm done. Not your knife, Cohoon, another. I found good use for yours." There was an expression of malicious pleasure in his eyes as he spoke. "Too bad they didn't hang you. You might have found it harder to be a hero at the end of a rope than behind bars. Next time you save a man from prison, Cohoon, ask him first if he wants to be saved!"

"Who did this to you?"

"Never mind. If I can't—settle with him myself—" Francis stopped for a moment. Then he spoke again, with effort: "Whoever did it robbed you."

"Robbed me? Of what?"

"Of vengeance." Francis smiled crookedly. "I shot your dad in the back, my friend. I had to. He was the only one besides you and my family who *knew* who had ridden with Harry Westerman on that holdup. Your dad had taken care of me when I was wounded, remember?"

"You killed him for that?" Cohoon whispered incredulously.

Francis shook his head. "Not exactly. But later, when the General began to operate, your dad guessed who the General was, knowing what he did about me. He challenged me with it. He had enough evidence, he said, to get you out of prison and put me in. If the General pulled one more job, he said, he'd go to the authorities. So—I shot him. And then I took care of your brother too, in case your dad had told him." Francis smiled cruelly. "Go ahead, Cohoon: hit me, shoot me, stick another knife in me. What can you do to a dying man?"

Cohoon turned away. "I'll get some water," he said harshly. Later, he could never remember whether it was a sound or merely instinct that made him glance around in time to see a little nickel-plated revolver pointing directly at him.

He threw himself aside, placing the horse between himself and the gun. The animal reared wildly at the first shot. The gun continued to discharge with a small, spiteful sound, but Cohoon was flat on the ground now, and Francis Paradine, lying in the sheltering depression, apparently could not find strength enough to push himself up to shoot over the edge.

When the shooting stopped, Cohoon waited for what seemed hours. Then he got up to look. Francis' eyes were closed and the gun had fallen from his hand. Cohoon picked it up, examining it with sudden apprehension. A slight movement made him glance at Francis, who had opened his eyes.

"Recognize it?" Francis whispered. "Yes, it's hers, Cohoon—that uppity Montoya woman from the Double Eagle saloon. She was snooping around the shack. She must have dropped it when they grabbed her. . . ."

Cohoon knelt beside him, and said, "Who has her? Where is she?"

Francis said haltingly, "Westerman has her, if she's still alive. He didn't want to leave a witness to spread the news that he was the General's partner . . . in a wagon, heading for the mine. . . ." Francis sighed heavily and closed his eyes again. In a moment, Cohoon saw, he was no longer breathing.

WESTERMAN'S mine looked small down in the canyon—just a few weathered shacks and some battered machinery showed aboveground. Cohoon stopped his horse at the top of the pine ridge to the west and studied the place carefully, despite the urgency within him. Presently he rode on along the ridge, gradually angling down the slope to the left, keeping in the shelter of the trees. At last he dismounted, tied the horse, and advanced on foot.

It was almost dusk in the canyon now, but the sun still shone on the higher peaks of the mountains, making the bare granite glow with reddish light. Cohoon saw the cook splitting wood by the door of the cookshack. Half a dozen men were on the ground nearby, rolling dice.

Beside another flimsy frame cabin—apparently the office, from the sign over the door—stood a light wagon. The team, unharnessed, grazed in a nearby corral. The wagon seemed empty except for a tarpaulin tossed into the bed of it. As Cohoon watched from the slope, one of the miners came around the corner of the building and paused by the wagon. Immediately a man Cohoon recognized as Jack Rudy stepped out of the office door and spoke sharply. His words were inaudible at the distance, but his meaning was clear. The miner moved on, pausing at a safe distance to look back at the wagon.

Cohoon thought: All right, there's Rudy. Where's Westerman? There was anger and fear and a sickening apprehension inside him. He watched Jack Rudy, big, bearded and confident-looking, stand in the doorway of the office shack, rolling a cigarette. Somebody spoke from inside the shack, and Rudy went in. Both of them inside, Cohoon thought, waiting for darkness. What have they done with Nan? The question slipped into his mind unwanted, and suddenly he was running forward.

Reaching a patch of mountain spruce ahead, he pushed his way through and found himself lying in adequate cover within a hundred yards of the cookshack, the office, and the wagon standing beside it. He raised his rifle, took careful aim at the nearest window of the office shack, and pressed the trigger. The weapon crashed and the window shattered. Jack Rudy came charging out, rifle in hand.

THE miners, startled by the shot, had drawn back. Presently, when no second shot followed the first and Rudy remained unharmed, Paul Westerman stepped warily through the doorway, holding a revolver ready.

Cohoon took careful aim. No one deserved mercy, or even the favor of an even break, yet he found himself reluctant to press the trigger. In the moment that he hesitated, Westerman felt or saw something wrong and stepped back into shelter, crying a warning. Rudy dropped to one knee and fired into the trees; the bullet dropped a twig onto Cohoon's head. Rudy was levering a second shell into place when Cohoon caught him squarely in the sights of the old Henry. The cartridge fired, and Rudy fell heavily on top of his gun.

Westerman was shooting from the broken window. Cohoon put a bullet through the glass and another through the flimsy boards beside it. "Westerman!" he shouted. "This is Cohoon. Come out with your hands up and you'll live to stand trial!"

There was a brief silence. Then Westerman's voice answered: "All right. Don't shoot. I'm coming out."

The stocky figure appeared in the doorway, arms raised. He moved forward. "Hold it right there!" Cohoon shouted.

Instantly Westerman threw himself aside, toward the wagon. As he lunged past the corner of the office, Cohoon saw him grasp for the revolver he had concealed beneath his belt at the small of his back. His intention was obvious: to use the wagon as a shield.

Cohoon swung the sights slightly ahead of Westerman's racing figure. Then the barrel of the old Henry wavered oddly, and he found that the spliced stock had given way under the repeated shock of recoil after the battering it had received in the river.

A hundred yards away, Westerman was kneeling in the wagon box, waiting for a target. He had thrown the tarpaulin aside and raised the cruelly bound and gagged figure of Nan Montoya before him as a shield.

Cohoon rose deliberately to his feet and reached back for his knife. Then he was running forward, weaving from side to side. Westerman awaited him calmly, saving his ammunition for a certain shot. Cohoon balanced the knife as he ran, knowing that the odds were against him here; Westerman could easily pick him off before he was close enough to make his throw good.

It occurred to him that his judgment seemed always to be at fault where this girl was concerned. Once, thinking she had betrayed him, he had tackled half a dozen men singlehanded, too angry to retreat; now, seeing her limp and bound, he was charging foolishly into the muzzle of a loaded gun to save her. Nan moved as Westerman fired, throwing the shot wild. There was a brief, uneven struggle in the wagon bed. Nan was flung aside, but she picked herself up to hurl her weight against Westerman as he shot again. The shot missed, but the girl's position forced Cohoon to deflect his throw at the last instant. The knife glinted harmlessly in the air, struck the side of the building and fell to the ground.

Westerman laughed—a short bark of triumph—and rose from his knees to level the gun more accurately. Nan rolled against him and he kicked at her viciously, and looked up to aim again. Then Cohoon, still running forward, had wrested the cook's hatchet from its block and, in the same motion, hurled it at the man on the wagon. Westerman saw the heavy weapon coming too late. It caught him in the shoulder and threw him back off the wagon box. For a moment he seemed to be leaning stiffly against the wall. Then his body folded and slipped through the space between the wagon and the building, and lay motionless on the ground.

Cohoon ran toward the wagon and climbed in. He had just removed the gag from Nan's mouth when the sound of approaching riders brought him around quickly. He snatched up the revolver Westerman had dropped.

"There'll be no need for that, my boy," someone said, and Cohoon saw that the man coming around the corner of the building was Van Houck, the old merchant who had been his father's best friend. "It's Westerman they want, not you," Van Houck said. "We've learned that he was the General's accomplice." He rode up beside Cohoon. "Aren't you going to help a tired old man off his horse?"

Cohoon grinned. "Fall off, you old fraud. There's somebody here who needs help worse than you do—and deserves it more too. Westerman's under the wagon."

NAN MONTOYA had not spoken for some time, riding beside Cohoon through the moonlit night. He stopped at last, dismounted and helped her down, steadying her. "Are you all right?" he asked, suddenly concerned.

"It's a little late to ask," she said dryly. "Where are we?"

He pointed to a grove of trees below them, dark in the moonlight. "That's Willow Spring," he said. "Nan, what was in your mind when you sent Claire to warn me?"

She glanced at him quickly. "Did she say I sent her?"

"Far from it. But I say it."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Well, suppose I did? It was the logical thing. Being born and brought up here, she had a much better chance of finding you in time than I did." She paused. "Where is Claire now?"

"With Bill Black. Riding south."

"You let her go?"

"There was no reason for her to stay. Did you know that when you sent her, Nan?"

She shook her head. "It was a chance. Perhaps I'm a gambler at heart." After a moment she said, "I've had a hard day. So if you brought me here just to talk over old times—"

Cohoon ignored her remark. "I would put the house up on this rise," he said, "although it means a longer walk for water. On a clear day, when the dust isn't blowing, you can see the town of Sombrero through a notch in the hills over there, thirty miles away."

"I've seen Sombrero," Nan said. "A woman likes a house with trees around it."

"I've asked you twice before to marry me," he said. "I'm asking again. This time I'm free to ask."

"I know," she said, and seemed to be waiting.

"I need you, Nan."

"Need?" she said. "Who cares about your needs, Cohoon?"

"I love you," he said, and she turned to him quickly, her waiting at an end.

—DONALD HAMILTON

COMPLETE in Collier's—February 17th issue

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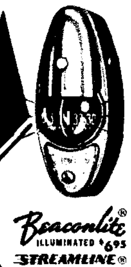
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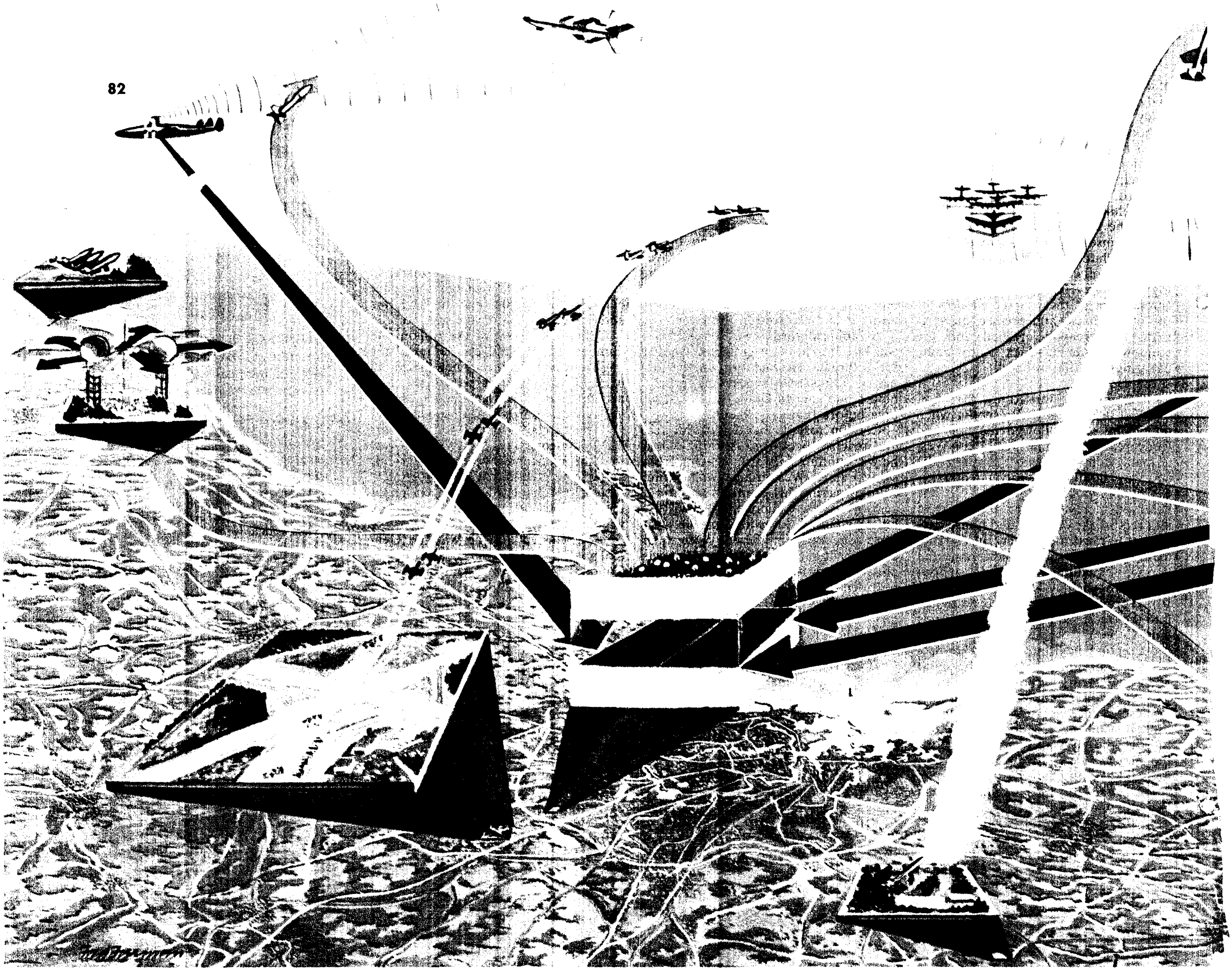


The Electronic Paul

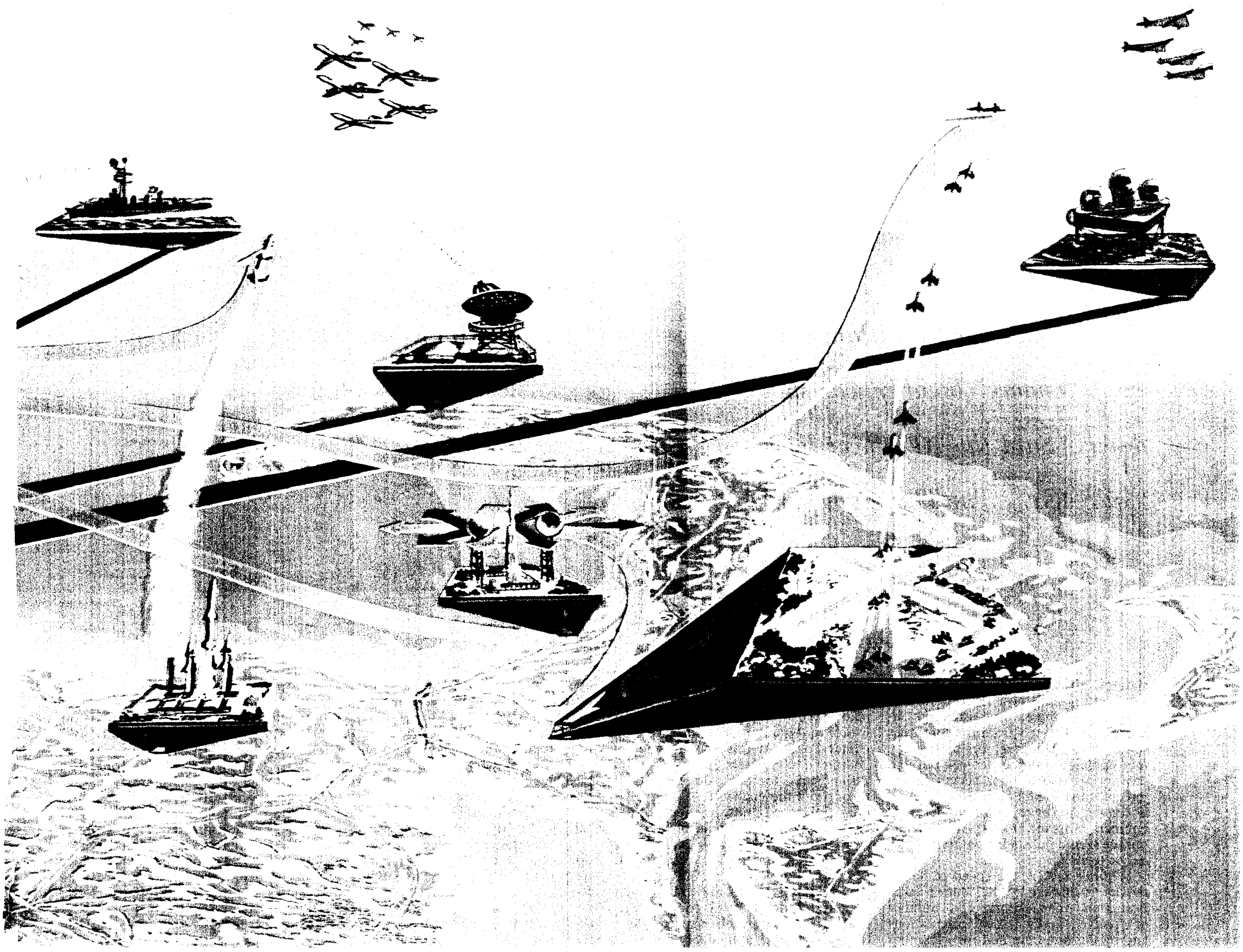
By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, Jr.

It's SAGE, a masterpiece of automation which, in just minutes, can detect a foe approaching by air, determine the course —and even "fly" an interceptor to the kill

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-ONE YEARS AGO, a Boston silversmith named Paul Revere galloped through the town of Lexington, Massachusetts, alerting a small force of minutemen to the approach of a British regiment. The ensuing skirmish at Lexington was the first military engagement of the American people as a nation, and Paul Revere's celebrated midnight ride, which gave the minutemen time to prepare their defenses, might be termed the original early warning effort.

Today, that same town of Lexington has become the heart of an ultramodern, automatic air defense and early warning system, a masterpiece of automation which promises to be the most important adjunct to defense against enemy bombers since the invention of radar. Lexington is the home of Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Lincoln Laboratory, whose scientists have developed a superintelligent electronic "brain" which reduces to a bare minimum the human element in the complex problem of tracking and destroying an attacking airplane.

Operating at a speed far beyond the capabilities of human intelligence,

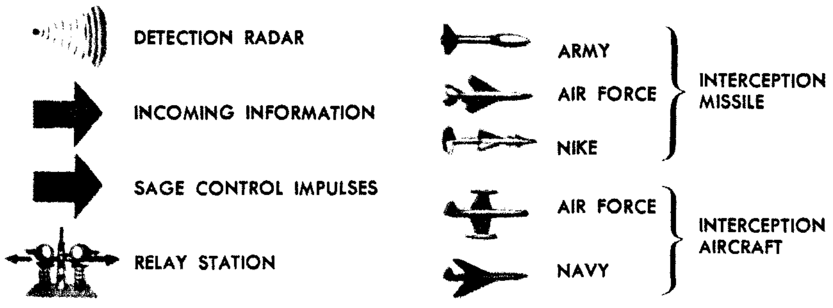


Revere

the almost unbelievable Semi-Automatic Ground Environment machine —or SAGE, as it is more popularly known—can sight the approach of an attacker, compute its course, speed and altitude, "scramble" an interceptor to meet it, and guide the fighter to the kill. It can even fly the defending airplane while the pilot sits with "hands off," or it can trigger a guided missile and steer it to the target. It will make the North American Continent far less vulnerable to atom-bombing than it has ever been since modern technology made the homeland a potential battleground.

SAGE, developed by Lincoln Laboratory under contract with the Air Force's Cambridge (Massachusetts) Research Center, is essentially an adaptation of the industrial digital computer (electronic brain) to air defense. Its importance lies in its ability to handle in seconds the mathematical computations involved in an intercept—problems which would take the most skilled Air Force teams minutes to solve and transmit.

SAGE does not replace the complicated air defense network of radar

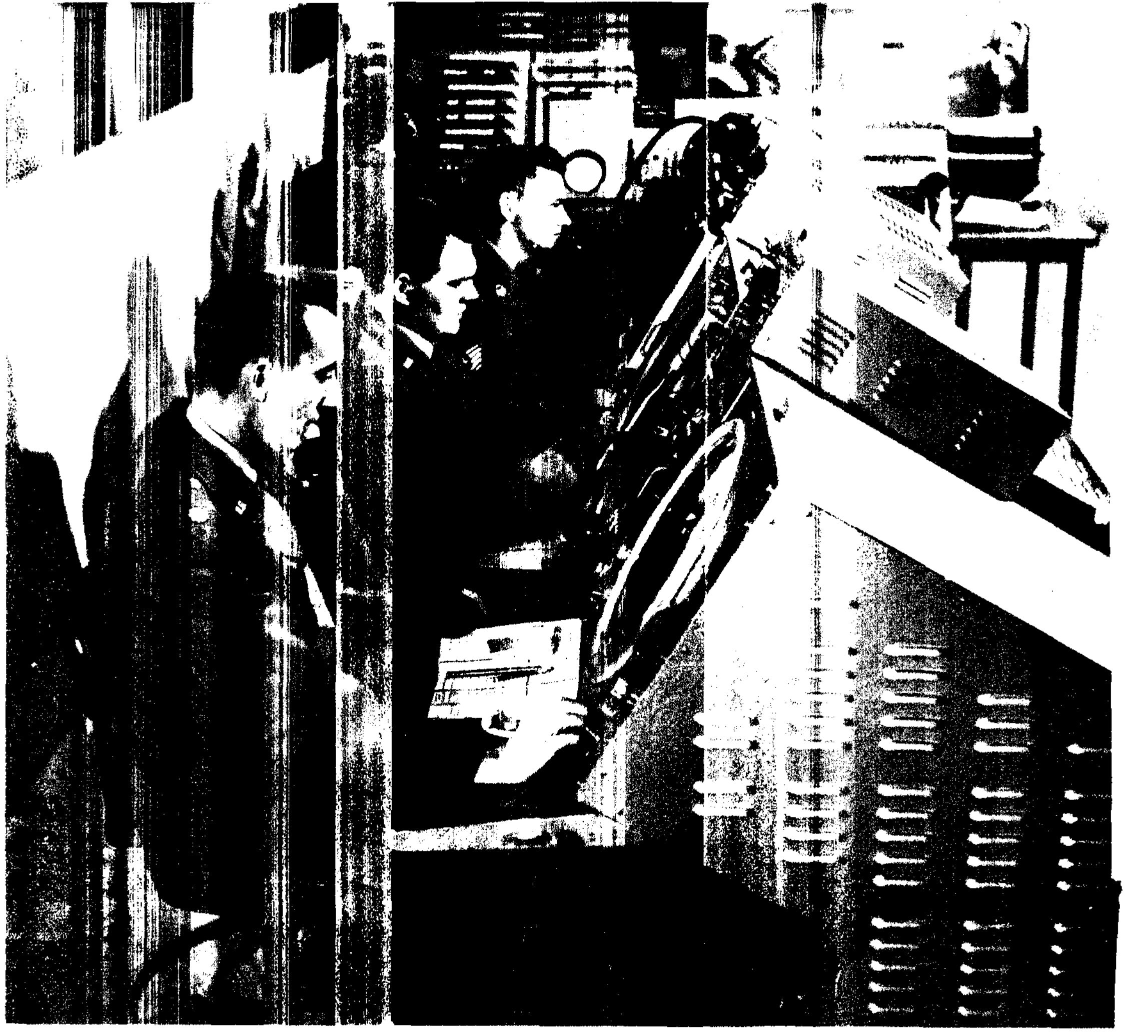


SAGE IN ACTION: Search radar (green arrows, from left) on early warning aircraft, early warning ship patrol, long-range land-based radar and Texas Tower pick up all planes entering ADIZ (Air Defense Identification Zone—shaded area) off Massachusetts coast. They transmit information to SAGE (one machine in operation and other on a stand-by basis) at Lexington, which determines electronically whether planes are friendly or unidentified. (Friendly military planes transmit automatic identification signals; other friendly planes file advance flight plans which SAGE checks against each plane entering zone.) From radar data, SAGE also computes altitude, speed and direction of approaching aircraft. If planes are unidentified, SAGE works out best interception method and (with aid of radio-radar relay stations, if needed) orders unit or units into action. Above, SAGE launches and controls (red arrows, from l.) Army missiles, AF jets from Hanscom Field, AF missiles, NIKE missiles, and Navy jets from Otis base

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN

Major John F. Burns (at left), senior director of SAGE experimental unit at Lexington, Mass., supervises practice interception at master scope in weapons section. The scope can depict over-all battle picture—or focus on part of it

Far out over the Atlantic an "enemy" bomber was shot down. Said the AF officer back at SAGE: "The Thing got him!"



LARRY FRIED

stations, airborne and seaborne picket ships and ground observers. Rather it supplements them, processing the information obtained from these sources so quickly that interceptors have many more precious minutes to seek out and destroy a "bogie." In a successful intercept, time is vital. The Soviet Union is known to have 600-mile-per-hour bombers in its air arsenal, and a single minute would put such a plane 10 miles closer to its target.

Without SAGE, the speed of an intercept is limited by the time it takes a human mind to make a number of involved mathematical calculations and by the time required for a number of voice transmissions of information. Under such conditions, when a penetrating airplane is picked up on a radarscope, an operator must track it for a time in order to compute its speed, altitude and direction. This information must be relayed by telephone or radio to a direction center where a master plot of all aircraft in the area is maintained.

Direction-center personnel must then determine the identity of the plane by consulting prefiled flight plans of a number of known aircraft and comparing them with the path of the "unknown." If it is decided that the plane is "hostile," the aircraft is marked in red on a plotting board. Then the course a defending fighter must take to intercept the hostile plane must be calculated and a telephonic order to "scramble" the fighter relayed to its base. Throughout the interception, the radar station must continuously report the progress of the hostile aircraft, and if it deviates from its initial course the mathematics of the intercept must be recomputed and the fighter advised.

SAGE handles all these steps automatically with the single exception of the scramble order, which is still sent by direct-line telephone. Although it has been kept secret until now, the fabulous machine already has five years of development and test behind it, and the first production prototype has already been installed at Lexington. Moreover, International Business Machines Corporation is now turning out additional computers in quantity for assignment to air defense units throughout the country.

SAGE accepts information from a variety of sources. Some of it comes from the outlying radar stations on land, sea and in the air, or from the Ground Observer Corps. Other information is inserted in the computer by operators in a control room. Altogether, SAGE can store several hundred thousand individual items of information in its electronic "boxes." As it moves through an intercept operation, it automatically extracts the data it needs, performs the required computations and transmits the answers to a control center, where skilled controllers monitor the action.

I RECENTLY VISITED the Lincoln Laboratory for a look at SAGE's remarkable prowess in a simulated combat intercept. From the control room of the experimental installation, I watched as the electronic mastermind located an "enemy" attacker, sent a jet fighter aloft to intercept it and guided the fighter until it "splashed" (shot down) the bogie—with only casual assistance from the Air Force crew manning the system. The planes involved in such missions, explained Major John F. Burns, of Leominster, Massachusetts, senior director of the experimental SAGE unit, are part of a special group assigned to Hanscom Air Force Base at nearby Bedford to check out the efficiency of SAGE. To date, the machine has proved astoundingly efficient.

The control center is a large room jammed full of consoles, each of which has a TV-type screen on which the aerial action is portrayed and a large number of push buttons with which the operators can ask SAGE for special information or insert data which the computer ought to know. For better visibility on the console screens, the room is almost completely blacked out. There is little conversation among members of the operating crew; what information must be passed from one station to another is handled automatically by SAGE.

The computer itself, comprising row upon row of electronic gear reaching from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling, is in an adjoining room. When one of the radar stations connected to the system picks up a plane, the information is relayed automatically over telephone lines to SAGE's giant brain. A radar blip immediately appears on all the scopes in the control center. As the plane continues on its course, the radar stations track it and pass the data to SAGE, which "studies" the information and automatically computes the plane's heading, speed and altitude. As if an unseen hand were drawing a line on a map, a picture of the plane's flight path appears on the console scopes; next to it, in coded symbols, appear the performance data.

The intercept action starts in the tracking section, a group of several consoles each manned by an operator who watches one portion of the scope area. On the day I visited the laboratory, tracking officer Lieutenant Robert B. Berger, of Harlan, Kentucky, and his assistant, Technical Sergeant Edwin Huff, of Burbank, California, sat at the master console at the head of the group.

"For the most part," Berger told me, "the members of this section are just spectators. We just watch the action and make sure SAGE is on the ball. If he"—the controllers frequently refer to the machine as if it were human—"gets confused, we set him straight." Brainy as SAGE is, Berger explained, it can be fooled. It might pick up a flock of birds or some other information which might resemble an airplane, but because of an erratic flight path or very low speed, SAGE would know that something was wrong and "ask" for help by placing a symbol on the scope. Then one of the operators would study the presentation, make a decision and advise SAGE by push button whether to continue tracking or ignore the disturbance.

"To eliminate confusion," Berger continued, "we give each new plane appearing on the scope a track number. There's one now." He pointed to his master scope.

"Track 20," Berger said to Sergeant Huff. Huff pressed some buttons and, magically, the number 20 appeared on the scope alongside the new track. Several other tracks already were moving across the screen, and a four-man crew headed by Captain Allen J. Chapin, of Reno, Nevada, was busy identifying them at another large console.

"This," said Major Burns, "is one job we can't let the machine handle automatically, because it requires discretion. But SAGE supplies all the dope needed to make a decision."

MILITARY AIRCRAFT are equipped with electronic equipment which transmits a signal to ground radars to identify the planes as "friendly." A small cross appears beside these planes on the SAGE scopes, so they can be disregarded in the identification section. All other aircraft entering the ADIZ (air defense identification zone) must file flight plans, showing their course, speed, altitude and estimated times of arrival at given points, with either the Civil Aeronautics Administration or Military Flight Service. These flight plans are relayed to the SAGE control center by telephone.

Amid a confusion of push-button clicks, noisy buzzers and flashing lights, Captain Chapin and his assistant, Technical Sergeant Barton Hermansen, of

Petaluma, California, studied each new plane appearing on the screen. Next to the two men sat Airman Second Class Robert Sweetman, of Newton, Massachusetts, taking flight-plan information over the phone. This data he handed to Airman First Cass Raymond F. Snow, of Lowell, Massachusetts, seated at a big push-button panel. With the buttons Snow inserted each new flight plan into the computer, which stored the data in its "memory" boxes until needed.

AT CHAPIN'S CONSOLE, a buzzer sounded and a red light flashed on. SAGE was warning that an unidentified plane was approaching the ADIZ. Chapin snapped off the buzzer, telling SAGE he was working on the problem. He pressed some buttons, asking the machine if it had a flight plan corresponding to that of the unidentified plane.

SAGE searched its "memory." On the console suddenly appeared two rows of letters and numerals. One was the course, speed and altitude data of the unidentified plane, which SAGE had computed. The other row was a flight plan previously inserted by Airman First Class Snow.

"Now the identification officer has to decide whether the two correspond," Major Burns explained. "The plane might be a little off its planned course, or it might be a few minutes ahead or behind schedule. We make reasonable allowances." Chapin was apparently satisfied that the flight plans corresponded. He pressed a button telling SAGE the plane was friendly. An "F" appeared next to it on the scope.

The buzzer sounded again, the red light flashed on, and a new blip appeared on the screen. Its radar image carried no identifying symbol. Chapin again asked for a corresponding flight plan, but this time the computer could not find one in its "memory." The plane was a bogie, actually a Boeing B-29 from the support group at Hanscom testing the system. Chapin pressed buttons, telling SAGE the aircraft was "hostile." An "H" appeared on the scope alongside the plane, and immediately a buzzer sounded across the room in the weapons section. Although this was only a practice mission, the operators became noticeably tense.

The weapons section consists of a row of three consoles. Major Burns, senior director, took his place at one of them. His scope was the most versatile of all in the room; it could display the over-all battle picture or any portion of it Burns might want to study. His job was largely supervisory; he had to make sure that SAGE knew what it was doing and that the weapons officer was making proper use of SAGE's information.

On Burns's left was the weapons officer, Captain John P. Bacon, Jr., of Knoxville, Tennessee, and his assistant, Staff Sergeant John Moler, of O'Neill, Nebraska, whose job it was to monitor the approach of the hostile aircraft and get a fighter off the ground to intercept it.

SAGE was working hard now. It had already computed the course, speed and altitude of the bogie on Bacon's screen. In its "memory," it had stored an electronic map of the defense weapons available—fighters, antiaircraft guns, guided missiles—and their locations relative to the flight path of the hostile plane. Had SAGE indicated that the attacker was over or approaching an antiaircraft or missile battery, Bacon would have turned the action over to another section, the antiaircraft console, manned by an Army officer. After an electronic study of all the data, however, SAGE reported that a fighter intercept was required.

From its electronic map, SAGE quickly determined which air base was closest to the attacker. Knowing the performance of the fighter aircraft, it also computed the point at which the interception should take place, the heading the fighter should take to intercept, and the altitude it should attain. All this was displayed pictorially on Bacon's scope.

Bacon immediately picked up a phone connected by direct line with Hanscom, which SAGE had reported was the best base available and where fighter pilots waited "on the ready."

"Scramble 60, heading zero nine zero, angels 20," Bacon ordered. He meant Hanscom should get plane No. 60 in the air on a heading of 90 degrees and have it climb to 20,000 feet.

The entire action from the time the bogie had been sighted had taken only a couple of minutes—and already a fighter was on the move to intercept. Without SAGE, radar-tracking and the number of computations and telephone transmissions involved would have taken a great deal longer—just how much longer the USAF won't say.

With the fighter on the way to the kill, Bacon's job was over, so far as that particular intercept was concerned. He ordered Sergeant Moler to pass the bogie to Intercept Director No. 1, who would follow the interception on his own scope and relay SAGE's instructions to the fighter pilot by radio.

Actually, in a production-model SAGE, the intercept director would be just another spectator and the pilot would be just along for the ride. Once the plane is off the ground, it can actually be flown by the uncanny machine, through an electronic hookup with the automatic pilot in the plane. SAGE would "keep an eye" on both bogie and interceptor and send electronic signals to change the course of the plane as needed to keep it on course to the point of interception. Should the enemy plane take evasive action—that is, change its heading to fool the defenses—SAGE would quickly compute a new point of interception and automatically put the fighter on the new course. In a similar manner, SAGE can guide missiles to the kill.

In MIT's experimental unit, however, the "data link," as the electronic ground-to-plane hookup is called, was not installed, so an alternate system was used wherein the intercept director was a vocal middleman between SAGE and the pilot of the fighter.

AT A CONSOLE adjoining that of the weapons officer, intercept director Lieutenant Dennis W. Brown, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, watched the flight paths of the two airplanes converge toward the point of interception, which SAGE had marked on the scope with a small square. At his left, watching a more detailed scope, Staff Sergeant Thomas Jones, of Chicago, continuously read off SAGE's information, which Brown relayed to the interceptor.

"Six zero, approaching intercept," Brown transmitted. "Bandit coming in two four degrees, 500 high, crossing your starboard to port. Two and a half minutes to intercept."

"Six zero, bandit in two-o'clock position, 500 high, 60 seconds."

"Six zero, bandit at one o'clock, 200 high, 400 seconds."

Now came the pilot's "Tallyho!" His own airborne radar had picked up the bogie and locked into it. It would keep the target in its sights until the two planes were close enough for rocket firing. SAGE continued to track.

Then, suddenly: "Splash!" Theoretically, the hostile aircraft was no more.

"That's it," Major Burns smiled. "We got him, or rather the Thing got him."

With an absolute minimum of human intervention, the great electronic brain had directed an interception and kill without a hitch. And a single SAGE unit can handle a great many intercepts simultaneously—the exact number is secret. True, its bogie was a bomber of World War II vintage, but SAGE can perform just as well with 600-mile-per-hour planes, or even with the supersonic bombers already in development.

To guard against failure of the system at a crucial time, the production SAGEs are two-channel units; they have a spare brain working on a stand-by basis. Both channels store all the information fed to them, but only one actually operates. Should something go wrong, the stand-by channel automatically picks up where the other left off.

SAGE units will be assigned to sectors throughout the North American defense complex as fast as IBM can turn them out. Each sector commander will have a master unit on which he can watch the "big picture" of the air battle. Each of his subsectors—clusters of air defense interceptor squadrons and missiles—will have another SAGE from which operations will be directed. Each individual SAGE will be fed information from all the radar units in the area. Thus, instead of a hodgepodge of individually manned radars all over the continent, there will be a tightly knit high-speed electronic complex correlating information and directing battle action.

PRIVATE INDUSTRY has played—and is playing—a leading role in developing this amazing new defense weapon. The Air Force has signed contracts with three private firms: An equipment contract with IBM; a management contract with the Western Electric Company, which designs and builds the structures needed to house SAGE, sets up communications, and so on; and a lease of telephone lines from the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation.

SAGE will be expensive. Just leasing the telephone lines will cost close to a quarter of a billion dollars a year—a fact which raised some Congressional eyebrows. But USAF chiefs feel SAGE is well worth the money. Says Lieutenant General Donald L. Putt, Deputy Chief of Staff, Development:

"SAGE is unquestionably an extremely important step toward adequate air defense. The evolution of high-speed, high-performance aircraft and missiles posed a changing threat which had to be met by an air defense control system superior to what we had. We feel that SAGE is just that."

THE END

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Collier's Comment

MARTIN IGER

Colgate University Campus, Hamilton, N.Y.—One of the 615 private schools sharing in the Ford Foundation grant

THE FOUNDATIONS AND FREEDOM

THE RECENT, RECORD-BREAKING GRANT of the Ford Foundation had a value and impact far beyond its service to private education and the world of medicine. It changed the public countenance of American foundations in general by providing a magnificent—and timely—example of their role in the American system.

The foundations have, in the past few years, been mauled pretty vigorously. It started, of course, with the case of Alger Hiss, who was president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Hiss was head of a foundation, therefore foundations were suspect—so went the syllogism. The wave of investigations that followed enveloped the whole genre in an aura of publicity which somehow conveyed the impression that foundations were pink-ridden, devious and evil.

Now, foundations are run by human beings, and are subject to the same failings as other human institutions. Some pinks have undoubtedly wormed their way into foundations, as they have crept into universities, labor unions and the government of the United States. Some fuzzy projects have unquestionably been undertaken by foundations—the result of poor judgment on management's part.

But the question raised by the inquisitors went beyond the matter of the occasional bad apple and the occasional lapse of judgment. It asked whether foundations were good or bad—over all. And the threat raised by the inquisitors was to bring the foundations under some degree of federal control through manipulation of their tax-free status. Justification for this threat was sought in the thesis that the very large foundations, like the Ford Foundation, exercised a tremendous amount of power, especially in the area of public thought, and that the concentration of such power in the hands of so few was unwarranted and dangerous.

The Ford Foundation's big grant suggests the answer to the question and the threat.

Canvassing the whole area of American life, its directors determined that three vital sections needed the kind of strengthening the foundation is peculiarly fitted to provide. From its immense resources, the foundation earmarked over a half billion dollars, and sliced it up thus: $200,000,000 for construction and improving services of private hospitals; $90,000,000 for strengthening instruction in medical schools; $260,000,000 for raising salaries of teachers at private universities and liberal-arts colleges.

The plight of the hospitals and medical schools has been plain enough: the hospitals are overcrowded and undermanned; the medical schools are grossly inadequate to meet the requirements imposed upon the medical profession by a burgeoning population.

The private colleges and universities posed a problem no less vital to the welfare of Americans.

The atomic age has served two urgent demands upon the American academic system: first, to create the scientists and technicians who will keep us in the forefront of military and peaceful technological achievement; second, to generate the understanding of human behavior that will enable us to prevent the suicide of civilization. The need, in either case, is for bold, young, free-ranging minds, and the place to stimulate such minds to such activity is, obviously, the college campus. The private university and college hold no exclusive franchise for this kind of stimulation, but the private school is the essential counterpart to the state-subsidized institution. If there were no private colleges—if every university in the land were beholden to a set of political godparents for its keep—the hazard of a politically imposed intellectual strait jacket would be very great indeed; the private college is the principal custodian of free, independent thought.

But rising costs and shrinking endowments have imperiled the very existence of the private institutions. The Ford Foundation's grant has measurably eased this problem, while stimulating a higher grade of teacher to enter the profession.

All this may seem abstruse and pedantic. One statistic will give it point. As prospects stand, the United States will school 900,000 scientists and engineers within the next 10 years. The Soviet Union will school 1,200,000—and be ready to *export* technical assistance.

The Ford Foundation has moved into this breach, not at the technical level, but at the basic level, where the groundwork of higher education is laid.

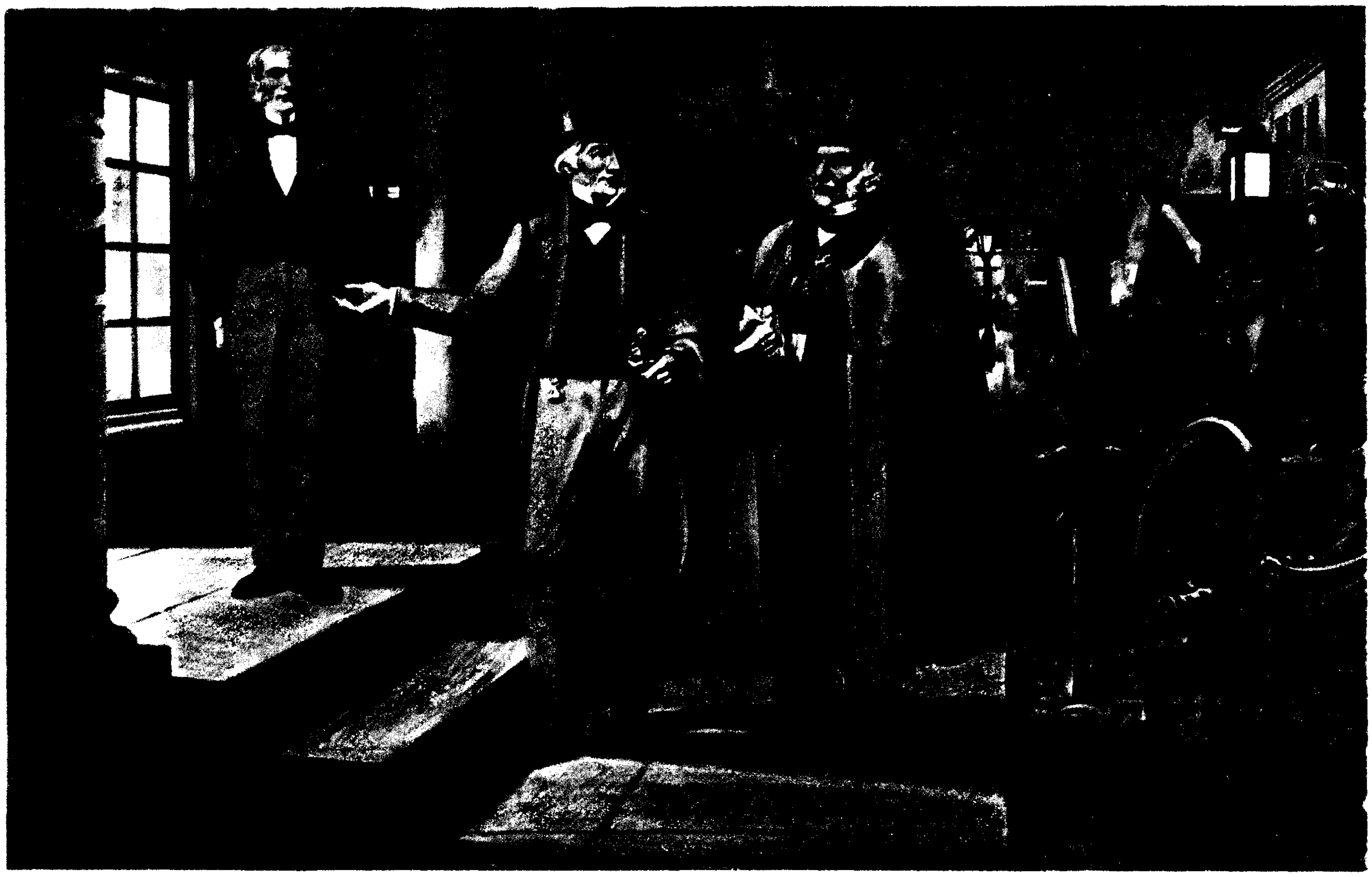
This is a unique country, and the Ford Foundation has made a signal contribution to the preservation of that uniqueness.

Government could, doubtless, provide the same funds to the same purpose, if it chose, but not without the dangers that always attend the doling out of government subsidies. A measure of independence is always forfeited in exchange for government help; and independence of the mind and the spirit is what makes this country America.

In the foundation system, as typified by Ford and the other great philanthropic institutions, America has hit upon a system whereby the accumulated riches of the American industrial system can be plowed back into the roots of American freedom without filtering it through government. The management of the Ford Foundation has demonstrated that it is capable of handling prodigious sums—in a levelheaded manner and in deep awareness of the responsibilities imposed by that wealth.

The foundations are subject, certainly, to public opinion, scrutiny and criticism; they have shown themselves to be properly sensitive to such criticism. But they are also entitled to be regarded in perspective, to be judged on balance, and in the light of the obvious alternatives to the foundation system.

So regarded and so judged, they will be recognized as a net American asset by a very wide margin.



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